

THE  
First booke of the famous  
Historye of PENARDO and LAISSA  
other wayes callid the waittes of  
LOVE and AMBITIONE.

*W* Herein is described Penardo his most admirable deeds of arms, his ambition of glorie his contempt of loue, with loves mightie assaults & ammorus temptations: Laissas feareful enchantment his releif his traueells and lastly loves admirabel force, in his relieving Penardo from ye fire,

Doone in Heroik verse, by  
Patrik Gordon.



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To the most Honorable, and  
most Accomplisht Earle GEORGE Earle  
of ENYIE lorde Gordon, and Badyenoth &c. sone  
& heire apparent to the most Illustrius Lorde George  
Marquies of Huntlie.



Ight Honorable, finding my selfe  
inclosed in the labourinth of your  
al-conquering merits, and despair  
ing of al reliefe, necessitie encoura  
ged me to goe forward, till the in  
finite riches of your worth should  
choak the pouerty of my neere famisht Wit with  
abondance, while thus I thirsted for a fatall pe  
riod to my longing desires, I found your Lo. in  
comparable virtues, so seated on the throne of al  
perfectiō, as your insatiable auarice was onely on  
the Heauen-infused gifts of the minde. Where  
of since I could produce nothing for the release  
of my boundage but this barren Inuention, soe  
many be the rare & excellent Wits which exceed  
in that kinde, as though I was assured that your  
wonted courtesie wold pardon my rudenes, and  
accept of my pouerty: Yet wold not this onely  
deime

## The Epistel

deime it too meane a present, for soe worthie a personage: But also such multitudes of men seiming *Babounes* swarmeth euerye where now a daies being ignorant of any thing, and yet will needes be Wittie in jesting at eurie mans actions, so that the vprore of my confused thoughts cold not be appeased, but either by obtianing aide of the first or silence of the last, and as the silence is impossible, soe is the aide dishonorable; Wherefore I resolved, being imboldened by affection to offere this small streame of my Witt, to the boundlesse Ocean of your virtues, vnder the shield of whose most honorable patronage, this my firste borne shall aduenture to the view of the worlde armed with silence against the sensors of the Wise, and with patience againste all the carpinge malice or skoffing jests that theis Appish *Monkies* can vent from their too curious inuectiue and belabored brains. And because that all my endeouours are tied alreadye with the two-fould chaine of your L. Princely virtues and more then deserued courtesies, to which the extension of my natural duty cannot adde anie sufficient tribut for the interest which your Lo. hath in me: therefore being still in my former d spaire I am forc'd (in such a worlde of bands) for euer to rest.

Your L. vn-redeemable seruant

*Patrik Gordon.*

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# To euerye freendly and Courteous Reader.



**G**ENTLE, and courteous Reader, I doubt not but some their are, that wil not gentlye, but rashlie censure those my labours, Nether am I ignorant, how hard a thing it is to please euery one, Some their be that are courious, whom as it is impossible to pleas, so haue I geue ouer impeffibilites, as one, whoes iudgement could neuer reach to the meanest of possible things: Some their be that are inuious, & those as I care lytle for their seid, so hunt I not muche for their fauor: Some also wil be rashe, in geueing their iudgement before they haue duely considered, to whoes temerarious, opinion, as I geue lytle heed, so will I suffer them, to be whipt withe their owne folyes: But you that ar iudicious discret, & courteous, eune you it is, whom I wold please & I confes I writ not of profound, and deip maters, fitting your iudgements, bot according to the shallownes of my braine, as there is not much good to be reapt, so shall you not find much euill: Wherefore, my willingnes I hope, will satisfie a great parte of your contents, & supplie my defects. Looking alwayes (that altho I can not in the greatest measure satisfie your expectation) yit ye wil accept freindlie, of my goodwil; In respect, that vnto your charitable hands only, I comitt the censure of these my papers, as the vndoubted touche stone, wheron my trauels must be tryed: And how many so euer my errors be, which I doubt not, but the thrie afore named wil mak to many, yit to you I hope it shall suffice that I acknowledge my owne weaknes. But fearing to deceaue my self, with too muche presuming on your courtesye, I haue left of in the  
mids

## The Epistel to the Reader.

*in the midst of my labours, for that I was loath to paine my self  
with to muche trauell, till I wer better certefied, of your  
fauourable acceptance, (which while I heire of, I haue  
thought goode to stand at a point, and breath a while) and  
the only reward, I craue for al my trauels, yit my coun-  
sel is, before you geue iudgement, that ye enter, and  
walk throw all my fieldes, look on euery shade, searche  
throw euery corner, wheir amongst the people, and tair,  
you may find some pure grane, And amongst the thornes  
and breirs, some roses, that may perhaps haue a pleasant  
smell: Vpon al aduentures, hoping that suche will be your  
censur, as my meaning is towards you, I bid you fairwel*

Yours, as you merit.

P. G.

\* iiii

The



# THE AVTHOR to his Patrone.

**Y**our Lordships when I call to mynd,  
And your great fauors, whiche I fynd,  
I plaine, I sighe, my tears down fall:  
For this my strength, my witt, my skill.  
Not equaleizing my good will,  
No not my lyfe, my self my all.

My self, my seruice, both is due,  
Both bonde by duty, vnto yow,  
My wealthe to meane, for to present yow  
A present then, I shume to mak it,  
Nor with your honor stands, to tak it,  
Thus nought is myne, that could content yow.

Oft thus I pause, I think, I muse,  
And thous and vther things I chuse,  
Whereof their's nothing myne to geue,  
Then geue I ouer my vane contentione,  
And it yues in nought, but apprehensione,  
So rests your dettore while I leue.

Yet to mak knowne that if I could  
Faine would I do al that I should,  
And oft alone on this I mus'de:  
At last presents vnto my vew,  
This Knight, beir, cold and pale of hew,  
That seem'd no danger had refus'de.

His

### his Patrone.

His armour rousted, rent, and torne  
Clift was his shield, his sword was worne,  
A stranger in this countrey strainge  
Nor aduentures might heir be found,  
The warr-lyk Knights heir, till the ground,  
And rights their wrong, with lawes reuenge,

Altho this Knight was borne a Prince  
Yet none wold do him reuerence,  
Whiche I lamented muche, bevailld  
And of his sorowes took a part,  
But lo his proud ambitious haire,  
Calamiye had nere assaile.

This muche, his giddy braine furth bred  
If he with armour once wer cled,  
To searche aduenturs, hunt for fame:  
Yet would he tary heir a while,  
And pouse his fortune, throw this yle,  
Perhaps to win a famous name.

I pitied much his poore estate,  
His mightie mynd I could not hate,  
No armour, no equippage fyne,  
Hade I besaitting such a Knight,  
Yet to my power, strength, and might  
I vsde my moyane, my ingyne,

When

• The Author to

When he was featted to my strength,  
On Some he would depend at length,  
Then come your hōnour to my mynd:  
Whoes many fauors, I haid founde,  
Me Nature, lyfe, and ductie bounde,  
My thankfulness some way to find.

Him then to you I first present,  
To serue, to please and to contene  
Beneth your wings let him be seine:  
If he be not so rigged furthe  
As apperteineth to his worthe,  
Mynce is the fault, whoes wealth was mine,

His name *Pemardo* he me told,  
A youth ambitious, hardy, bold,  
His trauell, lyfe and deads hes beine,  
A warre, betuixt ambitione strong,  
And craftie loue, that lasted long,  
Which be the sequel shal be seine.

P. G.

To the Right noble Lady Ladyc  
Margret Countes of  
*Martheale.*

**L**ong haue I wishid my Muse, to sound thy prayse  
The worthe, the fame, the due, to the belonge,  
But she onlernd vn fit, for such a phrayse,  
Denyit to doe, say, think, so heighe a songe:  
Since on thy worthe, both heau ne, and earthe still gaize  
She should but shame her self, and do the wronge  
Better quod she be sobre silent, still,  
And spair to speck, then speck, and speck but ill,

O but quod I, to speck her praise, her worthe,  
Out of my faith, my trueth, my zeall my loue,  
Faith, trueth, lone, zeall, and duetie, breaths it farthe  
As shal my pnre, eleir, simple meining proue:  
Her nature myld, heighe place, and royall birthe,  
Her witt, her worthe, her vertue, from aboue.  
Has croun'd with garlants, of immortall glorie,  
Then none can writt amisse, that writts her storye

Whill thus my barrene Muse, and I contend  
Thy worth, wit, vertue, and thy geighe desairt,  
Commands me write, and speck, and praise furthsend  
To eurye countrey, province, place, and pairt,  
But coming to (what should I say) in end,

● then I stand, I pause, I think, in hait  
Words does my witt, wit does my words confuse  
Now this, now that, a thousand things I chuse,

So infinite, thy endles graces be  
That what I would, I would, Zit can not doe  
Witt mocketh witt, arte skorneth arte, in me  
And wealth, deludeth wealth I know not how  
When I should end, I but begine to sie,  
A world of worlds rair worthines, in yow,  
Then this I say, nor will I write no more,  
None is, shall be, nor was lyk the before

---

To the richt Noble Lady,  
and full of all verteus Ladye A N N E  
Countesse of *Enyie*.

FE'r Madame. grac'd from hiest heau'ns aboue,  
With wealth of Fortune, Nature, beautye Loue,  
Lend not to frowning looks, thy gracious eye,  
For this bold pryde, and arrogance in me,  
That darr's breath furthe, or preis to pen thy praise  
Earths ornament, heaun's obie&t, beauties gaize.  
Nor *Maro* great, nor *Naso* sweet, am I,  
Nor haue I *Homers* mightie style, wheirby  
I might to etter aiges e're reveiue,  
Thy fame, thy worthe, and mak thy glory leiuie,  
Zit wer it but t'awake the braver witts,  
Whoes loftie quill's thy sweitter praises fitt's,  
This much I say, nor vancly vaunt I nather,  
Thy wit, thy beautye, and thy vertue rather

Celestiall

## To the Contes of Enzie.

Celestiall is, rair, excellent, deuyne,  
(In whom all woothe, all grace, al goodnes shyne)  
Then humane. so heaun's croun's, adorn's thy bloode  
With Natures wealthe, grace ful, & fortunes goode  
Then lett the Poets on their Muses call,  
To fil their brains, their pen's, their papers all  
With ornament of methode, witt, and sense,  
That flowes from thy rair worth, rair excellence.  
In goldin showrs, whiche fame on her faire winges,  
To curye natione, countrey, kingdome bringes,  
And strowes it heir, and their, in curye pairt,  
To beautifye speecche, eloquence, and arte,  
If on poore me, some, drop's she would doune poure,  
I'll spend my pains, my witts, soules wasting power  
To pen thy praise, and thy braue Mates, whoes worthe  
Thow stryues to mach, as thow hes match'd his birth  
O wonderous stryfe, blis'd, happie, perfect, pure,  
Long may that warre myld, pleasant, sweet, indure.

P.G.

To



To the ryght worthe and verteous  
Lady DAME GRISELL STUART  
Lady Meldrum.

**M** Adame, if I should smourther v<sup>p</sup> thy praise  
For most ingrate, thow iustlyc might me blame  
All eyes should sic, all tongues to heau'ne should  
My staine, my blote, my neuer deing shame (raise  
In me, poore me, if ony vertue growes  
In the it leius, frome the it springs, it flowes.

For lo thyne was the seid, thyne was the tree,  
Goode reasone wer't that thine should be the gaine,  
hin the rcrease, the haru'st, the fruct must bee,  
Zit reaps thoow to to lytle for thy paine.  
But much it is, in such a barten soyle  
If thow receaue the seid, for al thy toyle.

And thought yn happie I, could nothing kno,  
Noir part of thy great graces could haue gain'd  
Me by thy sweet example did thow sho,  
Of thy thryce happie lyfe, pure, cleir vnstam'd  
My ill my owne, if goode I haue in floir  
Thyne be the thanks, thyne be the prais, the gloir.

Eu'ne as the Eggle learn's her burds tho flie  
First low, then mean than, heigher still to ryis  
Till far aboue al vther foulls they be  
With loftie soaring wings in asure skyis,  
On *Phabus* than, their eyes she maks yame set,  
Nor his bright birning beam's yair sight mey let.

## To the Lady Meldrum

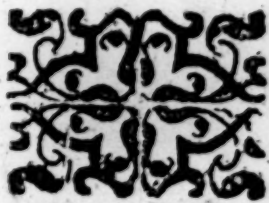
So Eggle lyk thow taught me as thy chylde  
To mount to vertue, wisdom, grace deuyn  
But I thy precept's wyse, sweet, easie, myld  
Could not conceaue, so grosse was my ingyne  
Whill *Phæbus* lyke, vpon my face thow stream'd  
Thy vertues rayes, & wisdomes goldin beam's.

And thus thow proues my loftie Eggle fair,  
But I, poore I, I had no wings to flie,  
My *Phæbus* als thow shaynes with vertues rair,  
Zit Eggle lyke, I daris not looke on the,  
Then Quene of fowles, & light of sterres about  
My Eggle, and my *Phæbus* bothe still proue.

And what I haue, eu'ne yat should thow receaue,  
As propre thyne, and only due to the,  
Myne be the fault, the wrong, the ill I haue  
Thyne be the goode, if onie good their be  
If none, as muche me fears, their's none but ill  
Zit for thy pain's, I'll praise, the, serue ye, still.

P. G.

Come



# To the Author.

— Sonnet.



Come forth *Lass* spread thy lockes of  
Gold,  
Show thy cheekes roses in their virgine  
Prime  
And though no gemes the deeke which  
Indies hold,  
Yield not vnto the fairest of thy tyme  
No ceruse brought farre, farre beyond the seas  
Noe poisons lyke Cinabre Paints thy face  
Let them haue that whose natiue hues displeas  
Thow graceth nakednesse it doth the grace  
Thy Syre no pycke purse is of others witt  
Thoise Iewellis be his oune which the adorne  
And though thou after greater ones be borne  
Thow mayst be bold eu'en midst the first to sit  
For whilst fair Iuliett or the farie quene  
Doe liue with theirs thy beautie shall be scene.

*M. William Drommond.*

To



## *To the Authour.*

**A**ltho my shallowe witte sound's nott thy deep,  
And weakling cy's followes not thy flight:  
Tho wher thou run's, I can not thither creep,  
Nor chyldish weaknes imitat thy might  
Since in this sacred trade I made a pause,  
By inter mitting of my *Elis's* lawes.

Yit since I haue most wonderouslie detected  
A swane whoes Syren-musique me enchant's  
Yit since I find eune wheir I least suspected  
A lurking poet in our home-bred haun's  
O when I sie him, when I sweetlie hear him,  
I can not but commend him and admeir him.

Thy years (dear frend) ar young, thy wit is old,  
Thy youth er chylde tyme come is brought a bed,  
Thy mine in lieu of ore, yeilds purest gold  
Thy basest rob's with crimsons overclade  
How glade am I thoes mythologique flows  
Argue the reconnings of thine idle hours.

*Mr. Robert Gordone.*



## To the Authour.

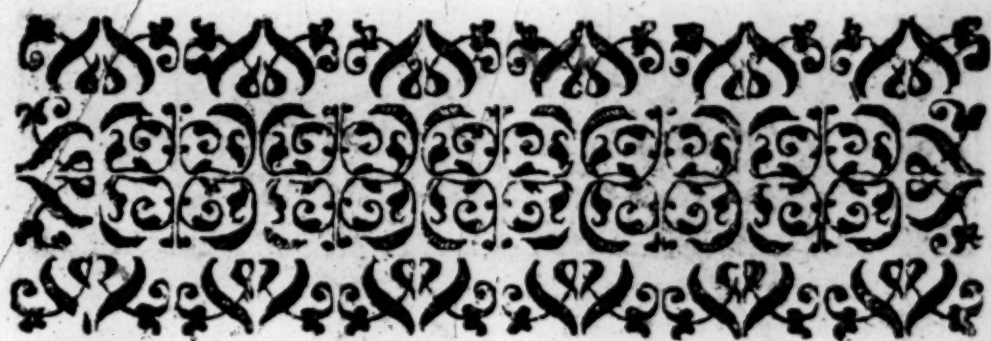
**L**aiffe's bathing in the sacred well  
With charming beutie wounds the chastest haire.  
Penardos valour into *Plutos* cell  
To basest mynd's dois honour's woorth impaire  
And moues the Coward to desire the fight:  
And chastest recluse search for beuteis sight.

The fei full ourthrow of thy Sigismund  
For Vsurpatioone: pryde, and priuatt gaine  
Show's how the lord the losie will confound,  
And in extreame's the humbled soule sustaine  
For tyrann's proud, loe heir a curbbing bite:  
For humbled miſers, heir-s a comfort fitt.

Those sacred lights proceeding forth frome the  
In Natours succetnes staning stranded airt  
Maks vs the treasure of thy mynd to sie  
The riches rair wheir with thowe furnish' dart:  
For beutie, Valour, right and hellishe wronge.  
As praif'd reprov'd, and painted in thy songe.

Dear freind with loue whill I admeir thy lyn's  
Thy braue inuentione clam's a fresh respect:  
Thy gracefull method in them both so shyn's  
That I am doubtfull whither to direct  
My freindlie ey's, or well affected hatt.  
To playe the lizards, or the pensive part.

*Ihone. Wrey.*



## To the Authour.



H' Enthusiasme, or fire of thy spreit, (vynes  
A grace both great, & dignlie deim'd di-  
So fluentlie, into thy front does fleit, (thyne  
Whill all the world admeirs both the and  
Each word has weght, and full of lyfe each

Quick thy conceapt Emphaticall thy phraise,  
Thy number's iust, judicious thy in gyne,  
O thou the new adorne of our dayes.

Whoes pen or pinsell shall depaint thy praise  
Since *Mars* nought, nor the *Meonian* muse  
Be with their learned nor their liuely layes  
Into this wondrous worthe work to vse.

Then tak this task, & tune thy trump vnto it:  
For onlie thou art destinatt to doe it.

At Alexander Gardyne.



## To the Authour.

**D**emercits *Mare* from proud *Mars* his throne  
A freindlie look, or yit a thankfull shew?  
Deserueth *Naso* from young *Venus* some  
A cheirfull smyll? (if they can haue no mo)  
Yes faith: I pray then what should be thy  
Who maks all men thir monarch gods admyre. (hyre?)

Has not thy Pen proclaim'd att lairge to all,  
Sterne *Mars* his soldier great *Penardo* strong?  
Has not thy layes learn'd how *Lassid's* thrall  
To craftie loues allurments too too long?  
Then both the warrecours, & the wanton's theame  
Should spare no pains, to æterneize thy name,

William. To A.



THE FIRST BOOKE, OF  
the Famous Historie, of  
PENARDO and  
LAISSA.

Caput I.

Argument.

*A* Visione moves Achaïas King,  
His daughter to haue slaine,  
The Muses find her, and preserve  
Her lyfe with care, and paine,  
In whom such woundrous vertue grew,  
Such beautie bright, and fair,  
That those whoe saw'd her lyfe, now sought  
Her woe, her wrack, her cure.

I.



N glorius Greece there lies a fertile land,  
Of antient time *Achaea* cald by name  
Within whose blessed borders brauelie stan  
*Parnassus* mont, so much renownd of fame.  
Where *Aganippes* siluer streames doe spring  
About the which Ioues brain-bred daughters sing.  
A Sending

## THE HISTORYE

2.

Sending from thence that which in flamm's the brain  
Of brauest Spreitts, and beautifies the mynd  
With endles rare inventions, which obtain  
The name of wondre, to the humane kynd  
Who in their works of learned witt's diuine  
Make Learnings light, in blakeſt darknes flyne.

3.

Eune heir, and in this natione moſt renoun'd,  
The famous *Phedro* ſumtyme rul'd, as King,  
By iuſt diſcent, and regall title croun'd  
And firſt in peace enioy'd a happie regne,  
At laſt his ſtarrs which bad coniunctions borrow  
Did turne his ſweets in ſowrs, his mirth in ſorrow.

4.

For when the winds in hollow eaves containd,  
Leaue off their ſharpeſt cold, and bitter blaſt,  
To ſlay the tender herbs, when they refraind  
The taleſt *Cedars* torment then was paſt  
Then waſ it not, as when they raige at will  
Vnder the horns of the laſcious bull.

5.

Eune when the Farthe ſpreds furth her mantle grein,  
On which the wanton *Flora* ſpreds her treaſure,  
While tyme that waitt's one *Phœbus* goldin eyne  
Giues lyuelye colours, for the Goddeſſe pleaſure,  
The hills, the daills, the plain's, ar paſſing fair (Aer.  
Through heat, through moyſt. though ſucitnes of the  
The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

6.

The tries bud furthe before their fructe the flourish  
The herbs before their seid, the blossom'd floure  
The corn's, and grane, their, leauie stalks do nourishe  
The winding vynes their pregnant graips yet four  
When as the goldin chariot of the Sune  
Twixt day, and night, an equall couse doeth rune.

7.

Wherefore eache creature bles'd with equall light,  
Saluts the princelye spring, with pleasant noys  
The restles roling heaun, with shyning bright  
Smyls on the earthe (his loue who does reioys  
Of such a Mate; and with her mantle grein  
Was deck't, wher riche cmbrodries might be seene.

8.

In this delicious pleasant tyme of yeir  
Which bringes to farmers hope of great increas  
When *Phæbus* gan down in the west appeir  
In *Thetis* lap to coole his fyrie face,  
And shadowes dark of glomie night opprest  
All creatur's, with silence, sleip, and rest,

9.

King *Phedro* wrapt in heauie sleip, did ly  
Free from all trauell, care, all paine, and toyle,  
Yet so opprest in his fantasie  
That rest from rest, and ease from ease, did spoyle  
His spreitt's, his senses, faculties, and sent  
A vision that his braine did much torment,

A ij

And

## THE HISTORIE

10.

And thus it was, he thought him self did stand  
On *Helicon* and vewd a fearfull fire  
That brightlie burnt ore all *Achaia* land  
Which did vndoe burne: waest his whole empyre  
And theirwithall it seemd a voyce did say.  
*This night has brought thy kingdome her decay.*

11.

This fyre he thought did from him self proceid,  
And to him self againe it did returne  
The diadem from of his princelie head  
This tearfulli flamme in melting drops did burne.  
And when brunt, spent, consumed it had bein  
No mark no nor no flame was to be seyn.

12.

Erne as a clothe in aquauitæ dyd  
Or in sum strong and mightie burning oyle  
If kendled by sum fyre it is espyd  
To flime, to shyne to blate, to burne, to boyle,  
The liquor spent, the cloth reteine no flaine,  
Nor spot, nor blot, nor burning does remaine.

13.

When as the King awakes frome drousie sleip  
This woundrous visionc did torment his mynd  
And all his senses from there fauētious keip,  
His thoughts in vprore now no rest do fynd  
But when he rangd them had a thousand wayes,  
One path he finds in which them all he staves.

For

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

14.

For loe eu'ne then his *Queene* was brought to bed  
Of a fair daughter lyke the morning starr.  
Nor *Phæbus* light in glomie darknes spred  
Might matche with her, she staid that beautie farr.  
But tho she was most admirable fair,  
Her lyfe as strange was as her beautie rare.

15.

For finding by his curious searching out  
Evne at her birth this vision to ensw  
He thought she wes the flamme (if not put out)  
Thar should his crowne and kingdome thus subdue  
Vheirfore resolut for to prevent mischeif  
Her death must be the way to his releif.

16.

The dolfull message of this wofull charge  
He to a Groomer whom he most trusted gave  
A youth whoes faith he oft had tryd at large  
Him he commands the infant to releave  
And to transport her to a woode or montaine  
And drowne her in sum river, spring, or fontaine.

17.

O crewell sentence barbarous decree!  
O happie chylde! but oh unhappie Father!  
That for a dreame, a love, a fantasie  
A vaine Chimera or hells vision rather  
Wold spoyle so sweet a creature of breath  
And kill thy self to saue thy self from death.

A iiij

## THE HISTORYE

18.

In *Acheron* blak *Night* her selfe did wrapp  
And heau'd her head, aboue the Easterne streame  
But *Titan* dyud in *Thetis* watrie lapp  
While yow might see him blushing reid for shame,  
Thence to be chass'd with his fearece foe vnkynd  
That braith'd furth darknes to the farthest Ind.

19.

In darkest shaddowes of the glomie night  
This Messinger furthe throw the desert goes  
The harmeles Infante harmefull death to dight  
That her poore lyfe now got, she now might lose,  
So suckling lambs by rauening wolfs ar torne  
And dones by Egges to their deaths furthborne.

20.

This Messinger *Kalander* heght to name  
Whoes Syre the greatest Prince beneath the croune  
Boor rewell o'ur *Sparta* land of antient fame  
His witt and valour wan him much renounce  
Whoes Sone of these tuo we tewes wanted nether  
But shewd him self the Sone, of such a Father

21.

Who going straight vnto this crewell act  
And moud with pitie of the infants age  
Whoes youth to young, for deathe's procuring fact  
And Innocent of Fathers wrathfull rage,  
Yet fearing if he does prolong her breath  
He should procure him self a shamefull death

To

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

22.

To Helicons fair mont he taks his flight  
Praying the bloude of this poore Innocent  
Vpon the Fathers head might alwayes light  
That in disgrace and shame he might repent  
For doating dreams if this poore Infant die  
His be the fault, the losse, the infamie,

23.

Thus praying he approach'd vnto the place  
Hypocrene downe wheir the Muses sport  
Vewing the beautie of this Angels face  
Againe it moud his pitie in such sort  
He nought regards the King, nor lyfe, nor all,  
But saves the babe from ruine, death, and fall.

24.

Leauing her saif lie by the fontane syde  
Vnder the vmbage of a lousie *Pyne*  
Wishing her frowning Fates for to prouyde  
Her beautie once into the world might shyne  
Thus he returns, and thus the King beguyld,  
And craftily, with sugcred words him fild.

25.

When golden-haird *Apolla* furth did glance,  
His amber loks furth throwes irradiant beams  
And one the esterne waues begins to daunce  
To mum'ring musick of the roaring streams  
The Muses for to welcome home their Syre  
From couthe and secret Cell did furth retayre

A iij

Their

## THE HISTORIE

26.

Their daylie morning progres is to vew  
The sacred streams of Aganippe well  
whoes murmur like sweet lullabies furthdrew  
Old *Morpheus* from out his quiet cell  
Who had the babe with slumbring sleip bereft  
whom young *Kalander* at the fontane left.

27.

These sacred Virgins when they did espye  
The babe ; sad fear made all their beautie fade  
Fearing discouerie by sum wantone eye  
But vewing well the beautie of the Mayde  
They vewd admiring, and I admird the sight  
Their sight bred wonder, wonder bred delight

28.

Such beautie rare till then they nere had seie  
But feard it was sum stolne virginie  
Wher With theme selfs so spotles pure and clein  
They wold not thus defyle in infamie  
But instruments the Fates did them ordaine  
Of pleasure, lyfe perplexitie, and paine.

29.

For pitie them forbad of creulitie  
Vnto this harmeles helplee innocent.  
Wherefor with graue aduise and modestie  
The Muses all in vniforme consent  
Brings vp the babe, with care full obseruation;  
In vertue, grace, and heaunly meditatione.

The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

30.

The sacred Muses that in vertue shone.  
As if they well had knowne the Fates decreit  
Vnto the infant wold a name impone  
A name conforme, and to her meritts meit  
So that a correspondence might be knowne  
Betwixt her name, and her hid Fate vnshowne.

31.

And dyueing then with drops diuine her heid  
Fair *Lissa* or *Laiissa* thay her cald  
A proppre name for her mishaps indeid  
Who subiect was to daungers manyfold  
For *Lissa* is asmuche to say as rage  
Vheirin no force her furie could asswage.

32.

When with the Muses she remaind weell neir  
while she did rune of fyifteine yeares the race  
Eune for the loue which they to her did beir  
Each one of them indued her with a grace  
But to these gifts made her enuyd of all  
Thus loue brought gifts, gifts hate, and hate her fall,

33.

Yea to the fair *Laiissa* in her birth  
The heauns wer all affect'd so feruentlye  
Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth  
In th'horoscope of her natiuitye  
That all the gift of grace, and goode perfection  
They pou'd on her most beautifull complexion.

Her

## THE HISTORYE

34.

Her face was lyke the sky bothe cleire and faie  
Her cheeks as whyt with vermeil red did show  
Lyke roses in a bed of lillies rare  
Whill they ambrosiall odours from them throw  
Feiding the gaizers sensewith double pleasure  
Such force his beauties all-celestiall treasure.

35.

In whoes bright eyes tuo lyuelie lamps did flame  
That dairted beam's lyik lightning blasts of thunder  
*Cupid* tho blind still ayming at the same  
Thou sands of shafts he sende but with great woundes  
She breks his wantone dairts with awfull yre  
And with dreid maiestie she quensh'd his fyre

36.

The *Graces* one her ey-lid's seem'd to sitt  
Vnder the shadow of her bending browes  
Her goldin treasures couriouslye was knitt  
With *Pelicans* of pearle, and siluer doues  
These hair lyke goldin weir one eurye pairt,  
Seid as a nett for the beholders hart.

37.

Her yuorie forehead was a table fair  
Where Loues triumphs were cunninglie ingraphe  
All goodnes, honor, dignitie was their  
In vertues treasure litle had she left,  
She was the mirrour of celestiall grace  
That can not be outrunc with tyme swift pace.

And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

38.

And yow might sic that alwayes when sho spak  
Sweet words lyik dropping hony she wold shed  
Tuo rainge of pearle with rubies tuo wold brak  
The words betuix them softlye whill they fled  
Which made sweet siluer sound's whoes noy sent furth  
Wold deadlie sadnes moue ;o amarus mirth,

39.

And yet her humble and submissiue mind  
Was neuer moud with hellishe pryde to rise  
But why should I, poore I, descrybe her kind  
Which to expres no mortall can deuise  
Nor can I preis to paint furthe such a feature  
Least skilles I should wrong so fair a creature.

40.

Fair Imps of beautie whoes bright shining eyes  
Adorn the solid Earth with heaunlie light  
Ou'r your great conquest do not tyraneize  
Though yow subdue all by your seeulie sight  
But with *Laiſſaes* meiknes be content  
And grace your beautie with that ornament.

41.

To your fair selfs her fairnes fitst apply  
Her courtesie her meik and humble mind  
Tempred with grace and goodly modesty  
It seemd those vertues tuo did strue to find  
The high est place and stryueig but for dewtie  
Each ether helps and but augments her bewtie.

While

## THE HISTORIE

42.

While as the Muses see her vertues rare  
Her beaue wise and modestie and all  
Surmounting them so farre that euerwhere  
They feard her fame should once procure their fall  
Wherefore they seike with witt, craft, slight & wrath,  
Her infamie, her woe, her wrack, her death,

43.

And waiting still occasione when they may  
Find out a fault vnto her faultles mynd  
That with the sharpest sentence of decay  
Sum punishment they fith might outfynd  
Thus they decreid her death, conspyrd her fall  
Fauord by, tyme, fate, fortune heau'ns, and all.

44.

It chanc'd the Muses once vpon a day  
Were in an abor neir vnto the fontane  
While as *Laisa* at her sport and play  
Was gone a hunting through the rockie montane  
For *Phæbe*-lyke it did delight her mynd  
To chase, to kill, to wound, the hart, the hynd

45.

Alone now comming wearie frome the chace  
And traueling in heat of all the day  
Hid sought to bath her in that pleasant place  
And with enamourd streams a while to play  
While as the Muses wait, they lye, they lurk  
Their wrath, their will, their vengeance for to woork,

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

46.

The streams not deip, nor shallow which did glyd  
With prettie whispring noyes to calme and cleir  
Then of the moueing skai she could be spyd  
And yit a heaunly murmur you might heare  
The *Pebles* seim'd to leap, to swimme, to daunce,  
While as the streams did tremble, moue, and glance.

47.

The *Pyns*, and *Poplars* bowed theme selfs from hie  
From heat and cold that shaddowed all the streame  
She dip'd her daintie legs vp to the knie  
That lyke two snow-white maible Pillers seame  
So polishd *Porphyre* deckd with purest gold  
Doth temples tombes and trophies faire vphold.

48.

And being now entysed by the cold  
She taketh her bow and quever frome her syds  
Hung in a lace of purple silk and gold  
That ouerthwart her snow whit breist diuys  
Two azur streams of *Nectar*-feiding fontanas,  
Springing to tops of *Alabastr*e montanas.

49.

And haueing hung her garments on a *Pyne*  
O who had sein so fair a silkin skine!  
So daintie well proportion'd, pure, and fyne,  
So beautifull, so Quaint, so cleir, so thine  
The thrise thrie *Nymphs* whome wrath haid now de-  
To work her wrak could skarslie be entys'd. (uys'd.  
Now

## THE HISTORIE

50.

Now beauties shopp, vne los'd begins to be  
And shewes her store of treasure to the sight  
Their all the pleasures that do please the eye  
And all was their that doeth the tutch delight  
The *Graces* had their clothes about her drawn  
To keip the mayd vnsekt, vnscin, vnknown.

51.

Their thoughts contentment, their was harts delight  
Their bankets for vnstatat appetite  
Their wisdom Conquerour whoes only fight  
The *Tygers* tams and *Lions* fearece does smit  
The key of all this wealth kep't *Chastitie*  
Whoes ornament was shamefast modestie.

51.

While this fair Iemme vpon the water lyes  
With cooling streams she makes a dalleying sport  
With leges and armes a thousand tricks she tries  
Toying with swimming in a seemlie sort  
As *Dolphins* do vpon a sunnye day  
On *Thetis* glistering back while they wold play.

53.

The Muses that no longer could abyde  
Out from their priue arboir isshew'd all  
How soone this Paragon has them espyde  
She smiles and sporting thus to thame does call  
Yow *Thesphiane* dams go seek some other streame  
And come not neir this sacred fount for shame.

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

54.

But thay (whill rage within thair brefts did suall)  
Not virgine-lyke but bearing *Tygers* harts  
Menassing her aloud they gan to call  
We sie thow thinks to much of thy desarts  
Foull Fondling does thow think thy beautie such  
That thou deserus our sacred streams to touch.

55.

No, no, these Streams ar only due for vs  
The dreided Imps of proud *Apollos* light  
For since the foote of fying *Pegasus*  
*Medusæes* birth begot by *Neptuns* might  
Let soule the rains of this sole sacred fontane  
None els but we presum'd to reache this montane.

56.

Of fauors we haue showen thee great and many  
And brought thee vp with cairfull paine and charge  
Our presens not till now was granted any  
And we indewd thee with our graces large  
We that before wer sacred *Muses* nync  
Made thee a tenth though mortall not deuyne

57.

And then they fled, this Lady for her cryme  
Whom they so dasht that she as half amas'd  
Sitts by the fennaine naiked all the tyme  
When loe her thoughts a rose vermiliane rais'd  
Now red now pale, her colour chang'd oft  
She sigh'd, she grond, she quak'd, & stand aloft.

While

## THE HISTORIE

58.

While as the syluer stream that softly flyds  
With silent noyes and sweitest murmur sounds  
Such heau'nly musick throw the medowes glyds,  
While rocks with rare reports there noyes rebounds  
That with ther *Diapason* so bereft her  
All naked and a sleip they still had left her.

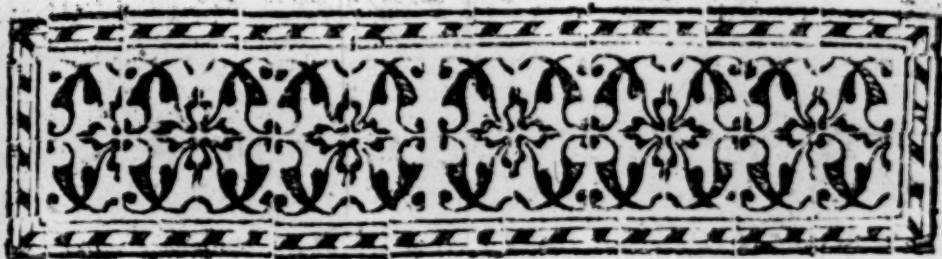
59.

Then *Morpheus* spred furth his sable wings  
The virgine fair intolding in his armes  
Rest, quyet, ease, and sweet repose he brings  
Dischairging care; greif, sorow, woes, and harmes  
Yet through soft sobbs, deip sighs, fore grones, salt tears,  
Woe, anger, care, greif, sorow, paine, appears.

60.

While as the *Nymphs* with angre, wrath and yre  
Her name her fame, her glorie ouer waylling  
Did sink her shipe (to honor that aspyre)  
In teas of sweitest vi-gine pleasurs sayling  
Extending all their malice craft, and flight,  
To wrape her Sune in clouds of darkest night,





## Caput. II.

### Argument,

**T**He Muses send Melpomine  
Downe to the lowest Hell's  
She meets with Night and asks the way  
Which she vnto her tells  
To Plutoes kingdome when she came  
She past by all the pains  
At last out of her dreidfull Den  
Alecto she constrains

#### I.

**H**er is nothing beneath the sky in searte (sion  
More moues my mynd to pitie & compas  
Then for to see a true and vpright hearte  
Where faith & truth has built hir only statiō  
By Fortunes snar's and Enuyes craftie baits  
Dispy's d, disdain'd disgrac'd with false deceits,

#### 2.

And whither it be kyndest pitie loe  
Or ductie (which I owe all woman kynd)  
I know not, but my hart doeth burst for wo  
When harme vnto ther harmeles sexe I find  
And my poore eyes Whil as I writting lay  
With tears did seeme to washe the lyn's away.

B

Fair

## THE HISTORIE

3.

Fair women should be lou'd and not envy'd  
Whoes substance is so daintie pure and fyne  
In *Natures* triple fornice being try'd  
Till all the drosse be thence remoud, and fyne  
That Essence pure most Angel-lyk retains  
No staine, nor blot, but alwayes cleir remains.

4.

But this poore *Lissa* beautifull and fair  
(Which beautie *God* did geue her as a grace)  
Was by deceit throwne doune in endles care  
By *Envy* Slaine that monstre merciles  
And fur I think whome *God* has grac'd with beawtie  
For them he cares, to them we ought a dewtie

5.

For when he made this great and woundrous frame  
Of *Chaos* masse that shaples lay confus'd  
He took the purest substance of the same  
And that which was most beautifull he chus'd  
And thei of did he make the Angelis bright  
To glorifie his name, and show his might.

6.

He made the purest substance which remain'd  
Vnto his blisfed self a Mansione faire  
Syne thrice thee *Orbs*, whairof the eight contain'd  
Bright shyning stari's, and seu'n the *Planets* faire  
Next plac'd the *Fyre*, because n beautie next,  
Syne *Aer*, then *Water*, last the *Earth* he fixe,

Earth

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

7.

Earth then we see the drosse of all things yit  
Which this great *Architector* singling farrth  
By his great migt and all for seing witt  
Is lowest plac'd according to her worth  
But that which was most beautifull and pure  
Eu ne next vnto him self he placed sure.

8.

And then that *Alcreator* did ordaine  
Each thing according to their substance pure  
To bring furthe fruit this all to intertane  
Which by his powre he caused to indure  
Nor tyme, nor age, nor restles moueing, may  
Destroy confound, or weir, or make decay,

9.

First then the Heav'ns (as haucing most of bewtie  
Brought furthe the starr's, the Moone, the Suns great light  
And aer (commanded next to do his dewtie)  
Brought furthe all sorts of fouls with feathered flight  
Water brought furth all sort of fishe anone  
The Earthe brought furthe all beasts that leiu: their one

10.

As heauns are of the fynest substance so  
So are the starr's most beautifull most cleir  
But cheiflye Planets seuin therein doeth show  
Gods pow'r full might (werin doeth well appeir)  
He geuts them rewill, might, vertue, powre & strenght  
Our son's, fishe, beasts, tries, herbs, & men at length.

B ij

And

## THE HISTORIE.

### II.

And thus we see each creature further doth bring  
(According to its essence) ill or good  
The aer breids foules, in water fishes springe,  
Herbs trees, and living beasts are Earths grosse broode  
Yea euer thing (according to his kynd)  
Ill fauor'd foule, fair thynninge, clear, we fynd

### 12.

Altho it pleas'd heigh Ioue from heaue descend  
Fraill man to make of earth of drosse, of clay,  
Most fair of all ou'rall to haue command  
For him, all made to him, all shoulde obey  
Then man should thank him praise him, pray him still  
To love, to blesse, and to forsake his ill,

### 13.

Yea lyke to his owne Image man he makes  
In which he shews his loue and eak his might  
But these to whom most beautie he betaks  
These makes he lykett to his Image bright  
Wherefore to these we owe great loue, & dewtie  
Remembring God the fontaine of all beutie

### 14.

For why when this great God made all things first  
To beute did he giue the heighest place  
Beaus it was the substance worthiest  
Of the aspect of his most glorious, face  
Then who so eu' with beautie is indewd  
Them shoulde we loue, as through Gods loue renewd.  
And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

15

And if so be in *Chaos* mas confus'd  
 Sum say their was no light nor beautie fair  
 But God the fontane of all light)infus'd  
 Such beateous light in all his creturs rare  
 Then vnto whom he beautie geues, to those  
 His grace, his goodnes, and his loue he shoos

16.

Yea in my simple iudgement this I think  
 Ou'r beautie God has ay a speciall caire  
 So that with *Lucifer* they do not shrink  
 Away frome grace and think them selfs too fair  
 But with meik mynds vpon his holy mountane  
 Giue *God* the praue who s of all beautie fontane

17.

But o my *Muse* too heighe thow seem's to flie  
 Thy wings ar lag'd with vapo s dull and grosse  
 That which thou sing's is too too heigh for thee  
 More meir fo pregnant witt's and learnings force  
 Turne back, least thou repent thy self, advyse,  
 Wade not too deep in Gods heigh miste, yes

18.

Turne to thy sacred sisters with thy quill  
 Fo to ad, yie with them what must be doone  
 With *Lissa* fair, whoes beautie works her ill  
 For to *Melpomene* they do inioyne  
 To bring *Alecto* frome her dreidfull den  
 Who blood, and warre, and mu, her maks on men.

Biiy

*Melpomene*

## THE HISTORYE

19.

*Melpomene* made way throw empty aer  
And through the watrie empyrs wyde and deip  
Through darkeſt hollow caues ſhe did repair  
And trough the bowell of the Earth did creip  
And low where light of day did neuer ſhine  
Nor *Phœbus* ſhow his euerlaſting ſhryne,

20.

Wheir *Cynthia* does ſleip in ſiluer dew  
Her neuer cheirfull, euer drouping light  
In *Thetis* watrie bed whoes azur hew  
Her luſtre ſhowes in blak eternall night  
Through fearfull, loathſome, ſoull, & filthie ſcenes,  
Through foggie ſmook, through dark, & dreadfull dens,

21.

She hauing paſt frome *Phœbus* cheirfull light  
Came to a Regione of eternall darknes  
The habitation of the dun kiſſe *Night*  
It wes indeid, ſo fearfull was the marknes  
She meits that greiſlye Hagge with viſage ſadd  
Who was into a cole-blak mantle cladd,

22.

And ſat into a chariot pitchie blak  
Four ieatblack ſteids that braith'd dark clouds of ſmook  
With ramping noyes made all their harnei-crak  
With braying all the ſolid earth the ſhoek  
This vnaquainted brightnes when they ſaw  
Their Muſtres dounc to hell they ſeem'd to draw.

# OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

At a t the Muse so oft aloud did call  
That eglic *Night* out of ther chariott looks  
She sayes most dreidfull Dame so feard of all  
*Melpomene* that tragi k sadnes brooks  
Wold know thy wayes, da k paths, & fearfull gets  
That doun to *Plutoes* loathsum kingdome lets.

24.

The aged Hagg with furious rage thus spake  
With gostly speche and dreidfull countenance  
Thow *Imp* of my old foe who seeks my wrack  
Why troubles thow my Regions with thy glance  
Lo wheir fyre smook and sulphur doe aryse  
In yonder denne if thow dar enterpryse.

25.

The greisly gulf of deip *Auernus* holle  
Aboue the which my mantle black is spred  
About the which a fearfull laick doth rolle  
Doun throw that flaming gulf thow must be led  
Wheir neuer yit did enter any wight  
But feirce *Ancas* and *Sibilla* bright.

26.

Eune that same way the sacred Muse is gone  
The smock and sulphur ceast their restles flame  
And doun to *Plutoes* court she goes anone  
The brasin getts burst oppen when she came  
At ther bright looks and at her beautie gl'ance  
Feinds Spirits and Ghosts fell in a hellische traunce.

## THE HISTORIE

27.

Ov'r *Acheron* she past the bitter waues  
(Wher damned soules with shrieling skie'ks lament)  
To *Flegsthone* with fyre floods that shewes  
The torting torment of that element  
Wher Sinners nought but desperatione gains  
And thou sand thou sands of eternall pains

28.

At *Plutos* gate was dreidfull *Cerberus*  
With thrie wyid oppin hollow throats deuoring  
And curled hair of snakes, most venomous  
Gnawing blood, fleshe, and bones with fearfull roring  
But her deuyne, and Sune-shyne beauties such  
Hells porter dar's not once her vesture tutch.

29.

Straight to the house of endles paine she goes  
Inu'round with that fyrie flamminge floode  
That *Phlegsthone* whoes fearfull laick furth throes  
A filthie smock out belshing labberd blood  
*Tisiphone* the keipar heght to name  
Mother of murder, Sinn deceat, and shame

30.

Ther did the rout of loathsum *Harpyis* roar  
Ther *Syllas* sound, their seuine moth't *Hydras* howling,  
Their *Serpents* hisse their greisly *Gorgons* hoar  
Their *Centaur's*, *Sphinges*, fearefull *Chymers* rouling,  
all those and many thou sand Monsters more  
Wher set one burning thrones their Prince before

Their

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

31.

Their wofull wailing wretches to 'd with pains  
With ghostlie grones with onglie yeling sounds  
With har k and jangling noyes of irone chains  
Whoes clamors, cryes, and shouts throu hell redounds  
Those monstres trampling were in darkness shed  
That horror, dread, fear, death, & terrour bred

32.

Their *Sulmon* crawling was in endles paine  
For counterfitting thundreflaught & fyre  
Their *Titan* (darling of the earth) was flaine  
A *Vulter* feidding one his filthie lyre  
Their was the wheill *Ixion* turning still  
For daring tempt heaun's *Queene* to lechrous ill,

33.

Their *Tisiphus* disioynted one a rack  
Their *Thesens* to endles slouth condem'd  
Their fyfie *Sisters* drawing water wrack  
And yet their vessels emptye still vnstem'd  
Thair *Tantalus* with thirst, and hunger flaine  
Sees meat and drinck yet nether could he gaine

34.

At last a foull and filthie sink she sees  
Wheir fyre and brimstone pitche and tar were smooking  
Whoes deipnes dyu'd as far beneth the seas  
As it was vp to heaune from thence in looking  
Above this sink a dragone still repears  
Whoes monstros bodie scfue h. ids vprairs.

Downe

## THE HISTORYE

35.

Downe in this fearfull smock and filthie hole  
 Wer *Titans* broode and *Earths* feare childring thrust  
 That in their bloodie raige did restles roll  
 In their owne blood whill sulphur smock them burst  
*Tiphon* and all the Gyants warr's that maid  
 Against the Gods were their by lightning led,

36.

While in this hollow pitt they do remaine  
 They thonder furthe such fearfull roaring crye  
 Confus'dly iarring in their endles paine  
 Their bodies hudge in flammes still roasting lye  
 Which send a stinking smock furth with the cry  
 That much amazd the *Muse* in passing by,

37.

At last she came vnto a dreidfull caue  
 Wher *Furies* furthe send many fearfull cryes  
 Their *Pryd* attended on by *wraith* as slaue  
 Their *Madnes* that on *wraith* had fixd her eyes  
 Their *Envy* fals one, *Vertue* still was railling  
 And their *Dispaire* her owne haire furth was trailling,

38.

Their *Rage* did rune her heid against the wall  
 And their *despight* satte gnawing of her fingers  
 Their was the thrie commanders of them all  
 Wofull because the Earth from mischeif lingers  
*Alecto*, *Tisiphon*, *Megera* their  
 Who work mischeif, plague, famin, blood, & weir.

The

● OF PENARDO and LAISSA

39.

The Muse *Aleto* furth she calls in ha'ft  
And said I pray the pas vnto *Achay*  
Where is the Virgine fair *Laisa* plac'd  
And work her wrak her ruine her decay  
She's daughter too the great *Achaian* King  
And has defyld our fair caballean spring.

40.

This When the Muse had said she did returne  
Thro' w shadow dimme of dark and glomie night  
Vp to her Sisters who with anger burne  
Till wrought was all their veengeance their despight  
On *Lissa* fair whom beautie had in keeping  
Who all this while lay by the fontane sleeping





## Caput. III.

Argument.

**A**lecto moues Achaïas Prince  
Fair Helicon to view  
Butt Man say of the flaming rock  
Forbids his iornay new  
When vnto Helicon he came  
Laisa he espyes  
Whom he for Sister does not know  
And wold with loue surpryse.

1.

**M**Elpomene now gone, the furie streight  
Directs her course vp to the light of day  
Deuyfing what way best to frame this flight  
And so be hinks her on a strainge essay  
A flight, a fallied and a curfd reuenge  
A crewelue, a plague, that seemeth strainge

2.

And thus it was the for said Phedro had  
A lau full Sonc Phelarmon cald by name  
Whos prais and merents was so lairgely spred  
His father ioyid of such a Galants fame  
Alecto him from rests hey tour brought downe  
To search for honour and to find renoune.

When

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

3.

When lazie night with sable wings ou'r-spread  
The cristall sphaers, and dim'd the azure Light  
Sleip buried men in rest from labor freed  
In Sleip *Phelarnon* lies ane Angell bright  
To him appeer and his waik braine tormented  
With vision strange at last those words presented

4.

Fair Prince as Nature has ordaind the strong  
Of goode proportionne with a verteous mynd  
Yea of thy Martiall self must be the song  
Of after living Poë's as we synd  
Nature in the those gifts has no wayes showne  
To burst them vnto the world vnkowne

5.

Who so wold win renoune he thus proceide  
Vp to the throne or Theatre of glorie  
The first rewarde of heigh and noble deids  
Must be to aitt the deid (Whos endles storie)  
shall be reuei'd with neuer dyng Fame  
In Tymes best booke to etermize thy name

6.

Yea verteous woorth but glorie can not be  
Glorie on Vertue waits wheir ere she goes  
(Eyne as thy shaddw followes still on thee)  
And all Her deids to endles Fame she shoves  
Thus his desyre, his mynd, his will, and all  
She fram'd to worke his wrak, his death his fall

Laflie

# THE HISTORY

7.

Laslie with flatterie thus the feind essayes  
Brave Youth begot of royall race and birth  
How spends thou so into obscure thy dayes;  
This stains thy valour and thy wondrous worth  
Go then to Parnass mount extoll thy name  
With vertue, wonder, valour, glorie fame

8.

For know Parnassus mightie mount retains  
That which should raise thy glorie to the skyes  
So fates decreis and so the Heavens ordains  
Heighe I owe the wills from sluggish rest to ryes  
This said to shaples ac she takes her flight  
But left his hart impoyson'd with her sight

9.

For whill she spak his spreit she did in fyre  
With hote desyre of hono<sup>r</sup> glorie fame  
He wa'k't, he Blush't, his eyes did flamm with fyre  
Whill strengthe & courage stroave with slouth & shame  
Her stronge and venom'd word's suche vertue had  
They Hope, desyre, strength, courage, valour bred.

10.

And by this tyme fair *Phæbus* isshewing out  
Did beautifie with brightnes of his beams  
Fair *Leucotheas* forehead round about  
Rising aboue the waue *Oceane* stream's  
At *hon*, and *Phlegon* trampling clouds that powrs  
Melted by fyre breath in siluer showrs.

Geuing

## THE HISTORIE

11.

Setting a tincture to the *Spiders* whebe's  
Waueing aboute dame *Floras* fragrant poses  
Vpon sweet smelling birkes and tender thob's  
Greine leaues and prickles of vermiliane roses  
Whill *Aeoll* breaths, their prettie tops decyning  
They daunce, they glance, they smyl on *Phæbus* shyning

12.

Not only heir alone fair *Phæbus* shaw's  
One *Neptuns* glassie glistring back he playes  
Vpon whoes restles neuer ceassing waues  
He combs his crispe irradiant heir whoes rayes  
Wold seeme to set the hiell heauns on fyre  
Whill in our *Hemisphere* is his empyte,

13

But suddenlie to darknes turn'd the day (der  
From skye heaune threatned earthe with roaring thun-  
That man and beast aud feinds in hell affray  
Heauens fyre did seeme to tear the earthe a sunder  
Which of this Monarches fall did warning make  
Of death, of bloode, of ruine, and of wrake

14.

Ah flatterie wyld and most pernicious  
The mask of malice mouer of mischief  
The Father old of lies most vitious  
The Nurie of falshood, and the ground of greif  
The fall of kingdomes, Princes, and e'tates  
The caule of murder, sinck, of all deccat's

The

## THE HISTORIE

15.

The map or purtrat of Hypocresie  
Vsurping once the office of a freind  
Thou beirs the name and voyce so cunninglie  
As if the knott of freindship wer combin'd  
In the, (while lyik a Slaue thouw serues the will)  
Yet fram's deyre to the desing's of ill.

16.

Thus vnto man a Slaue thou seem's to be  
And yet thou still obtains the *masters* hyre  
Tho art Conquerour of womens chastitie  
And on'r their Sex thou beirs a proud empyre  
The sharpe rebuk's of freinds ar better far  
Nor suggred words of anie flatterer

17.

As cunning Foulders drawes (with craftie sight)  
The souls into the traine for theme deuyfd  
Or fishers that allures the fishe by sight  
Of bait which pray has them to death entys'd  
So flatterie leids a man to his owne fall  
His shame, his wrack, his death disgrace, and all

18.

As Syrens doe (with sweetest sounding songs)  
Enchant the Sea-mans hart his ears, his eies.  
Thar them to heare ay more & more he longs  
Thi her direct'd his winged vessel flies.  
Till shee is clift vpon the craggie shore  
And then the monstre does the man deuoure.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

So *Sycophants* allures thy mynd and thence  
In flamin's desyre when from their lip's does flow  
Stream's riuer floods nay sea's of eloquence.  
That drouns the Senses with a pleasant show  
Of all delight yet proues deceat and pain  
Which heir is shown'e by false *Alectos* train:

20.

Whoes fyre in flam'd the braue *Phelarnon's* mynd  
That sp he roe to vew *Parnassus* montane  
And from his fathers court (insecrer kynd)  
He stole vnsein to sie the sacted fontaine  
While by the way his hope, his haire, his thought  
For praisse, wooth, valour, and renoune, they lough

21.

While he drew neir the mount he stoode to wonder  
The earthe begone to tremble quack and rapp  
As if it would haue rent and brust a sunder  
With trembling noyes lyik to a thunder clapp  
At last he on a fearfull flamme did look  
Cum frome a caue enrold in cloudsof smook;

22.

He (whoes vndanted spright nought could eff: ay)  
To know this strange aduenture wold draw neir  
Frome out the flamme he hard a voyce to say  
Ah wofull Prince *Phelarnon* back reter  
Death the abyds vpon, *Parnassus* montane  
If thou approche too neir the sacted fontaine

## THE HISTORYE

23.

He stood as one amaz'd to heare his name  
So call'd vpon, by Whome he could not know  
At last as one awakned frome a dreame  
He sayd what ghost so er'e thou be but show  
Thy name, & why thou threattns me with death  
Their of no sign's appeir, I liue I breath,

24.

The voice agane made answer to the Prince  
My name is *Mansay* of the flaming rock  
That in the bowels of the earth far hence  
(By magick spell) fore saw thy fatall chok (down  
For this heaue threatning' mont whoes streams falls  
Contains thy wrack and ruine of thy croune.

25.

Wherfore flie back and leaue thy fond conceit  
Mar not thy mynd with suche a frantick storie  
Leaue for to eternize thy endles deate  
In antieque roll's of fame with Martiall glorie  
Leaue to the Muses their diuorc'd empyre  
Be not ou'r cum with leues alluring fyre

26.

And thus fairweel new visions calls me hence  
At those his words the Prince amazed stands  
He neids wold now retorne but no defence  
Was left *Alektos* flatterie him commands  
To go and sett all dastard fear apart  
It is not words but deids that kills the haire

Th

# OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

27.

This was *Laiſſas* brother certanlie  
*Achias* king of children had no more  
 For all men deem'd *Laiſſa* for to be  
 Dround by *Kalander* as ye harde before  
*Aleſto* (that foull feind the Prince,) has led  
 Of *Liſſa* fair to be enamoured,

28.

And ſo reſolud he mounted vp ſo hye  
 That by this tyme the chariot of the Sune  
 Had neir hand reacht the top of all the ſkye  
 From whoes reflex all creaturs doeth ſhunc  
 Them ſelfs; and ſo he ſies a groue of tries  
 Whoes loſtic tops did ſeeme to threat the ſkies;

29.

Wheirto *Phelarnon* haſtelie did goe  
 They promeiſt aide the heat for to with ſtand  
 Wheir Sommers bloſſomes made a ſeemlie ſhow  
 So thicke that heat nor cold no entraunce fand  
 Whoſe ſmell a ſwitt ambroſiall odour throues  
 Furth throw the plains the medowes & the groues;

30.

He much admeird thoſe tries ſo ſtraight & ſync  
 The Cedar Elme, and Oak, the *Ciprus* fair  
 The *Eſſ*, the *Eſh*, the *Popler*, and the *Pyne*  
 The *Lourell*, *Ew*, the *Raintrie*, *Willow* rair  
 The *Birk*, the, *Olyae*, *Sallow*, and the *Mirrhe*  
 The *Mazer*, *Beitche*, the *Birſell*, and the *Firre*;

Cij

Thus

## THE HISTORIE

31.

There was he led throw *Natures* woundrous flore  
Whill chiming birds did tounè their chanting lay's  
Vnto a syluer brock that sweetlie rore  
Whoes murmur on the trembling *Pebles* play's  
Their roaring musick *Echo* backe e'ourds  
From hollow caues, heigh rock's, & whisling winds

32.

And whil he trauel'd throw these path's vnknowne  
He suddantie was awish'd with delight  
Of one faire *Ladie* who to him was showne  
All naked save her smock, and sleipping streight  
Beautie wold needs triumphe & love should wonder  
Love bred delight, and courious fight bred wonder

33.

Her armes ow'r'croce her comely brest that hinge  
As if they wold defend it frome assault  
Of frantick Love who with displayed wings  
A bove her in the aire was finding fault  
That *Ioue* sutch sacred treasure wold pas by  
Whome *Iuno* scarce could keip above the sky.

34.

Her long small hands as lillis whitte did seeme  
To ioy for being amorous each of other  
Their soft embracements sweet they did esteeme  
Whill as their fingers link't in pair's together  
Her yourie monts (to whose aspyring top's  
Blew asure conducts drew sweet *Nectar* drop's)

Humbled

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

35.

Thumbled them self vnto her corall lipps  
Who in their preious purple painting dye  
Tuo rainge of orientall pearle eclipse  
From wounding sight of peirring mortall eye  
What carles sleip neglects by curiois chance  
In ordour lyc her beautie to aduance,

36.

Her muskie beath still mounting in the skie  
Whose smook lyk weit perfume infects the air  
Her deip and hollow throat continually  
Sends furth a dulce and dolfull sound of care  
Their with hum skalding fighes wer interlynd  
Whoes munting shew the sorow of her mynd.

37.

Her daintie limbs wer shed with flourie knop's  
Who loath to part from such a galant prey  
Made leaue mantles of their losie top's  
To hyde her daintie skine from heat of day  
And flourish fairer then they did before  
Prouyding crouns and garlands for her glore.

38.

Evne as the *Lyzard* through the flourie grasse  
Beholds a mans fair visage wail he sleip  
Thither to hieft she craul's with speedie pase  
And of her brood her kendlinges, taks no keip,  
She lyes she looks, she loues, and taks delight  
To see his face, and surfeit one the sight

Ciiij

## THE HISTORIE

39.

So whill the Prince beheld the sleiping Mayde  
The beautie of her louely countenance  
Delight, loue, wonder, and amazement bred  
He stood he fear'd he gaz'd at eury glance  
He blush'd, to looke wheir touche (no looks) haue part  
Yet looked, till looks in lust, hade droun'd his hart

40.

Whill carles sleip thus naked had her left  
Left was the Prince in wonder, loue, delight,  
Delight his hart out throw his eyes had left  
Rest with each looke each thought each glāce each sight  
Sight wonder, loue delight, amaizment breidinge  
Hope, passion, heat, desyre one lust still feiding.

41.

At last resolulid with silent noyes drew neir  
To act this furious wofull tragedie  
Not knowing that it was his Sister deir  
Whom he wold now bereaue of chastitie  
But o he feird that heauen's reuenging flame  
Wold plague him if he wrong'd that Virgine Dame.

42.

And now he back reteirs with silent pace  
And shrouds him in a shaddow groue frome sight  
Wheir he might still behold her loulie face  
Whill she awaking frome a trubled spright (yes  
With sobs, with sighes, with grones, with tears she sa-  
Ah hauen's too long your justest vengeance staves.  
But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

43.

But shameing' thus to sie her self so bare  
She drawes her to her gramends neir hand bye  
And being cled she seemed thryce so fair  
That dimd the sight of any mortall eye  
None might abyde her blazing starr's bright glance  
Which back reuerberats their radiance,

44.

Not muche vnlyk *Apollo's* goldin light  
You first his droulie eyes may weel espy  
When he from wattie *Thetis* tak's his flight  
And first begins to mount the azure sky  
But whane on tope of hieft heauen's he stands  
No ey his ey, no looke his looke, with stands,

45.

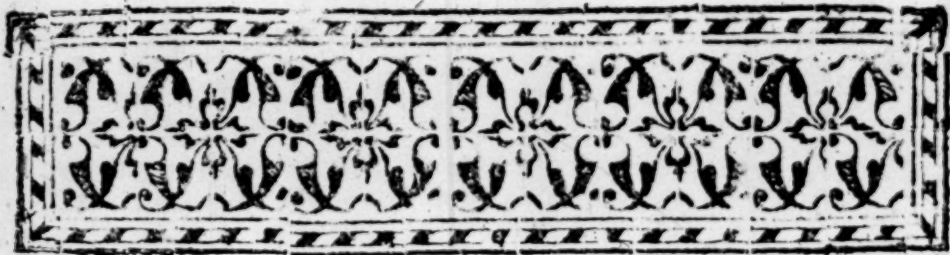
Eu'ne so whill she did sleip he might descry  
The louelines and lustre of her face  
But being wakned now her cheirfull ey  
Furth throwes his spangling reyes in euery place  
Whose peircing glance with flamming hote desyre  
Threw lightnings furth, and set the skyes on fyre

46.

The Prince *Pheiarmon* byds no longer sight  
But goes vnto the fontane by and by  
She that had neuer seine ane armed Knight  
(Before that tyme) geue out a fearfull cry  
And fled he praes'd with flattering praise to proue her  
She knew no loue, no flattrie then could moue her.

Ciii)

Caput



## Caput. IIII.

### Argument,

**F**Esire Tropalance of Datia  
And Prince Phelarnon feght  
Laiſſa and they beth enchanted  
Ar by Manſay's might  
Great Sigismund ane armie brings  
Acharas to invade  
He vanquiſht them and cauſd them ſeik  
To Theſſaly for ayde

#### I.



Hat grieſſy chyld of darknes and of Hell  
Who had ſo well accompliſht her deſyre  
Her poylon in Phelarnons breiſt did ſwell  
And quyt for to coſume him with that fyre  
Anothe Prince at this ſam ime ſhe  
Who for the yke deſyre of glory ſought. (b. o. gh.

#### 2.

This other Prince whome ſhe had brought apace  
Was wiking throuw theſe groues and did eſpy  
Laiſſa who mainteind her fearfull chace  
While as he thought her beautie dim'd the ky  
This Knight was Sone vnto the Datsan Prince  
And heght to name the mightie Tropalance

Whe

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

3.

Who come the fontane *Helicon* to view  
Whose name so much throughtout the world was known  
But seeing this fair Lady to eschew  
A Knight that to him now his eyes had shown  
Of him to make a conquest then with speed.  
He breath'd forth warre with terror & with dread.

4.

The Prince was loath to part from such a pray  
And preast to shune this Knight but all in vaine!  
He lighted doune and stoutlye bad him stay  
Forth drawes the blade, had many thousand slaine  
Where with like lightning dints, and blasts of thunder,  
His stroaks bred paine, paine raige, and raige bred  
(wonder.

5.

For lo his arme this brand had raizd on hie  
And gaue the Prince vpon the armed creist  
So hudge and heauie blowes that now weel nie  
He maid his breath forsake his panting breist  
The Prince almost now breathes fearelie cryit  
Fals miscreant thou deirlic shall abyit.

6.

And then his murdring blade did fearely draw  
And gaue the *Paganes* breist a thrust he sent  
Which made him reill that it appeird (in shew)  
His curst lyfe out of her lodge was rent  
His shoulder blade receau'd so deip a wound  
He gouching fell with bloodie goir to ground.

The

## THE HISTORIE

7.

The Prince past by and followed one his loue  
His loue, his Sister, and his vnknowne freind  
The Pagaine cursed all the *Gods* aboue  
And sweir he was sum feirce infernall feind  
And yit in this his raige he followed fast  
Till of the Prince he got a sight at last.

8.

Who now hade gote *Laisa* in his armes  
And with myld words hade pacified her fear  
The which to *Tropolance* bred greater harmes  
Then when he did his fleshe and armour tear,  
Her looks he thinks vnto his loue consents  
Wheirby his courage tuentic fold augments.

9.

Now wraith in him began to raige and swell  
And thus he said fy turne thy feble face  
Leaue that fair Lady and defend thy self  
Lo dreidfull death abyds the to embrace  
Wheirwith he strak and peared the Princes syd  
With strength, the blaid for bloode maid sintres wyd.

10.

Then from *Phelarnon* stream'd a luk-warme flood  
With purple goir that dyed the grassie ground  
Whill as the Pagane spy'd the streaming blood  
The victorie he thought he surelie found  
But as a *Lyon* moud to raige and wraith.  
That teirs his prey with bloodie pawes to deith.

So

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

11.

So now the Prince delt deildlie dints and blowes  
That neither armes nor sheild might them withhold  
Like haill and thundre thousand stroakes he throwes  
At last a stroak he gaue with courage bold  
This Pagaines breist with this his mightie hand  
Gaue way vnto the lyff reuenging brand

12.

Eune as a mightie *Cedar* (cutt be- low  
By sharpned aix (falls trembling to the ground  
So fell the mightie *Tropolance* althow  
Reuenge, raige, furie, stroue with fats last wound  
And as dry woode when sye has spent the same  
At his last death sends furth the brightest flame,

13.

So he (thogh dead in strength) with angrie pryde  
And curs'd reuenge renew'd his deing force  
The courteus Prince *Phelamon* step'd a syde  
No hurt he profer'd but with myld remorse  
Requird him yeild, who in his dying smart  
Sheathed his poineyard in the Prince his haire.

14.

This was the sorow of *Achaians* all  
This was the wrak and ruine of their croune  
This was the ground and causer of their fall  
This was the deith that dang their *Phedro* doune  
This brought great *Sigismund* from out his soyle  
With many thousand *Datians* to their spoyle,

But

## THE HISTORIE

15.

But lo the graue magician *Mansay* knew  
The fatall end of thole tuo princelie Knights  
Thus in a dark blak cloud of fearfull hew  
He brought them to his caue with helthe prights  
When yeat as then they gaspe their lattest breath  
And dies in paine yet leues in endles death.

16.

The fair *Laisa* he has thir also  
Enchanted still in her amaized troede  
Because she was the ground of all thi woe  
Whylls bunt in flammis & whylls shes dound in bloode  
That Hell it self no greater burthene beirs  
Paine, raige, and greif, her hant in perces teirs

17.

Now *Fame* began her fether footed race  
By manie lands and seas she tooke her flight  
At last (to rest her swift and speedie pace)  
In *Datia* land at court she doune did light  
And in the ears of mightie *Sigismound*  
These wo full newes she wotullie did sound.

18.

How that his deirest Sone deir *Tropolance*  
*Achaians* Prince hade now bereft of flyte  
And hat into a Ladies fau defence  
He baudlie died in that couragions stryfe  
Then plague on plague the Tyrans ear's confoundit  
Pryd, angre, raige, reueng, blood, minther, soundit.  
Reuenge

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

Reuenge proceed's of iniurie by right  
A Passione that fraile man tormenteth much  
It gnawe the hart with torment of despight  
By day and eke by night molesting such  
As ar offendit thus inuist it proues.  
For the offender nought at all it moues.

20.

Sum in reuenge doe alwayes use to kill  
But that is crewell rage and meir despight  
For he that would reuenge must haue the skill  
To haue a kynd of pleasur and delyht  
That the reueng'd may feill with shame and paine  
The weyght of the Reuengers wiath and gaine.

21.

But *Sigismund* (of whom we now shall treat)  
Vs'd only crewell rage and not reuenge  
Most vitious and detestable deceit  
Most filthie barbarous and yet more strange  
A fear, a beastlines, a brut she passione,  
An euill of euils, past all imaginations.

22.

A passione which with wemen doeth endure  
And ostentym's has by that Sex bene vs'd  
And also by the Vulgare being sure  
Of stronger backs, or cowards that has chus'd  
The weaker contrarie partie for their fo  
And therupon their courage most they show.

But

## THE HISTORIE

23.

But lo the braue and mightie mynds (we see)  
(Where valour dueells) their strength does exerceize  
Against the strong resistingemie  
And those whose deids their fame does eterneize  
Whome they no sooner to their mercie gett  
But pitie does their crueltie abett.

24.

Such pitie us'd not *Sigismund* who sweir  
To mak the Earth with *Grecks* blood so drunck  
That all the world yea heaune it self should heir  
The iust reuenge of his deir Sunnes deid trunck  
Thus soone he rais'd ane armie void of fear  
Whoes stomacks stout breath'd furth reuenge & weat

25.

This *Sigismund* a mightie Pagane strong  
The scepter held of many mightie land  
Which he by right of warre or rather wrong  
Most Tyranelyk did keip into his hand  
Who with this armie great to *Greece* did goe  
And tour's, and strengths, and touns, did ouerthroe

26.

And comeing to *Achaia* at the last  
King *Phedro* old his furie to with stand  
An armie did conuein when which he past  
And mett him on the bordours of the land  
But this proud Pagan (with his multitude)  
Got victorie with too much Christiane blood.

Wyce

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

27.

Twyce after this the Paganes furious wrath  
Reuengd too well his ding sones deir blood  
Whole festie thou sand he did bring to death  
With fyfuene Princes of the royall brood  
Their King at last him self in *Thebs* inclof'd  
When Princes, lords, and commons all wer los'd.

28.

Whom *Sigismund* incompast round about  
With wrath, with pyd, with iniurie and wrong  
He swoor that citie sould not hold him out  
Tho't wer as *Troy* as great a fair as strong  
But he wold mack it equall with the plaine  
And theirol should no memorie remaine.]

29.

But *Phedro* old his threatninges to preuent  
(Fearing his wrack his ruine and his fall)  
Andromadan Embassadour he sent  
In *Theffalie*, releif help, ayde, to call  
*Andromadan* a great *Achaian* lord  
Whome valour, woorthe, & vertue much decoird.





## Caput. V.

### Argument.

**P**Ernardo Prince of Theſſalye  
Is heere vnto yow ſhowne  
Whoes buried deids ſo long in grane  
Shall to the world be knowne  
Achaias great Embaſſadour  
Requyrs Theſſaliane ayde  
The wich is granted and anone  
For warre prouiſione made.

I.



**I**Nto the mightie land of Theſſalye I name  
Their regn'd a King that Grodane heght to  
By mightie force he conquerd Arabie  
Throw Greciane land ſo famous grew his  
Earthes terrour, Europs tour, and Africks woe (fame  
Bulwark of friends, and buriell of his foe.

2.

This Grodane had to wyfe a noble Dame  
That Siſter wes vnto the Spaniſhe King  
Whoes lyfe governd with ſuch a ſpotes name  
O d f me throw emptie aer this ſong did ſing  
Th yet happie Prince of Laſons lync that regn's  
And to the world an other Laſon breng's.

Thore

OF PENARDO and LAISSAN

3.

Those two wer lou'd with such a iust regard  
She lou'd, he feird, she praisd, and he repound  
The famous citie *Eregon* he reird  
And built the princelie Palace *Pitemuend*  
And their hi's royall court he intertain'd,  
Million's of knightis and Ladyes their remaind.

4.

He had no children but a Sone alone  
Whoes beautie and proportion of his face  
Bewrayd his royall Progenie anone  
His persone Princelye and his comelie grace  
Most rair, most wyse, most valorous, most fair  
Most lou'd, most loath'd, still croc'd, with Fortuns snare.

5.

*Penardo* cald the obiekt of disdain  
The skorne of loue, the monument of lothe  
The mirrour of mischeif, the map of paine,  
The marck of daunger, and the mold of wrack  
The Seat of sorrow, and the tombe of care  
The wings of wrack, the Burtio of dispair.

6.

Yet was he well traind vp in featt's of armes  
Tilt's, turnayes, and all war-lyk exercise  
Whoes braue vndanted Spright espyes no harmes  
Whoes mightie force his fame doeth eternize  
So lou'd of all, and yet that all so feird him  
That Heaune, and Earth, & Heil, so much admir'd him.

D

And

## THE HISTORIE

7.

And had his grand-Syre (*Iafon* valorous)  
Bein now alyue he had not cron'd the Maine  
For that his dangling tresses pretious  
Surmounts the goldin fleece whiche he did gaine  
His looks, his gesture, and his countenance  
Would chaifest *Phæbe* moue to dalliance

8.

Dame *Nature* followed him with sad laments  
Compleining of her treasurs emptie coffers  
Proportionne beautie vertues excrements  
Was left to her and cheir fullie she offers  
To quyt all those if he would proue so kynd  
To runder back perfections of the mynd

9.

And yet sumtyme she (stairing' in his face)  
Wold seeme to loue him wowing him with swyll's  
And proud of this her handie work whoes grace  
She swoir the glorye of the gods beguyl's  
And other whills complaining in a rage  
She lak'd materiall's for ensueing age.

10.

Which true did proue for *Nature* was vndone  
The earth was lost, and mankynd was forlorne  
Th'ensuewing ages monster's prou'd too soone  
Some reasone wants some but proportionne borne  
Some dum, some deaf, some blind, some leam'd ar seene  
Some sensles, witles, strenghtles, hartles bein.

Now

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

11.

Now whilst the Earthe was rap't with admirations  
Of this faire youth so much admir'd of all  
(One contrarie remou'd, the confirmatione  
He seem'd to haue of all that grace men call  
He that in loues despite him self had shouen  
Yet lou'd at last and loath'd was ouerthrowen,

12.

For who can shunn his fortune or his fate  
All to loues liue tho' lyfe were but a night  
Fear, traueel woe, with pleasure does debait  
Grief sorow, paine, with pastyme, ioy, delight.  
The truest happines one earthe remaine  
Wher croce is mixt with comfort, ioy with paine

13.

But Whilst faire fame (this royall court to show  
Throuw spacious Earthe and oceane took her flight  
Aduenturous Knight's hade (many year's agoe)  
Sleep't in dark silence of eternall night  
Desyre of honor (to the worlds view)  
Calls furthe one Youth, deip Danger to persue,

14.

Penardo as a Gallant would obey  
Whose braue heroick spright surpast so farre  
All youths of Greece that he would oft essay  
The most and best approued Knight's of warre  
When two at once he caus'd for to affront him  
They could not find the meins for to dismount him

D ij

Yet

ar scene

Now

## THE HISTORIE

15.

Yet whilst he sleip't at home in silent pace  
Th' Embassadors come to the court in haist  
Frome out *Achaia* whom it pleas'd his grace  
To entertaine with many royall feast  
Who muche admeird the great magnificence  
Of his fair court and of his excellence

16.

Thrie dayes wer spent in feasting or repast  
When they desyr'd for to be hard of all  
The King and counsell being set at last  
They wer convey'd vnto a princelie hall  
Yea to vnfold that coslie court so syne  
Should pas the might of such a Muse as myne

17.

The pillers wer of purest *yuoie* fram'd  
With pearle and pretious stone in gold embost  
Whoes glistring beam's continuall light inflam'd  
That sable *Night* her entrance their had lost  
The stones to wall's their glances consecrat's  
Which ritcheft mantles full reuerberat's

18.

Whoes maieste was staitlie to behold  
For round about the walls the tapestrie  
Was goodlie arace wrought with *Indiane* gold  
With purple silk and syluer gloriouslie  
So viucliewrought vnto the humane eye  
Maiestick portreats lyuelie seemd to be,

The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

Their *Cupid* painted in his glistring pryde  
His eyes wer shut, yet in his ciewell fitt  
An goldin bow and arrowes did abyde  
Wher with he shot at randome when he list  
He bends, he draw's, he shoots no shaft in vaine  
He hitt's the Hart, & yet no marks remaine.

20.

Ther *Ioue* and their the *Thebane Semale*  
Their jealous *Iuno* lyke her *Nurse* appeirs  
And caus'd her seik that *Ioue* in majestic  
Wold come with thundring darts & lightning fyr's  
Their might yousie when he perform'd ye same  
Her birne in heauenlic fyre & schoarcking flamme

21.

Their *Leucothea*. their was *Phæbus* bright  
In sheape of old *Eurymine* her mother  
Their *Orchamus* her father tacks her streght,  
And card's her quick (til *Phæbus* coming hither)  
Vnto a lamp a starre a flamming light  
He chang'd her for to chace from thence ye night

22.

Ther *Mars* and *Venus* at ther dallying sports  
Their *Vulcans* artificiall yrone nett  
Wherin he wrapt these louers, their resorts  
Feir *Danaes* Sone whome *Ioue* did erst beget  
Who cutts *Medusa's* heid and their the fontane  
Wher he had chang'd King *Athlas* in a montan.

D iij

Their

## THE HISTORIE

23.

Their also feghts he with the monſter wyld  
That perſecutes the fair *Andronad' euer*  
Their *Cephey* and *Caſſiope* bewayld  
Their daughters hap, & yet could help her neuer  
Whom thundring *Ioue* iniuſtlye their detaind  
She weip't, ſhe murt, ſhe ſigh't, ſhe pray'd, ſhe pla'd

24.

All theſe vow might haue ſein ſo perfectlie  
That nothing els but vitall breath they wanted  
Whil as they ſeem'd to lurk ſo priuely  
Sum heir ſum their in pairs together hanted  
They ſeemd to bluſhe when curious eyes did ſie them  
And throw'd their y<sup>u</sup>orſe limins in fowlds to ſie them

25.

So *Cynthia* does ſhroud her ſelf frome ſight  
Of wearie *Travelers* that wandring ſtrayes  
Wiapt vp in darkeſt cloud's of ſilent night  
Yet through thin clouds oft ſhoots out ſyluer rayes  
So ſeem'd they in thoſe fowlds, to creip vn knowne  
Yet ſhew them ſelf vnwilling to be ſhown.

26.

Or as the ſtream's of crooked wynding brooks  
Now heighe then low, now ryſe, then falls againe  
In darkeſt corners holes and priuie crooks  
Will ſteall vnſeene Yet can not ſkaip the maine  
Each tumbling in hudge heap's their homage does  
Compleaning on the Earths vnkynnd reſuſe

Euen

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

27.

Eune so those mantles glorious riche and rair  
If strurd will alter chainge and turne in vaine  
Trembling and waisting mou'd whith shaples aer  
Heir low their heighe their low heir hyeghe again  
Whiche maks sum portrats show & sum retere  
Sum heighe sum low and sum vnwar's appeir

28.

Those strangers stoode amazed at that sight  
The King to brek their silence low did moue him  
Vpon a bench of gold that graue great light  
A Pale lyk heauens-starr'd canoby aboue him  
The cheifest bow'd to ground and then began  
To show the King (who heght *Andromacham.*)!

29.

O thou most mightie Prince of Iasons race  
Thou scourge of Paganes and of Persians pryde  
O thou who did by mightie strength deface  
Arabia foelix and the spoils decayd  
*Amongst the Souldours with a princelie myad*  
Thy seruants come from far, thy help to fynd

30.

Know that we ar Achaian's mightie Prince  
Of antient Greciane bloode we ar descendit  
Against the Paganes we haue made defence  
Our realme lost our royall blood is endit  
Our King our countray kingdome croune & all  
Ar rest and forc'd before our Fees to fall

Diiiij

29

## THE HISTORYE

31.

By Sigismund great King of Datia  
Of Transylvania and Moldavia Prince  
Of Scrvia and of Valachia  
He holds the septure and the gouernance  
With armies great to make his valour knowne  
Our contrey, yours, and tonnes has ouerthrowne

32.

This was the caus, Ill hap our Prince let out  
One day the mount Parnassus for to view  
Well arm'd he was both loose & strong and stout  
Well fauor'd fair and of a heavenly brow  
Our King Of Children had no more at all  
Ther was he lost, and ther our strength did fall

33.

For ther he chanc'd to vew a sacred Muse  
Enamour'd thus he fondlie fell in loue  
Pursuing her deuynest desire to abus  
Whose mynd from chaste desyrs he could not moue  
By chance a Knight arry'd & fought with all  
His paine, his grief, his lose, his death, his fall

34.

And thus they both in combat fought a space  
Vntill ther fatall howre approched neare  
And then they both wer slaine into that place  
Euen then began our woe, our wrack our care  
This Knight was Prince of Datia & was Sone  
To Sigismund for him this warre began,

When

When he had done in silence still he stode  
 Abyding answer from the King who sayde  
 (In greatest ire) he wold reuenge their bloode,  
 And willinglie wold lend his freindlie ayde  
 Liue happie Prince (sayd thay) in whoes sweett eyes  
 Wrath, terrour, dreid, reuenge, and glorie lyes.

## Caput. VI.

### Argument.

**T**He armie marches to Achai,  
 Encamps on Phocis plaine  
 Grodane seeks peace at Sigismund  
 Who answers with disdaine  
 Baotia stays their garisone  
 For Grodans help they sue  
 Penardo goes to their releef  
 With all the Aenean crew.

I.

**O**Amittie the worlds onlie lyfe (frame  
 Without the which this great & woundrous  
 Of heaun & earth should so be wrapt in stryfe  
 That contrare motion's wold cōfund the same  
 It seem's frome mightie Ioue thow art descended.  
 He send the down when this great work was ended.

Of

## THE HISTORYE

2.

Of man thou art the staff and only guyde  
Without the, man should walk in darkeſt night  
Thou art the ſtay, and ioy of his abyde  
The worlds lamp her lanterne and her light  
Of Gods elect the ſacred flamme alone  
Kindled in heaue before his mercies throne,

3.

The Nurſe of true ſocietie humane  
Piller of ſtatts and policies for aw  
Nor any els ſaue Tyrans the diſdane  
For wheir thou art their is no need of law:  
Law is a ſecond meyn deuſed to be  
And ſerues for nought but their wheirs want of the,

4.

Trew freind ſhip reuells deſyre and the affects  
The hert, the tongue, the mynd, the will, and all  
But lay the yock of iuſtice on their necks  
For aw of puniſhment, and fear of thrall  
They are conſtrained their duetie for to doo  
Which freind ſhip wold moſt willinglie go too,

5.

Thus Amitie the ſacred flamme has beine  
That foſters true the, to ductie geuing lyfe  
Which in this following hſtorie is ſeine  
By *Grodane* who had wrapt him ſelf in ſtryfe  
In him true Amitie hade ſole dominione  
Which gaue no place to wordlie baſe opinion,

For

OF PENARDO AND AISSA

6.

For lo his counsell wold this way proceed  
They could not thus procur so great a foe  
Except the King *Heyre* to *Achas* succeed  
Great fools ar they that threatning dangers know  
And rune but hope but help aduysc, delay  
Headlongs to wrack, to ruine, to decay.

7.

This seem'd to grie with reasone but the King  
Who feard not, caird not, sought not, gaine to craue  
True vertue, glorye, amitie did rigne  
In him who could not, should not, wold not leaue  
His freinds in strait, in danger, in distress  
His ayde, they sought and they should find no less.

8.

Wheirat the legatts (falling one their face)  
Did weep for verie ioy before them all  
And reuerentlie againe they thank his grace  
All *Theffaly* for armes began to call  
The Kings will, pleasure and command declar'd  
Bands, legions, troups, & squadrons wer prepar'd,

9.

Thus through the mightie land of *Theffalye*  
Theirs nothing hard but murther, bloode, and wear  
Such tumults did arys that presentlie  
All nighbour nationes gan his force to fear  
Fame fil their ears cune babling fame too nimble  
All feard his name, and fearing all did tremble.

Se

## THE HISTORIE

10.

So feard is *Nilus* proud and mightie raige  
That fertill *Aegypts* land does ouerflooe  
When by the hatcheing *Crocodills* presage  
They know how farr the Princelie stream will goe  
When ower his bancks he spreads his azure wings  
All faints, all fears, all flies the force he brings,

11.

Then while the floure of *Theſſally* repaire  
Before *Eregon* on a pleasant plaine  
Whoes panting hearts appeald their pow're repaire  
To gielde their glistering armes with glorious gaine  
To wrath they yeild, wrath, them to warre commands.  
Wrath arm'd their heart's, their harts has arm'd their  
(hands,

12.

This great and mightie armie was as much  
One horse and foote as fiftie thousand strong  
Whereof wer threttie thousand footemen such  
As any was all Christiandome among  
The horsemen all wer Princes, Lords, and Knights  
Great wonders wrought their valours, strenghts & might

13.

In *Theſſaly* the *Aeneans* did dwell  
Of all the *Greeks* those were the most renound  
In martiall featrs of armes they did excell  
Their pedegre from braue *Achilles* found  
Of those ten thousand to this warre was sent  
Most braue, most stronge, most scarce, most valient,  
Tho

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

14.

Those guardes the persone of this mightie King  
And called his *Cavalarie* alwher  
Thus well prouyd'd all of euerie thing  
This armie march'd in goodlie ordour their  
And being come vnto the frontiers end  
*Grodane* his legat to the *Darian* send.

15.

Requiring him from such attempts to cease  
And let the *Gracians* brook their natie soyle  
Restoiring back their cities and with peace  
Depart but trouble, pillage pray, or spoyle  
And be not proud of *Fortuns* pleasant howres (sorwes  
Whoes smyls ar mixt with frouns whoes sweittis with

16.

Altho his Sone Prince *Tropolance* was slaine  
Him self too weell reueng'd his death before  
For he the Prince *Phelarnon* kild againe  
The law of armes prouyds reuenge no more  
Then should he not triumphe and tyrannize  
Thus in their fall, their wrack, their miseries,

17.

Eune as a staitlie ship (her foes to urge)  
Furth slyds vpon the restles, rolling waw  
Imperiously she cutts the azure surge  
One *Thetis* back she ryds with galant shaw  
But when the angrie Seas begins to roare  
Waues beats her downe, that beat the waues before,

## THE HISTORIE

18.

So he vpon the tope of Fortuns wheell  
Must neids be throwne doune heidlongs at a bloe  
In pryde he said he wold make *Grodane* fecle  
The force of datian arms before he goe  
Altho his Sone had els reuengd his death  
That kingdome skair he could suffice his wrath.

19.

And sure(quod he)if I had knowne the platt  
That *Grodane* made this warre to take in hand  
I wold haue kept his glorie in for that  
Yea and perhaps his fume still with stand  
For eue before the wall of *Eregone*  
My armie ther in armour should haue shoone;

20.

Soone after those disdain full speeches past  
The armie march'd sum tuentie leggs that so  
Thay being heir to *Phocis* at the last  
*Grodane* direct'd ane herauld for to shew  
(By sound of trumpet)that he wold them yeild  
But they refus'd,wherefore he man'd the feild.

21.

When he had laid his seige vnto the citie  
His Skoutts brought in a Messinger in hast  
Who prayd his Maiestie to tak some putie  
Vpon *Bicotsa* that was lost almaist  
Two dayes ago they slew their garysone  
And maid reuolt frome wicked *Sigismunt*.

And

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

22.

And lo of *Transylvania* the Prince  
(Cald strong *Phelastor*) comes to raze their wall  
And kill them selfs, their, Enfants but defence  
Leauing no memorie of them at all,  
This Prince indeid of all the Pagane camps  
Was most renound and feard for braue attemp

23.

Of manly courage stout of body strong  
Bold was his hart and valorous his hand  
Crewell his mind enuyous full of wrong  
Disdaine, pryde, raige, yea furie in him fand  
A duelling fitt (and last to show him right)  
Feareles of God, cairles of hells despight.

24.

Wherefore *Penardo* neids wold show him self  
And falling one his kneis before his *Syr*  
Desyr'd that he might haue the chaarge to quell  
The furie of that princelie *Paganes* ire  
His trembling voice, pale face, and fyrie breath  
Showes his true valour and his furious wrath

25.

So does a gentle *Lyon* meik and myld  
(For Princes pleasour team'd with teacher true)  
If mou'd to raige and wrath he growes so wyld  
His wonted courage in his breist renew  
His taill he lifts a loft and ruffs his heir.  
Shoots furth his flaming tounge, & pawes to teare.  
Loath

# THE HISTORIE

26.

Loath was his father he should vndergoe  
So greatt a charge in these his tender yeirs!  
Yet knowing courage did his breist ore floe  
In him strength, might, and valour weell appeirs  
Whoes fure of glorie can no cloud ow'r vaill  
Whoes day no night, nor darknes, may assayle

27

To him he gaue this great and mightie charge  
And with him sent three Princes stout and bold  
Whoes name fame, praise, worth, valor shall at large  
Be shoven aboue the notherne starre enrold  
And with him went those warrelyk *Aenean* bands  
Terror of earth, and strength of *Graciane* lands.



Caput



## Caput. VII.

### Argument.

**P**Enardo's ayde is cum to lat  
The town is set on fyre  
He followes on the Enemie  
Revenge is his desyre  
A vision in his sleip appeirs  
The whiche he does declare  
Beneath Apollo's altar, He  
Hes found an armour fair

I.

**A**mbitionne is a passioune woundrous strong  
Of noble courage and of mightie force  
Whiche captiue leads all g' alant speits along  
And euen the strongest passions does enforce  
Yea loue it self whiche seemeth to contend  
Yet oft ambitione victor proues in end.

2.

Ambitione is an flamme that burnes the mynd  
With endles drouth still thirsting after glorye  
A blind excessiue gredine (of kynd)  
To be imboist in tym's eternall storie  
Still hunting after greatnes that we see  
Ambitione neuer satisfied to be.

E

Ambitione

## THE HISTORYE

3.

Ambition heigh is not a Passiōne feat  
For baseborne brain's, or wordlie small attempt's  
Renounce and glorie stoups not to such bait  
Those ar not capable but ar contempt's  
For proud ambitioune beats & cast them doun  
Whill as they seek praise, glory, and renounce,

4.

Ambitione after gaine does not persue  
Nor actions reapping profit does it care  
But ay wheir dreadfull danger does ensue  
Difficult strainge vnusuall and rare  
Eu'ne there, ambitione hunts for glorie euer  
For base and wordlie gaine it careth neuer.

5.

This passiōne Prince *Penardo* did bereaue  
Of whom we write this following historie  
Who thirsting after honor seem'd to leaue  
A famous name in *Glorious* memorie  
In him ambitione, crewell warre susteind  
Gainst loue, and famous victorie obtaind

6.

Who as we said receiv'd that armie small  
Wheir with he should releue *Beotias* need  
But *Sigismundi* (the citie for to thral)  
Haid send the *Transiluaniane* Prince with speid  
Whoes valarous renounce to heaune did mount  
Wheir for *Penardo* with ambitione brunt,

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

7.

He freat's) he froun's, he longs to reauie the croune  
Of fame and glory from *Phelastons* head  
And set it on his owne, which great renoune  
To beir it through the world vnconquered  
More greif he fynds when one goes him before  
Then ioy in conquing of a thous and skore.

8.

Now he right glade in gaining of this chaarge  
Two dayes led furth his army one the way  
At last drew neir and on a plaine right large  
Wold neids refresh his wearte men a day  
And then he sends, to learne, to vew to kno  
Th' estate, the place, the number of his foe.

9.

When *Phobus* drin'st his sylver shyning hair  
In *Thetys* lap they saw a cloud aspyre  
Whoes smook send suddane darknes throw the aere  
Wherin appeird reid flashing flamm's of fyre  
As if the earthe out of her bowells wyde  
Had send to choak the loftie heauens for pryde.

10.

While as the armie vewing stooode amaz'd  
Whoes haucie hearts no fear could harbor in  
Yet vew's with fear and fearing still they gaz'd  
Their quyet murmur made a fearfull dine  
At last the skoutts returning told ye treuth  
Which mou'd them all to, woe, to care, to reuth.

Eij

Know

# THE HISTORYE

## II.

Know mightie Prince your enemies are gone  
Because they haue fulfilled their fearede desyre  
For they haue rayed the walls of yonder town  
And set it all with skorching flames a fyre  
Towns, towers and walls in ciuill fyre doth burne  
Men, women, babes, by bloodie swords are torne.

## 12.

This was the cause of their destructione loe  
They feared the Prince his ayde should come too late  
And lacking souldiours on their walls to show  
For their defence against their ciuill fate  
Within a forest full of lackes and fennes  
Three hundred robbers lay in caves and dens.

## 13.

The cheif of these was once a citizene  
Who playing bancker out, his goods had lost  
Wherefore he hyed him to the Robbers den  
Who chus'd him chiefe of their theeuish host  
Him hy'd they straight with soums of *Indiane* gold  
To guard their walls and to defend their Hold

## 14.

But he who had no pittie nor regard  
Vnto their lyues but only to their gold  
Agreed by priuie letters for reward  
And to *Phelastor* has the citie sold  
Ah haples wretch that caus'd destroy and kill  
Men at thy mercie, thy command, and will.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

15.

Eune as the mightie marlion mounts the sky  
And soares one loftie winges with gazing eyes  
At last the chirming larke she does espy  
Cheif chanter in the queir of all that flies  
Whose hollow throat, sends furth a thous and sounds  
To pearce the azure vaults that back redounds,

16.

Her shrill sweet notts, with silent blowing breath  
Now seing her fearec enemy aspyre  
Pearcing the emptie aer to flie from death  
Whil to prolong she mounteth, still the hyer  
Bot with sad looks, whill thus she bids adue  
Their she a weane trauceler does vew,

17.

Whoes hart she oft had cheird with chirming cleis  
Awaking him frome drousic sleip to ryse  
And warnd him that *Apollos* light drew neir  
And in his long sum iorney did denyse  
New not's wheiron she curious descant founde  
Filling his ears with diapason sounds

18.

And thinking now that he wold thankfull be  
She hyes fast doune and seiks his ayde to beild her  
With feirfull shrieks does in his besome flie  
Glad that she song to him who now does sheild her  
But he whoes hart no pitie harbours loe  
De liuers her vnto her mortall foe.

## THE HISTORIE

19.

So did this fructe of ill this welch of woe  
This curse of haue in Whoe vnnatall hart  
No pitie could haue place but to her foe  
The citie yelds (for this her good desert)  
That oft had song sweet not's of educatione  
To draw him from his haples constellatione

20.

Euen so the rauening wolfe by simple goat  
Brought vp, with loue, with trauell, care, and, paine  
And fed vpon her teat (such is her loar)  
Till strength and force and vigour he retaine  
Then he, whome she brought vp so cairfullie  
Her deith, her graue, her sepulchre must be

21.

The Prince that pitied suche a fore mischance  
Admitting much this monstrous crueltie  
Swoor in a rage his armie to aduance  
Till he reueng'd *Bæotias* miserie  
Which did inrol his praise aboue the skyes  
His fame, wooith, valour, woundrous victories.

22.

When *Phebus* harbinger in crimsons cled  
Chaic'd donne to Hell nights hated hew abhorde  
The flower that murn's for *Phebus* absence spred  
Her beautie furthe and smyl's vpon her Lord  
Whoes birning beams and lyfe infusing rayes  
Conforts the Earth and beautifies ye skyes

Then

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

Then through the campe a murmur gane to ryse  
All cryes for armes the trumpets sounds aloud  
Ther sturdie coursars courage loudly brayes  
And seemd to cry for loste eydars proud  
They forward march't with ioy & great delight  
Their willing mynds made heauie armour light

24.

And marching thus with suche a restless pace  
Thre dayes thre nights, at last they com in sight  
Of their proud foes who heiring of their chaice  
Had lyk desyre lyk will to proue their might  
Shouts, clamours, cryes, on eurye syd descry  
Their will, desyre, and hope of victory.

25.

And yit *Phelaston* lyk ane champioun wyse  
Forecasting perrells in his thought alone  
Feard that *Penardo's* hardie enter pryse  
Was but a craftie traine to draw him on  
And that the armie in some corner lay  
His campe vpon a suddane to betray

26.

Yet being of a mightie galant mynd  
He sham'd to flie at his imaginatione  
Wherfore in hast to *Athens* did he send  
Wher *Brando* lay at seige to show the fashions  
*Brando* the reull ou'r *Servia* did hold  
Stout, hardy, wight aduencorous and bold

E iij

Which

## THE HISTORIE

27.

Which when he hard his feige he rais'd in haste  
And to the Prince *Phelaston* march'd along  
Now know that in his camp there was at least  
One horte and fiftesum tuentie thousand strong  
To *Sigismund* those newes he shortlie sends  
Who rais'd his feige frome *Thebs* and thither wends

28.

Now *Primum mobile* had drawn the light  
With his swift course out of our *Hemisphere*  
And spread the ieatblack mantle of the night  
That summons all the creatures with fear  
Vnto their rest then for to be their shield  
They built a canues citie on the field

29.

Whil thus he had incamped in their sight  
Set furth his watch his campe intrinsit strong  
This Campiourne caus'd disarm them all that night  
For their refreshment after iorney long  
After repast the Prince to sleip is gone  
And in his sleip appeird this vision.

30.

A virgine Nymphc (whoes beautie dimd the sky)  
With saddest looks with sobs with sighs with tears  
So sorowfull she seem'd with weeping ey  
Led by two feinds of *Pluto's* grieffly fears  
Her body seem'd all dyed in crimsons blood  
Her garment skoarch'd in flamm's of hellish brood.

Thus

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

31.

Thus leading her hard by him (as he thought)  
She cryd o sweitt *Penardo* lend thy ayde  
Whos only strength the fates decree has wrought  
To end the ceasles torments of a Mayde  
When at him thought he start with suddane fear  
Drawing his brand those hellishe feinds to tear,

32.

But then with myldest speeche she sayd no more  
Thy willingnes sufficezeth at this tyme  
A greater danger thou must pas before  
Thy happie ayde geue end vnto my cryme  
But mightie *Ioue* in danger, warre, and stryfe  
Preferue thy fame, thy honor, and thy lyfe.

33.

Not farr their stands within a pleasant vail  
Ane altar built at *Agamemnon*s cost  
In honor of fair *Pallas* sacred Cell  
When he was captain of the *Graciane* host  
Their, lyes a sword, a sheild, ane armour fair  
Of woorth, of wonder, and of vertue rare,

34.

Feight not before yow haue this armour on  
Whose woorth shall much aduance thy wondrous fame  
For know this much before tuo dayes by gone  
That *Pluto* has conspyrt to spoyle thy name.  
For he has send the Feinds in legions forth  
To seek to shame, to wrack, to staine, thy woorth.

And

## THE HISTORIE

35.

And thus she vanisht quyt out of his sight  
He wakeing one a suddane from his sleip  
Thought this to be a fantasie too light  
That from his humor'd braine did fondlie creip  
Yet warlie did his thoughts one witt attend  
Weying if good or ill theron depend.

36.

Aurora in her purple robe arose  
Warning proud *Titan* for to light the day  
And drew the courtens that did him disclose  
In *Ther* is louclie armes that dalling lay  
Who stole away and in the gloomie *East*  
Reard vp aboue the *Earth* his flaming crest.

37.

How soone the Prince espyit his goldine light  
He cald for *Mandadorus* Prince of *Mesone*  
This *Mandadorus* was of greatest might  
Of all his subiects saue the *Duik of Thesone*  
To him he told his dreame who said your grace  
May try't and trying lett the truth haue place.

38.

Wherfore he send and from his antient rounge  
Cauid raise the altar wher they fand a stone  
Of *Alabastre* builded lyk a Tounge  
In greik sum letters wer ingraft theron  
Those we e the words (ingraph't in gold so fyne  
That now as first their lustre seem'd to shync.

*This*

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

39.

This pretious stone and armour does retain  
Whose wondrous woorth as yet shal no man know  
Yntill the Spreit of them that lues in pain  
Exne to a mightie stranger shall them show  
Who with the same recalls relent, releifs,  
Thrie Souls from paine, from death, frō Hells mischeifs

40.

Illid was the meaning darck the sentence seemd  
Of all the trueth they could not rype the ground  
But this fair costlie armour as they deemd  
Had at the famous wars of Troy beine found  
Which graue and wyse *Cassandra* had inuented  
For *Paris*, *Troys* seince fall to haue preuented,

41.

Lo thus it was she knowing by her art  
The ruine of heau'n threatening *Troy* drew neer  
And that proud *Paris* his vniust delert  
Should be the caus of such an endles weir  
To him by art she had this armour wrought  
That all the *Gods* decree might turne to nought,

42.

For she disceding to the lowest Hells  
Her mightie powre in magick force she shew  
The greislie Ghosts stood trembling whill she tells  
Her will in frameing of this armour new  
Loath to prouyd remorse, remeid, releif  
Who ioy'd in blood, warre, murther, and mischeif.

Yet

## THE HISTORIE

43.

Yet fear them forc't they durst not disobey  
Her mightie art and all-commanding will  
For she with strainge characters could a lay  
The pains of Hell from punishment of ill  
Yea she the Suns diurnall course culd stay  
And turne to darkest night the brightest day.

44.

And whill these feinds this armour fyne did make  
They forgd the metall first in *Aetnas* flame  
And temperd it into the Stygiane lake  
With herbs of woundrous force amongst the same  
That mightie strong enchantments can with stand  
Yea sword, and fyre, and water, can command.

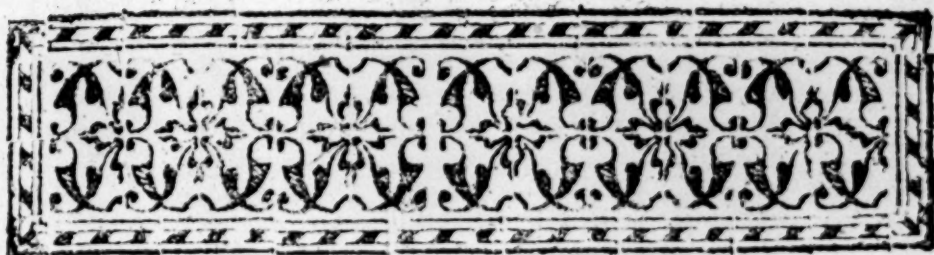
45.

Ioues doughter brought king *Agamemnon* furth  
When she with them returning was to *Troy*  
Who seing them of such a woundrous woorth  
Bereft the graue *Cassandra* of her ioy  
Who had with herbs and flams of *Flegitone*  
Composd a strange and admirable stone,

46.

Which secretlie she in this armour set  
Whose vertue was his owner for to stay  
From loue, and amorous desyr's to lett  
Arming the hart gainst all venereall play  
For princelie *Paris* she deuyd this traine  
That he might render *Helene* back againe.

Caput



## Caput. VIII.

### Argument.

**A** Chaians fall fair Pallas doeth  
Forſie long tyme before  
And that Penardo ſhould them raiſe  
Vnto their former gloir  
The Aeneins tuo batales wine  
And by the Prince alaine  
The Transylvanian and the Seruian  
Diſput; both ar ſlaine,

I.

**W**Hen as the Greciane gotte this armour lo  
Ioues brain borne girl did gif him this command.  
That of this thing no creatur ſhould know  
Till he returnd vnto his natue land  
Wheir to her name he ſhould ane Altar rear  
And ſecreitie incloſe this armour rheir.

2.

The which he did with duetifull regaird  
According to heighe pallas her command  
For loe that ſacred altar vp he raird  
Their vnder layd the armour which they fand  
Wheir it had lyine ſo many hundreyht yeirs  
Vn-found vnmark'd vnkowne as it appeirs.

Sum

## THE HISTORYE

3.

Sum sayes that bright warlyk pallas did forsie  
Eune then, the ruine of *Achais* crowne  
And that fair *Lissa* cause thei of should be  
Trough hir great bewtie of so hye renoune  
Thus the prouyds, forseis, preuents their fall  
By means vn sought, or unrequerd at all.

4.

This brought *Penardo* out of *Thessaly*  
From torment this fair virgine to releas  
So faites ordaind such was his destiny  
So heauns decreed her torment thus should ceas  
O mightie *Ioue* blest be thy sacred name  
That so preuents, forseis, remeids, our shame.

5.

When they had brought this armour to the Prence  
They fitted him so weell on euerie part  
As if they had bene made for that pretence  
Who thus acouter'd with a lostie harte  
Lyk *Mars* him self his countenance he bar  
That thundred furth blood, victorie, and war.

6.

This armour was with red vermilioned rosd  
And spangled thicke with starrs of *Indian* gold  
Whose cornert point with diamonds imbold  
And syluer branches that the starrs vphold  
He goes they glance they shyne while as he sturd  
Of all hes praid, regaird, loud, admyrd.

His

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA:

7.

His haucie helmet gildet all with gold  
Whoe shynning brighnes trembling terror bred  
Ow'r all his creist an *Eagle* did vnfold  
His goldim wings which prouddie ouerspred  
The shynning helme and with his tallones wyde  
He seemd to tear the metall in his pryde.

8.

Vpone his downie cronie their stoo'de vpright  
A bunsh of plumes discolored diuerslie  
Spangled with spangs of gold and pearle whoes light  
Daizled the sight of the beholders eye  
Their shaddowes in the *Eggs* eyes did glance  
That seemd right glad of this their dalliance.

9.

So does a tall and lefte *Cedar* show  
That growes on top of mightie *Parnass* montane  
The myldest blast that *Zephyrus* can blow  
Maks all his leaues to tremble on the fontane  
Or *Cynthia* lyk in silent night that shawes  
Her beam's to daunce and glance one *Thetis* waves:

10.

Of burnisht steill his glancing sheild It shone  
The true prelage of his ensewing dayes  
Where sat a lady on a crimstone throne  
A knight lay prostrat at her feitt who sayes  
*Ah Fates your scarce Decree I surelie proue*  
*That keeps her hart from all the darts of loue.*

His

## THE HISTORYE

II.

His mortall blad did semlie hing with hold  
Within a syluer sheath wrought curiouslie  
The hiltes wer of the fynnest burnisht gold  
Which pearle and saphyre stones did beautefie  
No metall nor enchantment could resist  
This murkring blade when euer his owner list.

12.

And armed thus he red vpon a fild  
Whoes pryd with pransing beatts the groncing ground  
And champing on his foamme bitt with dreid  
Wold seim with trampling noye the aer to wound.  
By lostie volts and rauets showing still  
How glade he was t'obey his masters will,

13.

Who manag'd him so weell at wislit contents  
With turns and curbits heir and their remoues  
And when he flakt the rayns his lostie spreints  
Wold skauillie tipp the trembling earth with houes  
And glad of such a Maister matchles rare  
With swift impetuous speid wold peirce the aer.

14.

Off was his helme, his amorous face and eyes  
Lyke *Hesper* shynd amongst the lesser lights  
His countenance still promest victories  
Fair smyling, sweitt, and pleasant in their sights  
A light but fyre a haire but fear or dreid  
A lamp vnquenchd a mynd vnconquered

Then

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

15.

Then loue him self more sweet his countenance  
Wher grace lay hid in glancing beauties lap  
Still sending with each smile, each look, each glance  
A thousand amours that the senses rap  
With all delight at last he breathed forth  
True valour vertue wonder glorie worth,

16.

Braue Bretherine and Companions all in weat  
Remember your Forefathers lostie feat's  
Our sweet Thessalian soyle did only bear  
Those mightie mynds that all the earth abais  
Our nation with our Iason left their soyle  
To gaine the glorie of the goolden spoyle.

17.

What brauer spreits in Greece then hath bein ours  
What greater glorie then our countrey wan?  
What manlie mynds and mightie Conquerours  
But we may claime ay since the world began  
Yea if we look our lyns discent and blouds  
We'll shame to fise from worlds of multitudes.

18.

But leane we honor, fame discent, and blood,  
Remember onlie whom with all we deall  
With Paganes, spoylars of the christian Good  
The antient foes of Greece we must assaile  
Nay foes I shame to call them not but Thenes  
On robrie theft, spoyle, prey, & pillage leanes,

F

Their

# THE HISTORIE

19.

Their Captane strong Phelaston strong know  
 Tho cald so stout so strong so scarce in fight  
 Tho Persians, Syrans, and Arabians too  
 He foyle yet hes not felt the Grecian might  
 Those naked, bare, vnarmmed fear maks fall  
 Bot hardie Greeks surpas them, him, & all

20.

Great victorie by this brane seght shall come  
 The daunger nothing and the labour small  
 Some fearful strenghtles, hairtles, mightles, some  
 Before our face they fear, they flie, they fall  
 What need we mor bat kill tak, stay, and chace  
 Enuy, stryf, discord, throw them flies a pace,

21.

Whereat the armie gaue a ioyfull cry  
 And willinglie they rank them selfs the while  
 Their Captanes and commanders ioyfullie  
 Did cheere them vp with the reward of spoyle  
 Ther breisls at tweld with conquest courage wrath  
 The roaring trumpet's sounds blood, warr, & death,

22.

The Prince his battells ordored in this sort  
 By Mandadorus was rhe vnegaird led  
 To whom tuo thousand fotemen did resort  
 Of Aneans a thousand horse he had  
 Who looks lyk hungrie Lyons whill they go  
 That wrath warre blood & veangeace doeth fore show  
 Phenabon

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

*Phenabon* prince of *Thays* the reirward had  
Equall in nombre wepins arm's devyce  
*Belmondo* duike of *Toropeia* led  
The batall great that was as mony twyce  
All those for warre wer borne in warre they flourish  
In traucells great, great paine great danger nurish

24.

The Prince him self wold not in batteil stand  
But with tuo thousand mightie men of armes  
Would geue supplie wheir any want he fand  
And with fresh ayde would still reuenge their harmes  
Whille as he said *Braue Brotheris let me see,*  
*That if they sle their slaine, if segkt they die.*

25.

Now by this tyme the Prince *Phelaston* had  
Hrs armie weel in battel ranck arayed  
And with new hope their fanting harts he fed  
That nothing now but courage in them stay it  
His venegaird was fyue thous and at the least  
Led by a migtie Pagane *Alphorest.*

26.

*Lagone* the reirwaird led a Pagane good  
Wheir was fyue thousand bold strong hardy stout  
And with him self the greatest battel stood  
Ten thousand strong but fear but care but doubt  
Thus marching both they jouned the trumpetts sound  
At whoes hudge noyes both heauen e & earth redounds

Fij

Lyk

## THE HISTORIE

27.

Lyke to the blasts of boystrous *Boreas*  
That hurl's with haillie wings from hieft heau'ne  
With thundring royes and threatning glorious  
To shak the Earths fundatione fondlyc drevn  
Blasting the heauens' that back redounds his blowes  
Beating' the earth and billowing Seas that shower,

28,

With swelling waues to soare in loftie skyes  
Disdaining the gouernement he keip's  
Thath causeth all their wastie empyr's ryes  
From si'ent moueing in the lowest deip's  
Raising hudge mont's one. *Neptun's* azure plaine  
In foamic drops he throwes them doune againe.

29,

And vp agane through aerie waults from sea's  
His bloustring blast from North to South he sends  
Crushing the clouds that fast before him flies  
Together dash't their broken ranks discends  
In tearie drops as if they seem'd to weip  
That he so great gouernament should keip,

30.

Eune so these mightie men of armes did crufhe  
With furious strenght their weapones each on other  
Hudge drops of bloode in stream's did alwayes gush  
The streams in floods the fluds brought Seas together  
Thar drops, and stream's & floods, & seas took pairs  
To drinshe, to dashe, to droune, the Martial hart.

The

OF PENARDO and LASSA.

31.

The rank's that stiflie stands agenst ther foes  
Fall's doune in slap's waltring in bloodie stryn'ds  
Wheron freshe ranks (still marching brauely goes  
Out ou'r the be'lies of their deing freinds  
Not yelding to their foes till ether syde  
Does sacrifice their soulls to swelling pryde.

32.

Now whilst on curie syd they fearlie fight  
The wantguards met with mightie strength and boist  
Wher *Alphorest* the Pagane shew his might  
Before his feit lay manie deing ghoste  
Till *Mandadorus* saw such hauok their  
Wher *Alphorest* did feight he did repair.

33

And *Alpharest* (that lyk a Lyoune bears  
Him self) espyd the Prince of *Meson* by  
To red him telf of commone soulcours feirs  
His bloes seem'd lightning thundert throw the sky,  
And then he lent the Prince a mightie bloc  
That almost from his horse he forced him goe

34.

But he acquyts him lighting on his hand  
That hand and sword, and all, fell to the ground  
And wher his visar louse he lykewayes fand  
He made him, their receaue his fatall wound  
The Pagans now began to fear and fant  
When as their mightie leader thus they want.

## THE HISTORIE

35.

And by this tyme the greatest battel flies  
Eune their wheir as the *Transylvanian* stonde  
For that Penardo with his frethe supplies  
Had brok in throw their rancks embrew'd which blood  
So that in generall all began to flie  
Except *Phelaston* their would brauelie die

36.

And sure that day his admirable might  
If I could pas vntold I wer to blame  
For that him self alone in single fight  
Had slaine thrie knights of great and famous name  
*Lighthor, Guelpho, Meldabred*, at lenth  
By cruell death had felt his mighte strength

37.

Nor those alone by his accursed hand  
Depry'd of lyfe of soule of breath did lye  
But *Oerard, Ormond, Groian*, by his brand  
Were slane all Knights of noble progenie  
With many mo he in that fatall stryfe  
Hurt, feld, or bruis'd, or then bereft of lyfe.

38.

*Penardo* still that followed on the chaise  
*Belmondo* and *Phenabon* he espy'd  
Both by one Knight wer put to great distres  
Ther armour all with crimsons blood was dy'd  
In greatest hast if he had not come to theme  
That Knight alone was lyke for to vndo theme.

Yet

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

39.

Yet wondrous that such woundrous force could be  
In one to foyle such famous Knights as they  
And piteing that other syde should die  
He trusts him self betuein and bids them stay  
And to *Phelaston* sayes heir ar no foes  
Bot from his brand he answerd him whit bloes.

40.

Then he commands those tuo to stande asyde  
The furious Pagane feiresie he assailed  
His thriftie blade oft in his bloode he dyed  
At euerie stroak his armour he dismailed  
With equall strengthe the Pagane countervaild him  
Showing his woundrous valour no thing faild him.

41.

The Pagane raisd his sanguin sword on hie  
Discharging blowes vpon his helmet strong  
Whill fyrie starr's out of his eyes did flie  
His mounth furth-casting streams of bloode along (dre  
Wherefore he now with wrath shame raige & wound-  
Send bloes lyik lightning tempest, storme, & thunder.

42.

Theirwith redoubled was the Pagans ire  
Who said shall one poore knight my strenth recall  
And so agane the Prince receaud his hyre  
That tuye he reild and reddie tuye to fall  
At last he blush't for shame, & shook for wrath  
Requytng shawe with foyle, disgrace with death.

Finij

This

## THE HISTORYE

43.

This was the *Transylvanian* fearce and strong  
Whom he had slaine, and so ward then he past  
And put him self among's the Pag'anes throng  
Which scattred chac'd, & slaine to ground he cast  
As sand before the northerne blast furth fleis  
So fled those troupe's, & fleeing fall's, and deis,

44.

Wenice with killing then they sound retrace  
From sending Pagans souls to *Plutus* ports  
Where of a now I cease for to repait  
Whill as to them more danger still resorts  
For loe a greater host they might descry  
With standarts wafting in the ætic sky.

45.

Amaz'd they stood and knew not what it mein'd  
At last the Prince vndanted courage shew  
By trumpets sound he causd them be conueind  
And thus said he itt is not tyme to rew  
Keip what your valour courage might & strength  
Has brauelie won, and win you shall at lenthe.

46.

Rank then your self's while Courage you releue  
Let fear flie hence to mynds effeminat  
These mynds to martiall glory doos atchyue  
Whos lyfes to hafards bold ar consecrat  
Doe from your hands, your swords your harts, your ciets  
Strength, valour, conquest victorie furth flies.

Then

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

47.

Then willinglie they call for battell new  
Still thirsting after glorie to aspyre  
Their bloodles face and trembling voices shew  
That wrath within their breist had kendled fyre  
The warre-lyk noyes of trumpets roaring breath  
Steird horse to courage and the men to wrath,

48.

And now began the feght more sharpe, and thin  
Now their encounters crewell hand to hand  
The *Datians* feghts to keip what they had win;  
The *Grecians* to releue their native land  
Their v. & storic and courage mand the feild  
Their come reuenge to force those tuo to yeild,

49.

Yet wer the *Datians* stout in daungers strong  
Their bodies freshe not woundit bruist nor bleeding  
Their first assault was scarce and lasted long  
Them selfs within the *Gretians* ground intruding  
But Prince *Penardo* bland their fainting harts  
Whose braue example promeisd heighe deserts.

50.

And formast then he led them throw their foes  
With deip impressiones in theis Squadrons great  
His sword so broad a way had made for thoes  
That followed him with hope, strength, raige, despy.  
While now the *Darians* seemd to rander back  
Their new rest ground a reall mends to mask,

But

## THE HISTORIE

51.

But not content with this him self he thrust  
With his braue garde of Princes lords and Knights  
Gainst the great bodie of the battell first  
The which he shuik and brack with stragling flights  
Transported so with courage might and strength  
Furth throw his foes he leaues his garde at length.

52.

Where he his ouerflowing valour shewes  
His sword that seemd his danger for to know  
Such hauock made among his fainting foes  
That he was strong'ie now intrinsit and soe  
Deid corps wer forts whoes bloodie ditches shooes  
Feir, terrour, dreid, and death to all his foes.

53.

Braue *Brando* than the *Seruiant* drawing neir  
The great Commander of these mightie maits  
Began his woundrous valour to admeir  
He loud his deids though their effects he haits  
This was the *Seruiant Disput* whom before  
*Phelaston* send his ayde for to implore.

54.

*Penardo* flew and hurt and chac'd his foes  
None leu'd but these who fled his angrie wrath  
He lyke a wyld and hungrie Lyone goes  
From place to place and with him dreidfull death  
But seing then no foe gainstands his rage  
He staves and staying does his wrath aswage.

As

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

§5.

As winds gainstand by woods hills tours or wails  
The buildings shaks and tries by roots uptears  
Whil ouer the oppin plains he myldlie swalls  
Eune so *Penardos* wrath he calmly beirs  
When none his strength his will his raige assayld.  
But *Brando* him at length to feght appeald.

§6.

And whill their eyes did draw them both in fight  
Their mynds consents to combat not agraing  
Wheirwith they now begine a famous fight  
Whoes brauery was beheld with thousands deinge  
Who raird their heids a loft their lyfes renew  
In deaths despyght that combat for to vew.

§7.

Their noyes how much in feriou to the rest  
So much superiour they in skilfull fight  
Their courage was by skill gouerned best  
Their skill recundit by their strength and might  
Their terroure pleasur shoues, vnto the eye  
Wheir strength with skill & witt with wrath agrie

§8.

Both valiant and both despying death  
Both confident not vs'd to be ow'r come  
Yet doubtfull bothe bothe forced to draw their braith  
Vniting all their strength they chang'd their rounge  
With leaps and turn's, their hands wer agill parts  
Watchfull their eyes and resolute their Harts.

Each

## THE HISTORIE

59

Eache stryueing still as Conquerour to be  
Their bloes lyk thunder lights on eury syde  
*Brando* (that nere before such force did sie)  
Thus to be matcht for rage and swelling pryde  
He thinks of this their fight to mak an end  
With all his force a furious bloe he send,

60.

Which lighted on *Penardos* head so sore  
That his remembrance left her batterd ludge  
At which aduantage he redoubling more  
Had senles leyd him with his bloes so hudge  
The Prince with shame & paine enduring longe  
His bloes so heauie great, fore scarce, and strong.

61.

But then o then who would haue sein his face  
Shame in his cheks reuenge into his eyes  
And now to win his honor lost apace  
He waits till fitt aduantage he espyes  
Vniting raige, and kill, & strength in one  
He lights vpon his helmet which anone,

62.

He claue; the murdring blade that doun ward forc't  
Maks passage for his soule whom he commands  
To ouerrune *Phelastons* wearye *Ghoste*  
And first to gett a kisse of *Plutes* hands  
And tell him from *Penardo* that he will  
With *Paganes* soules his darkest regions fill,

The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

63.

The *Dations* that saw their Campione fall  
Began to make their feitt their best defence  
*Penardo* and his chosen traine with all  
So stust the chace that in their fleing hence  
Twelve thousand skars asuadged their furious haire  
While sable darknes made them sound retrait.

64.

This was beginning of *Penardos* praise  
This tyme, his fame through all the earthe proccide  
This day, his trophies to the heauns did raise  
This was the birth day of his valorous deids  
That hard it was to iudge in generall  
Whither he was most loud, or feird of all.

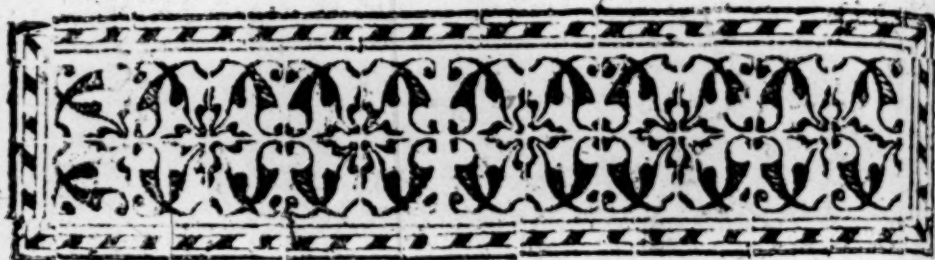
65.

But *Night* that for her neyoes did lament  
In sable black attyre beuayl'd their woe  
Hanging her head sad, louting, dis content  
That day their shame vnto the world should show  
To keip vnkowne their fault, their flight, their feir.  
She darknes breath'd throw heaune throw earth throw  
(act

66.

And by this tyme the skoutes and watch was set  
The Captanes brings their lord into his tent  
Then eury man vnto his rest was let  
That euer paine sum pleasur might be lent  
Thus being causes of their farther stryfe,  
This first night was the last night of their lyfe.

Caput.



## Caput. IX.

### Argument.

**T**He Aeneans full of fortitude  
With valonrous despyt  
Encounters mightie Sigismund  
And all his armie gryt  
But they ar slaine, Penardos deids  
Wins glorie and renoune  
Old Grodan comes to his releif  
And vanquishd Sigismund.

I.

**W**Hen of bright heaune the orientall gate  
Lok gliftring gold wyde oppin did appeir  
Wher *Phæbus* in his glorious coathe was sete  
From wearie night both heaune and earth to cleir  
His goldin loks about his shoulders lyes  
That throwes their gliftring beams throw gloomie  
(skyes)

2.

And daunceing now one trembling *Thetis* bak  
*Penardos* skoutis they doe returne on hast  
And shew the Prince that they had fein the tract  
Of more then fourscor thousands at the least  
With goldin arm's and syluer shyning sheilds  
That march'd within a league out ow'r the feilds,

This

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

3.

This was great *Sigismund* ye hard of yore  
Whom *Brando* did aduerse long ago  
Who hard of these that fled the day before  
Of all that past into the battells tuo  
And hasting to reuenge his subiects lost  
Was come so near with this his mightie host.

4.

Great is that woundrous vertue can resist  
And bouldie feght gainst all extremitie  
That for no fear of danger will desist  
From honors deids, disdaining miserie  
Nor for no force can euer be forced to zeild  
Bott gainst all daunger proues a mightie sheild.

5.

(This vertue rare) feare fortitude does claime  
As due to her, that for no greif can groane  
Her works ar constant and she feirs no shame  
For reassone reuls her stayd opinione  
She works by courage and true valour gyds her  
She feirs no foe, nor from no hazard hyds her.

6.

If fortitude haue in our mynds no place  
Nor rewil as souereng Qene ore all the rest  
Owr works owr deides our actiones has no grace  
Shs wyslie ponders both the warst and best  
To lyte she geues a lustre radiant  
And crown's our deids with honors ornament.

For

## THE HISTORIE

7.

For lo indeed the braue *Theſſalians*  
Wer cround with all the fructs of *Fortitude*  
First in their mynds was great magnificence  
Attempting things heighe excellent and goode  
Nixt confidence in their most valiant hairts  
Bred hope of goode euent for their deserts.

8.

And thridlie patience was their mightie guyde  
In suffering for their, countrey and their fame  
And lastlie with perseuerance did abyde  
In their opinione fermelie fearing shame  
Yea euie one with ocher seemd to stryve  
Who best should use these vertues four alyve.

9.

Which pitie drawes from roode *Barbarian* hairts  
The feircest Tyrants crewell mynd doeth wound  
To liethem (whoes vnmachable deserts  
Deseruis with endles glory to by cround)  
Feght in their owne defence half dround in blood  
Not slaine but smotherd with huge multitude.

10.

Their matcheles mightie Gen'rall was not last  
That braue *Penardo* whom the world admairs  
Whom death nor danger could not make agast  
In him true valorous *Fortitude* appeirs  
Who Angel-lyk in voyce, in face, in speiche  
Thus swetlic, meiklic, homely did besceiche.

My

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

11.

My Friends (quod He) of you I made a choise  
Not for your valours proof so much of fame  
Not eu'n becaus I knew you to be those  
That more account did make of honors Name  
Nor goods nor riches, wordly welth, nor gaine  
Nor lyf, nor death, nor pleasure, nor of paine.

12.

This Honor now which you so long haue sought  
Whereof so cairfully you mak account  
So well, you haue atchyu'd tho deirlye bought  
That to hir throne this last day you did mount  
Lo now this day she offers for to croune you  
And mak the world yea heaue it self renoun you.

13.

For Honors crowne so precious is, that naught  
Within the ten fold orbs of heau'ne, remains  
Compaired to it, the, whiche has ay bein sought  
And for it all the world has tane suche pains  
From age to age from tyme to tyme we see  
All sues for Honour glorie dignitie.

14.

For eu'ne the basest sort will not refuse  
Paine trauell danger yea nor death at length  
For it; whill as the brauer mynds do chuse  
With hazards great to win that glorious strength  
So did the Macedonian bold and stout  
That victor went the solid glob throughout

G

Still

# THE HISTORIE

13.

Still carles he, still fearles did he venter  
Perswadit still to win and neuer to lose  
No thought of lose into his mynd could enter  
Such was his courage gainst his fainting foes  
By hazards, Fortune thus his walth dispons  
For hope bred Hap, and Honor both at ones,

16.

Who gainst great Darius Monarch of the east  
Twyce fought and yet not thrice our number past  
Four hundreth thousand Perscans at the last  
Encounterd him yet was he first and last  
But you may say they wer the Greeks that war  
Ar we not Greeks as well as they wer than.

17.

As we ar Greeks Honor for vs preferus  
The croune he took such travell to obtaine  
Twyce was he proued wheir to his courage seru  
Vs also twyce, the thrid does yit remaine  
The which she keeps that we may win the croune,  
With al his fame, his glorie, his renowne.

18.

Then deirest freinds consider what we ar  
And who we ar, of whom we ar descendit,  
To win the croune we ventred haue to far  
If lyf in death, honor in shame be endit  
This jemme, this croun, this garland yow should haue  
Shall those weak feble, faint, from yow bereaue,

No

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

19.

No no but let vs ayre at Honor euer  
Base fear dar not assyle a mightie mynd  
Let honest shame vs guide and let vs neuer  
Care for this lyfe once we must die by kynd  
A noble hart has only to his lot  
To fear for nothing bot dishonors blot

20.

The happiest Prince that ou'r a Natione regnes  
Is he whoes people standeth more in awe  
Of filthy shame or of dishonors stings  
Then of the strengest or severest law  
Then let me haue that happie Prince his station  
And let you be that ever happie Nations.

21.

Nether deir Bretherien do as I haue sayde  
Bot also as my deids shall after show  
Before your eyes instructione haue I layde  
And next myne owne example shall ye know  
As He who by your valours must obtain  
The greatest glorie that on erth remains

22.

Then galents show your selfs true Greeks in weare  
And onlie ask wheir is your Enemis  
True Greeclians disdaine for to inquire  
What numbre or what multitude they be  
For in their multitude their Hope remains  
Bot truest valour victorie obtains.

Gij

With

## THE HISTORIE

23.

With those his words his face did shyne so cleir  
That conquest flow'd in streams from his fair eyes  
And on his louely forehead did appeir  
Grace, valours, worth, triumphant victorie  
Yea from his look (as from a *Dyamont* stone)  
Come victorie that sparkled ganc't & shone,

24.

And then this litle handfull did beginne.  
Whith cheirfull shouts for batel new to call  
So willing wer they honor for to win  
That eu'ne the lam'd and deidly woundit all  
From camp from tent from trinsles came to proue  
*If sight of deidle wounds reweinge could moue*

25.

And such as might for battel did prepair,  
Others that wanted legges and armes did crye  
Reuenge our blood whill as their wounds they tear  
That their hote blood the armie might espy  
Whoes harts whith angrie wo began to swell  
All swearing to reuenge or die withall

26.

The gallant Prince *Penardo* did reiois  
To see their willing minds And thus he sayde  
(Eune with a cheirfull and couragious voice)  
*Greeks ar not borne (quod he) to be affrayde*  
*Theſſalians can feir nothing at all*  
*While thei'r on earth except the Heavn's down fall.*  
Eun

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

27.

Eu'ne as the Lyone when he seis his foe  
Dath raise his taill and beat him self so sore  
Till kendingl wruth his breist does ouer floe  
And then his couragie hot begins to rore  
At whoes dreid noyes all beafts with trembling feare  
His pray with pawes he crushes rents and tears.

28.

Eu'ne so *Penar*da in his princelie mynd  
Wold neids accuse him self of dastard fear  
Which so inflam'd his courage stout by kynd  
The Lyons braue example he wold bear  
He feghts, he stricks, he turns to eu'ry hand  
He wounds, he kills who ewet did him whith stand.

29.

And thus his back his glistring armour fair  
He shoves his souldiours & his foes his face.  
Which was the harangue he could best prepair  
Wher by he sharps their courage whith such grace  
That roaring trumper's sounds whith dreidfull feare  
And thunders furth death murther blood & weare.

30.

Their mettings terrible on both the sydes  
Their salutatione was a warre-lyk noyes  
Of snow whyt lances whill their mightie guyds  
Hade dy't their whyt in blood lyk crimsons rose  
Others in flinders flie to tear the skyes  
Becaus on earth they mist their enterpryse.

Gijj

Their

## THE HISTORIE

31.

Their nothing hard but clashing armour still  
Crushing of staves and iustling bodies loe  
That sharpest swords resounding bloes did kill  
Whose harsh and iarring musick mad a show  
As beautified with greislines of wound's (sounds  
With shouts, with cries, with groanes, with ghostlie

32

Their horses died bereth their Maisters deing  
And some that in their lyfe their Maisters buir  
In death wer borne by them their others flying  
To seek some ryders that wold sit more sure  
Their some with agonising death that stryue  
Tears vp the earth entombs them selfs alyue

33.

And yet no sword did pay to *Plutos* croune  
Of Paganes soull's so large a tribut still  
As did *Penardos* brand, who tending doune  
Legions that emptie kingdome for to fill  
His wrath his raige his anger cost theme deir  
Death on his sword most vglie did appeir.

34.

Those warlyk *Aeneans* of *Thessaly*  
Wold mer, hants proue to sell their lyues and all  
Yea sure the Paganes thought their merchandrie  
So deir as all their vantage was bot small  
For syue to one they pay whill as they sie  
A Squadron flesh appeir into their eye

The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

35.

They seemd about fyue thous and to appeir  
That all *Achaians* wer of courage brow  
Who of the former victorie did heir  
For which to render thank them selfs they shaw  
*Andromodane* led forth those troups so long  
Stout hardy bold aduenterous and strong.

36.

The *Aeneans* their rancks wer now bot thinne  
Till this new force their courage did renew  
And as they wer but new for to beginne  
A freshe assault they gaue wherein they shew  
That they from braue *Achilles* wer discendit  
Who was so much throughout the world commendit.

37.

The *Darians* their ground begane to lose.  
Whil *Sigismund* preuenting when he saw  
Sent *Dinamon* that brother germane was  
Vnto that vmquile Prince *Phelaston* brow  
And with him sent bands, legiones, squadrones stout  
Encompassing syde, wing, flank, front about

38.

Now was their last destructione drawing neere  
Now their incompast in one euery syde  
Though terror shew her self at first appeir  
Deckd with the gold of shynning armours pryde  
Yet now for bloode wrath yre & raige she shook  
Dreidfull her face, and terrible her looke.

G iijj

Wij

## THE HISTORIE

39.

With earthe with dust with blood wer all imbrev  
Ther brokin armour and their mangled fleshe  
Which seemt a burthene to their soules that rewit  
Their purest Essence was defyld no less  
Sum vpwart mountes reuenge in heau'ne to call  
And others draw'ne by *Pluto's* garde to Hell.

40.

But neither could those daungers dreidfull be  
Nor could they seeme as daungers to the mynd  
Of braue *Penarde* whoes all conquering eye  
Shew how his hart to furie was inclynd  
They fall, they feir, they flie, wher ere he foughs  
Death on his sword, reuenge into his thought

41.

As thunders beats with lightning from the sky  
Heighe tours tall *Cedars* mightie *Roks* to ground  
As feare tempestuous wind with angrie swey  
The rypned corne & graine to earth has bound  
So wher he goes to earth they tumber all  
Sum hurt, sum slaine, & sum for fear does fall

42.

When *Dinamon* his ualour did espy  
Who knew that by his sword his brother dyie  
He fought him through the battell couriouslie  
Whoes deids might easily mak him espyt  
That which his sword had made so spacious round  
As he had knowne the combat was to cum

And

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

43.

And thus they both approatching each to other  
Hate in them both had steird desyre of tryall  
They thus begane a combat both together  
Wheir courage, witt, nor strength mak no denyall  
With rage and furie eache one ather throwes  
Yet by their witt and skill they deall their bloes.

44.

And still the more they feght they more desyre  
The more they smart the les they feill their paine  
And quicklie now to know the victors hyre  
They neids wold try their valour once againe  
They stryue by might by skill by strength & prouce  
Wheir valour most abyds whom *Fortune* loues.

45.

*Penardo* lookt about and did espy  
About thrie hundred of his deirest Mates  
Whoes mangled fleshe with purple painting dy  
Had mask'd them vp with horrors dreidfull teates  
And that no more of all his syd wer left  
The rest of lyfe (thogh not of honor) rest.

46.

Eune now and not till now began his hart  
To swell with sorow greif and kyndest loue  
Ah who wold now haue sein his face conuert  
His eyes that wount with furious flamms; to moue  
His browes wheir anger satt in maiestie  
His countenance wheir courage went to lye.

all

## THE HISTORIE

47.

All these wer banisht quyt his cheirfull ey  
Was dround with tears the flammes wer quyt put out  
His countenance was sorowfull to sie  
His browes had sadnes louring round a boue  
His hart the seat of his all conquering mynd  
To sighes to greiffes to sorowes was inclynd.

48.

But Dinamon that saw him so amaiz'd  
Sayd knight my sword shall chainge the yet moir strainge  
Where would thou flie thou hes but fondlie gaiz'd  
My Brothers Ghost too long abyds reuenge  
Where fore he reunents his force againe  
And said proud Knight yle make the proue with paine.

49.

I send thy brother to the *Stygiane* laick  
But to prepair the passage for thy ghoste  
Thow staves too long receaue this for his sake  
And with the worde the bloes redoubled most  
That curie bloe stroaue to be formest still  
To mak the Paganes soule run post to Hell.

50.

At last one bloe he gaue whoes force was such  
As rest nor lyfe but sensles has him made  
And as a lyone that disdains to tuitch  
A man but weapins at his mercie layde  
So scornes the Knight to spend his force in vaine  
One foes that flies, or feirs, or faints for paine.

With

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

§1.

With wrath and hote desyre for to reuenge  
He thrusts him self in throw the ranek's and made  
A longe broad way, one euerie syde a rainge  
Lyke to a wall of Paganes corps was layde  
Such woundes their he wrought that one might say  
Hewas the Paganes sepulchre that day,

§2.

Still preasing forwart at the last he saw  
Ten Pagane Knights incompast round. asayes  
To kill tuo galant Knights whom he did know  
*Belmundo* and *Phenabon* prince of *Thais*  
Who stood so stronglie to their owne defence  
That other ten they had dispatched thence,

§3.

But then he fies *Belmundo* fall to ground  
The Prince of *Thais* so wearie was withall  
That he drew neir vnto his fatall wound  
One him the bloes lyke lightning doune did fall  
Their *Vrson* was and *Vrsides* his Sone  
That o're *Molauia* regn's and beirs the croune,

§4.

These tuo did Prince *Phenabon* greatest harme  
Whose lostic courage still disdained to yeild  
Till breathles he, and strengthles was his arme  
Goodles him self but bloodie was the feild  
Yet feighting stil he still doth scorne to flic  
Not they but death obtained the victorie.

Their

## THE HISTORIE

55

Their Captains hart with pitie ouersete  
In him greiff sorow rage and furie stay  
With his fyne sword he maid a spationus gett  
All these wer kild that did impasse his way  
At last he came wheir *Vrson* did most harne  
Who felt the weyght of his all-conquering arme.

56.

One blow did part his body from his heid  
The which his Sone young *Vrsides* espyd  
With furious bloes he one *Penardo* layde  
Railling and cursing all his Gods he cryd  
Ah *Vrsone Vrsone* deir and with the word  
In his hart bloode *Penardo* drinshd his sword.

57.

The rest that saw the Prince was so offendit  
Took them to flight and left him all alone  
They thought it was sum God that had discendit  
To punishe them for their presumption  
Such woundrous deids as this one Knight had wrought  
Belong'd to none but to a God they thought.

58.

To *Sigismond* they brought thir newes in hast  
That *Vrsides* and *Vrson* both wer flaine  
Eune by a God or els sum feind at least  
For no such strength in mortalls could remaine  
*Euphrastes* heiring of this valour strainge  
Desyre did burne his breift with hote reuenge.

*Euphrastes*

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

59.

*Euphrastes* was a mightie Pagane strong  
He had *Vrsides* sister to his wyfe  
Who efter wrought *Penardo* mekle wrong  
And wrapt him in mischeif and endles stryfe  
But lett ws show *Euphrastes* his pretence  
That called was of *Transylvania* Prence.

60.

Who throw the battell has *Penardo* fought  
Till in the bodie of the battell grytt  
He saw them running heir and their he thought  
Their ranckes wer brokin & disordred quyt  
At last he saw and seing did admeir  
One Knight that wounders wrought as did appeir.

61.

Runne as a wolf amid the fleecie hearde  
Some chace sum slay some tear crush ryue and tack  
Or lyk a boare whoes face the ratches feard  
(Finding the stolne aduantage of his back)  
Will preas to wound, yet does but moue to wrath  
Who in his furie crusheth them to death.

62.

Runne so this Knight with furious rage does tear  
All whom he fand his noble brand dispatcht  
Such heaps wer slaine that all the rest did fear  
And now th'aduantage of his back they watcht  
He stricks he wards he tak's he turn's he payes;  
Behind, before, and round about him layes.

*Euphrastes*

## THE HISTORIE

63.

*Euphrastes* much admeird his val'rous deids  
And knew him for *Vrsides* cause of deathe;  
Wherefore he forward vnto him proceids  
And said leaue of Sir Knight and turne thy wrath  
Gainst him who better can abyde thy strength  
And for thy deids shail chasties thee at length.

64.

Indeid *Euphrastes* was a gallant Knight  
Who nere before encountred with a foe  
But hese whom still he vanquesh in the fight  
With foyle, flame, death, and everlesting woe  
Now breathe he wrath waire, vengeance, furth lyke  
But braue *Pexardo* from a Pagane took (smook

65.

A stronge and mightie launce into his hand  
Where with so scarce encounter did he mak  
That ne he sheld nor armour could with stand  
Till the steill head appeird behind his bak  
Now fell he to the ground alreddie ded  
Whoes name to all the east great terrour bred.

66.

The Paganes feir'd and woundred much to sie  
That Prince in whom their greatest hope did ly  
By this one Knight so ouerthrowne to be  
Wherefore in great dispaire and rage they cry  
Ah Gods iniust how long will yow delay  
With lightning from the heaun's this Knight to slay.  
Thus

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

67.

Thus running on him mad with fure, beats  
In euery part and thought with bloes to end him  
But he who litle feard of all their threats  
With such a woundrous valour did defend him  
That they assaill in vaine and mak a choise  
In seiking of his lyfe their owne to lose,

68.

The tribute of his wrath them deirlic cost  
For all the ground their bodies deid did fill  
So that it seemd in all this mightie host  
Their wer not men anew for him to kill  
At last he came wheir *Sigismund* abad  
Wheir threttie thousand Knights on horsebak rad,

69.

And their one blow he did not spend in vaine  
At euerie stroak he send a soule to Hell  
And still their places being fild againe  
He send them all alyk with deing baill  
When as by *Sigismund* he was espyde  
Who send a Squadron fresh to quell his pryde,

70.

And then with long sharpe launces all these bands  
Bore him and horse and all vnto the ground  
Yea surelie he had ou'r-schapd their hands  
But that this purest remainder him found  
Tho hurt and deillie wounded still they feght  
Led by that Prince that *Mandadorus* heght,

Whose

## THE HISTORIE

71.

Whose woundrous feits I did too long forget  
Four valiant Pagans slew he hand to hand  
At last with Sigismund him self he mett  
Who of his mightie prowes suirlye fand  
He bett him to the ground with might & maine  
With strength woorth valour victorie disdain.

72

But when he seis the Prince he needs wold a  
The laistest part of this sad tragædie  
His mangled band still following on his tract  
Where as the Prince defends him valiantlie  
Of bet to ground yet still in feight proceids  
Strange was his valour, wonderfull his deids.

73.

Thus while he fought expecting nocht but death  
This band wold die and by their death releiue him  
Showing such valour in their deing wrath  
They flie they fall they die that first drew neir him  
And Mandador from his owne horse did light  
Horsing the Prince with valour strength and might.

74.

While this small handfull held them altogethes  
They red vnto them selfs a spations rounge  
But still fresh bands of men resorting thither  
Left them their armour for their brauest tounge  
Yet fame their *Trophees* eterneiz'd with ioye  
Which tyme nor death nor hell could not destroy.

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

75.

But *Mandodorus* that one foote did rest  
Who to his Prince had lent his horse before  
Whas with the multitude so sore opprest  
That he to deathe his tribut does restor  
Thryce happie he who bought whith deaths expence  
From death his Lord his leadder and his Prince.

76.

By this a mightie armie drawing neir  
Their speedie pace prefaigd a sharpe reuenge  
Whille as the *Darians* harts begane to feir  
Els wearied with their battell past so strange  
Recuilling back with feir fall flight and death  
But they persue with rage blood murder wrath.

77.

This was king *Grodane* and his mightie host  
Who raizing, *Phocis* walls was come to ayde  
His sone but seing all his armie lost  
Amaiz'd he gaiz'd astonisht wher he red  
The act incredible the murder strainge  
Wher valour stroaue with *Fortun* chance & chaing

78.

Then brunt with greif wo, sorow, wraith & ire  
Reuenge from wo and pitie did redoune  
Swelling about the bancks of his desyre  
And send vp floods of tears his eyes to droune  
So brooks ore flowes their banks with late false raine  
The brook a river, river growes a maine

H

Reuenge,

## THE HISTORIE

79.

Reuenge reuenge, ah deir reuenge ah care  
Care stopt his breath with greif rage anger woe  
This harang so did sharp their mynd's to wear  
All cryd reuenge reuenge the trumpets blow  
Their foes that flies they kill, chace, slay not tak  
Till night her friends wrapt in her mantle black.

80.

Yet still reuenge and kill the armie calls  
Blood blood kill kill reuenge reuenge we most  
Whill tuentie thousand dead before them falls  
The king that feird his only Sone was lost  
Caus'd sound retreat & sadlie now he murns  
When lo *Penardo* frome the chace returns,

81.

And falling one his kneis before his Syre  
He craues him pardone for this great mischeif  
His willingnes for honor to a pyre  
Had bene the caus of all their greatest greif.  
Of fourtein thousand which he brought away  
Their was not tuentie left alyue that day,

82.

Wheiof the King was wofull when he hard  
But glaid his onlie Sone deid liue and lo  
His ioyfulnes his sorow quyt debarde  
He was desyrous all the trouth to know  
Which when he heirs of all that does proceed  
He thinkst a bloodie victorie indeid

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

83.

He causd to searche the feild wheir as he found  
*Andromodane* and *Mandador* the fair  
*Belmundo* and *Phenaben* whom entoumbd  
He causd to be in glorious sepulchair  
Those lynes intert their fame to testifie  
To aige to tyme to endles memorie,

### The Epitaphie of *Mandadorus*.

**H**Eir *Mandadorus* lyes  
Of Me on *Vnghill* Prince  
That left his native soyle to feght  
In *Greciance* defence  
Of braue *Achilles* stok  
He haid his Pedegrie  
The chesfest of the *Aeneans*  
That duelt in *Theßaly*  
Of suche a mightie mynd  
And suche a trustie saith  
That willinglie he pay'd the ran  
Soune of his Princes death.

### The Epitaphie of *Andromadan*.

Heir lyes *Andromadane*  
The braue *Achaian* loe  
That payd his lyif for tribut of  
His countrey to his foe

Hi

Hi

The

## THE HISTORYE

### The Epitaphe of Belmundo

**H**Eir lyes Belmundo fair  
Whoes honorable Name  
Is left in cronicles of Tyme  
To eternize his Fame  
A Greciane, true he was  
And died in Greece defence  
Of Thessaly and Aeneas  
Of Toropeya Prince  
So famous for his woorth  
And woorthie for his works  
That Tyme and fame in memorie  
And glorie him inbarks.

### The Epitaphe of Phenabon.

**H**Eir does Phenabon ly  
That thrice renowned Lord  
Of Thay's that Paganes mightelie  
Disdain't defy't abhorde  
Who diet in the defence  
Of Grece his native land  
O happie He who deing did  
His countreyes fall with stand  
Then who seer beholds  
Those Tumbs in passing by  
Learne to defend they Countreys weell  
Or in defence to dy

Wherby

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

Whereby thou shalt attaine  
To glorie and renoune  
To honor fame and dignitie  
To an celestiall crowne.

84.

This hauing done with cost and large expence  
The King entomb'd the Pagane Princes loe  
The *Servain* and the *Transiluanian* Prince  
*Euphrates* *Vrson* *Vrsides* also  
And cauld insert their praises due theirone  
Which tyme has told in blak obliuions

45.

But we'll returne to *Sigismund* agane  
And of his new discomfite armie shoe  
Where surely of ane hundred thousand men  
Wer skairfle fourtie thousand left and loe  
These wried hurt, fled, feird, with feight so strange  
Had left no hand, sword, haire, for to reuenge,

46.

Wherefore he hies him home in greattest hast  
Whill losse and shame was all the wealth he gain'd  
*Penardo* now in sorow, sadlie plac'd  
Eu'ne for his freinds stil murning had remain'd  
At last he stealls throughout the camp alone  
In desert wyld for to bewaill and mone.

Hij

New

## THE HISTORYE

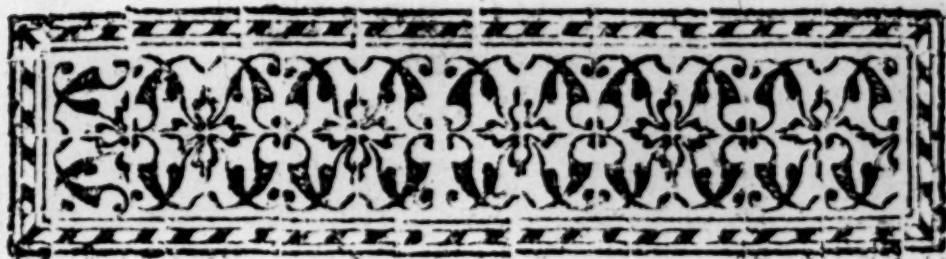
87.

New am I forc'd to leaue the gratulatione  
Wheir with the *Acharians* did commend the King  
To show *Penardo's* haples constellatione  
His angrie Starr's so mightelie did regne  
But loe his mother died with in short space  
Whiche made his father home retorne his pace]

88.

*Penardo* goes throw manie diuerse wayes  
Till bright *Apollo* drensht his go'din hayre  
In westerne stream's then down him self he lay's  
His wearie horse to pastur did repair  
When to our hemisphere the sable night  
From *Erebus* biak house hade tane her flight.





## Caput. X.

### Argument.

**P**enardo by a vision warn'd  
Does pas through Pluto's Pore  
He kild a Gyant, when to him  
A Virgine does resort  
Who leids him throw a dreidfull caue  
Where fearfull ghosts abyde  
He finds a deing Knight that shows  
What t hair should him betyde.

I.

**T**He mightie mynd that harbours haucie deids  
And is conceau'd with child of glorious gain  
Can rest no wheir but to the birth proceeds  
Of glorious act's brought furth with endles  
Such restles thought's Penardo did torment (paine)  
Still longing whil the night were over'spent.

2.

At last *Aurora* shews wheir she was layd  
In aiged *Tithons* arm's and vp did spring  
Blushing for shame that she so long had stayde  
Her goldin loks for haile did lously hing  
Her crimsoae chariot made no longer stay  
From criestal heaun's to chace dark night away.

Hij

A.

## THE HISTORIE

3.

As *Pilot* one the seas has stay'd his sight  
Vpon the fixed *Pole* his course to guyde  
Whill foggie smook and tempests cloudie night  
The burnisht light of that bright lamp doe h hyde  
Then to his compas has recourse, wheirby  
He guyds his hollow veshell stedfastly.

4.

Eune so *Penardo* that was all alone  
Who had no seruand nor no trustie guyde  
One hope he settis his stayd opinion e  
And with that compas constant does abyde  
And furthe vpon his waye he still procede  
Fed with desyre of heighe & glorious deids.

5.

Three dayes he traueled finding nought, atlast  
With wearie bones he layde him doune to sleip  
Whill as with sudden fear he was agast  
A vision in his restles braine did creep  
The Lady whiche he saw before tormented  
Was with those pains agane opprest, presented.

6.

This was the ghost of the enchaunted fair  
*Laisa* whom *Penardo* must releue  
Eune that fair Mayde who to him did repair  
Before the battells, to preuent mischeive  
So much her wrong and her desyre so iust  
That pitie bad him ayde, & ayde he must

And

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

7.

And now for to performe his promise past  
She comes agane for to employ his ayde.  
Requesting him that he wold come at last  
To end the ceasles torments of a Mayde  
Whom he within the burning caue shall fynd  
Eunc at the foote of proud *Parnassus* pynd.

8.

The Prince awaking from his sleip arose  
From of the grasse wheiron he softly lay  
And wheir his horse was feidding their he goes  
While as *Aurora* gane, to light the day  
He trauel'd still till that the Caue he seis  
Led with reuenge, hope, valour, victories.

9.

Whose sulphur flams would fearfull hairts haue stayd  
The mounting smook such trembling terror shows  
But he who was not boine to be effrayde  
Still in the greatest dangers did reioyse  
And since he saw no entrie but by fyre  
Valour bred hope, and courage bred desyre.

10.

Resolving thus his murdring blade he drawes  
And thrusts him self withe furie thioh ye same  
His swords sharpe point directing fordwart shawes  
His braue assault against the sulphur flamme  
Which geueing place diuys it selfe in tuo  
As if it feird his ualour for to know.

Now

## THE HISTORIE

11

Now on he goes till he has past the light  
Throgh caues wheir glomie darknes still abyds  
Which seem'd the pallace of eternall *Night*.  
Wheir she her store of sable treasure hyds  
And eeke from whence her mantles black she brings  
Whoes dreidfull terrour tams all leiuing things.

12.

Yet this our Prince *Penirde* nothing lets  
But on he goes, at last he heirs a noyis,  
Lyik to the opning vp of brasin gatts  
Wheirfro their came this dreidfull sounding voyce  
*Who past throgh Plotos, port without paynes,*  
*His due in fyrie Phlegiton remains,*

13.

Then is shew'd from a deip and hollow Caue  
Tuo Dwarfs that held in eurie hand a torche  
By whoes great light the Prince might weel perceaue.  
A moustrous Gyant mounting from a porche  
Great lyk a tour that braithd furthe smooke and ire  
His eyes no eyes but tuo great flamm's of fyre.

14.

The Prince was not amaized at the sight  
But rather was desyrus of renounce  
With sword and sheild him self he brauelic dight  
With courage braue to him descending dounce  
whose mass, lyke to ane irone Bolt on hight  
He rair'd, with wraith, powre, furie, strength & might.  
And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA?

15.

And beatts with force the Prince his sheild a back.  
Vpone his face till with that mightie bloe  
He forced him tumbling dounc the steps, to mack  
Homage vpon his face vnto his foe  
Then with ane other bloe vpon his creist  
He made his lyueyish breath forsake his breist.

16.

Thus being sensles layd vpon the ground  
His mightie hand his murdring blade forsook  
The Gyant (that pe ceaud him in that stound)  
Vp under his left arme him lightlie took,  
So go shaks doe who ceasing on their pray  
Mounts in the aer and lightlie flies away.

17.

He caries him throw many fearfull wayes  
Till he arriu'd vnto a pleasant plaine  
Where stood a pallace poynting at the skyes  
Whoes lostie turrets seem'd for to disdain  
The basest earthe and beautifie'd the aer,  
With brightest *Alabastr*e tours so fair.

18.

Then drawing neir vnto the castell gate  
The Gyant wearie of this burthen strong  
Threw him to ground and down him self he set  
To breathe a whyle who had not rested long  
When by the fall the Prince agane reueiu'd  
Aer brought him breath, breath lyfe from death releu'd  
And

## THE HISTORIE

19.

And being weel awaked frome his dreame  
He wounde th at these wonderfull events  
When memorie returnd he blusht for shame  
All his confused thoughts bred discontents  
And when he fought vp from the ground to cleir him  
The gyant with his masse agane drew neir him.

20.

Which lighted one his shoulder with such force  
That one his hands agane he stoupt to ground  
Who by this rude intreatment raiging worse  
Raige brought him strength and strength his courage  
His armed fist aloft he stronglie rears )found  
And beats the Gyants brains about his ears.

21.

The gyant fell with such a fearfull noyes  
As when a thunderbolt from heaune does fall  
Whoes lightning seems to rent the azure skyes  
And shaks the powrs of heaune and earth with all  
Or lyk a wind whoes furious deuastatione  
Doun throw the aer does shak the earth fundatione,

21.

Eune with such noyes the Gyant fell to ground  
While presentlie the earth did him deuour  
Receauing him within her hollow wound  
Then clod'd agane lyke as she was before  
Wher at great lasons Neuoy was amazzd  
And dcim'd he was sum feind by magick rais'd.

While

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

23.

While he in this amazed moode did stand  
Hard at his feitt his sworde he did espy  
The which how sone he gotte into his hand  
He marched forward most couragiously  
But neerer to the pallace when he came  
He thought him ay the farther from the same

24.

So thinks the courious man that wold attaine  
By trauell to heaune threatning *Atlas* tope  
Mounting as far as first his eyes hade seie  
It seems another *Atlas* yseith up  
Whoes tope did acers thrid regione proudlie threae  
Compast with clouds & skoatch'd with *Phæbus* heate

25.

Then is his hope accompanied with doubt  
Such hope such doubt dwelt in *Penardos* thought  
He staid him self and looking round about  
His gaizing eyes vnto his vew sune brought  
A Mayd who towards him directs her pase  
And first saluts him with a modest grace.

26.

Then ax'd him whither he was mynd'tt to goe  
He sayd that galant fortres for to sie  
Quod she thow finds no entres their but loo  
If thow would enter thow must goe with me  
Content was he to goe, to know, to proue,  
To end the pains of death of lyfe, of loue.

At

## THE HISTORIE

33.

At last she came vnto a vault or groat  
Whoes greiflienes was fearfull to behold  
But he who onlie had vnto his lott  
A braue vndanted Spreir with courage bold  
Straight followed her from light of day to darknes  
And lost her in that vnaquanted marknes.

28.

Where he does heir a dreidfull sounding voyce  
Lyik to the skritchng of the nights blak Houle  
Hisling of serpents, and the greiflie noyes  
Of glostly sprits in Plutoes court so foule  
Who if his armours vertue had not saift him  
Of lyfe, of fame, of glorie, wold had rest him.

29.

Whom they begin to buffet heir and their  
Him beat thay oft vnto the ground agane  
Yet could he nothing find but filthie aer  
Whoes smook might weell consume a world of men  
Such filthie smook it was such vglie blasts  
As *Aetna* from his dreidfull mouth forth casts.

30

He drawes his sword and forward still he goes  
Vowing to sie the end of these euent  
The further in, the thicker grow the bloes  
At last a fearfull noyes to him presents  
A thundring sound a fearfull trembling shak  
Whoes dreidfull voice made all the earth to quak.

Yct

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

31.

Yet he proceeds and thinks them all but toys  
And stumbling doune at last to ground he fell  
While as he hard a piteous groning voice  
Lyk to the sore tormented soules in hell  
That in this greivlie caue, this darksum shade  
A howling and a yowling sound still made:

32.

The deing grones of sum tormented wight  
He seemd to heir amongs these fearfull sounds  
Their So ow dwelt, and their eternall Night  
Of everlasting horror still resounds  
But he no more fear's nor daunger dreids  
But forward goes and throw the dark proceeds:

33.

As does the blind in desert forrests wyde  
Ow'r hazards rocks caues, craiges & montanes wander  
While fear of death haschast his faithfull guyde  
Eune feir of tempests lightning storme and thunder  
When as he heirs a noyes, a sound a cry  
Hope throw the danger guyds him hastilye,

34.

So wanders he stout hardy fearles bold  
At last vpon a deing Knight he fell  
Scarce could he speik bott zett this much he told  
*As tho thou seiks for death Dispair and Hell*  
*Heir dwells sad death plagues, torments, heir remains*  
*Hell brings from this her everlasting Pains.*

# THE HISTORIE

35.

*Ah crewell death, ah blak despair alace  
 Wo wo and with the word wo chokd his breath  
 The Prince that pittied such a wofull cace  
 Heau'd vp his heid and said relent from Death  
 Perhaps some hope sum hap, sum help remain  
 He answerd, (nocht but this one word) In vane.*

36.

*Why (quod the Prence) is thy releife in vaine  
 If God so pleas his grace and mercie lend  
 But to this house and to this hell of paine  
 How cam'st thou in, or wast thou heir in send  
 Faine would I know wheir with the deing Knight  
 Breathd furth these words thocht weakly as he might;*

37.

*Within this caue theire is a virgin Mayde  
 Loue dairteth lightning from her glorious eyes  
 Her beautie bright does all their harts invade  
 (With death, loue, furie, passione) that her seis  
 Muche is the force, the strength, the vigour much  
 Who seis her, deis for loue, th' enchantments such,*

38.

*Many attempt's this aduenture to end  
 But still they end themselves and it remains  
 Which I poore I has too too swirle kends  
 And now must pay my lyf for these my pains  
 My bosume keeps her beauties burning fyre  
 That tears my hait in peeces with desyre.*

Ab

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

39.

Ah pitie(said the Prence)is their remeid  
To laue thy lyfe and quensh youths loucing flammie  
No no(sayd he)theirs naine till I be deid  
Heir many mo lies buried for the same  
Wheirfore go back,leau of,returne againe  
Heir is no heyre bot death for all thy paine

40

Then said the Prince I surelie wer to blame  
Not seing danger,for to leau it soe  
Quod he then since thow cairs so muche for shame  
I pray the tak my counsell or thow goe  
Aboue this dreidfull Caue their stands a laik  
Whoes restles wanes this thundring noyes does make

41.

The Mayde is on ane altar sacrafeizd  
With sulphur flammis of fyre to Pluto's Deitie  
Twelf hours within that fyre sho's, martyrizd  
And twelf houres dround in blood with out all pitie  
Before her burnes a Taper will not slak  
Bot in the water of that thundring laik,

42.

This Taper yow must win with mightie force  
Syne drinsh it in the forsaid laik & lo  
Her flammis ar quenshed then with great remorse  
But how to quenshe the blood yow their shall kno  
Yet if yow be intangled by her beantie  
Thy haire thy eyes thy hands shall leau their duetie.

I

Now

## THE HISTORIA

43.

Now if the burning Tapre thou obtain  
To get it back shall many wayes be sought  
As soone as it thou wants by any meane  
As soone shall she from lyf to death be brought  
But if thou be intangled with her love  
The Tapre frome his place thou can not move.

44.

Thus fair you weell and with the word the Knight  
Sunck dounce with flipp of leaddin death opprest  
Greif woe, and pitie, did the Prince affright  
His valour, courage, hope, they muche distrest  
He goes but comfort, whill his guyde was cair  
His manlie haire assayd with cold dispaire

45.

Though he was still turmoyld with cair and greif  
Though daunger still forbids his in te pryse  
Tough sad dispaire threat's death without releif  
And though Dreid, fame and conquest both denyes  
Yet forward still he goes but cair or paine  
And hops ane happie succes for to gaine,



Wh  
And  
Adm  
Whi  
Eur  
An



## Caput. XI.

### Argument.

**T**He birning Alters Keeper, of  
His lyfe Penardo spoyle  
He seis the daylie funerall  
In blood the Virgine boylls  
He that by loue could not be win  
The Tapre does obtaine  
About the Quene of lone he sees  
All tho is gat Lone had slaine.

**O** Now yow *Muses* matchles and deuyne  
Help by your sacred skill my gros defects  
Mak sharpe my wit and pregnant my ingyne  
That by your freindly ayde in all respects  
My pen supplid may boldly breath his name  
In rold about the star's by endles fame.

Whoes mynd the feat of royall vertues birth  
And who all goodnes knew, but knew no ill  
Admeird of all the world for his rare woorth  
Which causd Envy for raige her self to kill  
Eune he without all fear or care did enter  
And throw this care lyk geislie hell did venter.

## THE HISTORIE

3.

At last a thirling light he did espy  
Which from a dure did glancing furth appeir  
Where to when as the galant Prince drew nye  
He saw a flamme most pure most bright most cleir  
Vpon ane alter burne and in the same  
Brint, skoarch'd, tormented, lay a virgine Dame.

4.

Whill on this piteous spectacle he gaiz'd  
From out a corner dark he might perceave  
A monstre hudge that maid him much amaiz'd  
Whoes greatnes seem'd to fill that emptie caue (flamme  
He breathd furthe clouds of smook which dim'd the  
And darkned all the place about the same

5.

So thundring tempests dims the goldin Sunne  
And darkins all the cristall heauns so hy  
The reiking clouds lyk smook down mo'tin runne  
By force of fyre that thonderis throw the sky  
At last such roars he thunders in his ear  
It seemd the caue, shook, trembled, quaik'd for fear.

6.

This monstre fearlie did assaill the Prince  
Who nimble, quick, sharp, readie, light, auoyding  
With mightie bloes, so braue was his defence  
Off him he harm'd, him self vnarm'd abyding  
So that the monstre ioird for greif and paine  
Furth casting Floods, of poysond goir a maine.

Thus

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

7.

Thus each persequing other to the death  
With strength with raige with furie hait & ire  
That neither geue the other leaue to breath  
The monstre still threw furth bright flamms of fyre  
Who's skails bore furth the Prince his furious dint  
Lyk tempred Steill, hard diamond, or flint,

8.

Wheir for a stranger kynd of feght he chuses  
Quyting his word he draw's a dagger fyne  
His skill his slight his might, and strength he uses  
To ridd this deulische monstre out of pyne  
Who lusting vp his armed creist with ire  
Smook frome his mouth his eyes furth sparkling fyre.

9.

Did fearcelie forewart to the Prince furth pace  
Infolds inrolls in lincks with gaipping iawes  
But he with foresight, waying, well the case  
His skailie gorge in his stronge arme he thrawes  
And through his burninge ey with fatall knyfe  
Brought furthe his brains & with his brains his lyfe.

10.

Glade was he to be ridd of such a foe  
Yet pitie, cair and sorow, chac'd delight  
To sie so fair a Mayde tormented so  
His eyes with chylde of tears his hairt stil sigh't  
Taci's from his eys spring's riuers floods furth sent  
Sighes from his hairt lyk blustering winds vpwent.

liij

When

## THE HISTORIE

11.

When neerer to the alter he was come,  
Of sorrow he might heare the saddest sound,  
There greivous groanes were intermix'd with some  
Weak breathing words, that did sad death resound  
The words were sweet and pitiefull to heare  
The accent soft the voice was sharpe and cleare

12.

Those were the wofull words he pitied most  
*Ab Pluto Pluto end this sacrifice*  
*Hell Hell deuore my soules tormented ghost*  
*Ab cruell Heau'ns that glorie to tyrannize*  
*Ab paine paine paine let candles paine remove*  
*Curs death, curs hel, curs earth, curs heau'ns above.*

13.

Whill thus the spak *Pemardo* hard a noyes,  
And suddenlie appeir'd a greater light,  
A hundreth torches borne by litle boyes  
All clade in murning weid a wofull light.  
Softlie the prince couoyes him self a syde  
To see of these euents what wold betyde

14.

After these torches were two horses led  
Whose Trapers were of purple silk & gold  
Such curious work so rich imbrodered  
Was admirable rare for to behold  
For gresson lyk they pacing seem'd to flie  
With golden plumed wings right curiously.

These

## OF PENARDO and LAÏSSA

15.

These horse wer kept by lackaves tuo who had  
Two sheilds which seem'd of sundrie Knights to hold,  
And after them tuo Paiges richlie cled  
Two mightie lances bore with heads of gold  
Nixt after them four galant coursers drew  
A crimone cotche that seemd of bloodie hew.

16.

Within this cotche tuo Knights wer sadlie plac'd  
In glitt'ring armour that was fynelie fram'd  
The amours shyning lustre was defac'd  
With purple blude that from their bodies straimde  
Sad was their mynds wher sorow did remaine  
Great wer their wounds but greater far their paine.

17.

The one still sigh'd and g.oin'de but spak no word  
For in his breist a bloodie dagger stooode  
The other throughe his bodie had a sword  
From whoes steill poynt ranne streams of crimson blood  
Death ou'r them both long since hade spred her wings  
Yet lyse by airt, paine, greif and sorow brings.

18.

Behind the alter stooode a brasen portch  
Which oppind wyde for to receaue this traine  
Where enters all the boyes with eue ye torch  
The hors, and all the rest that did remayne,  
But whill the cotche neir to the alter drew  
The wofull dame her sorows did re new.

liij

## THE HISTORIE

19.

*Ah Heav'n's alace come come I glaidly goe  
Let death geue end to Hells tormenting flames  
Blood blood glut v<sup>p</sup> both soule and body lo  
Stop now my braith and suffocat the same  
Let these two leue & then impose on me  
Ten thousand deaths so I may once but die.*

20.

No sonner did she end her plaints when as  
Two old and aiged Hagg come in their fighes  
Who bore ane huge great vessell made of bras  
That keipt the blood of those tormented Knights  
Long gaizd the Prince on thir hid misteries  
Whill paine, on paine, & greif on greif he lies.

21.

The virgine from the fyre began to moue her  
The vessell neir, she throw her in the same  
While as the blood began to boyle aboue her  
And vtherwhyls aboue the bloode she come  
So bubling streams of brooks from hye that fall  
Raife v<sup>p</sup> the Pebls pure whyt cleir and small

22.

They gone the Prince did with him self deuoyce  
To spill the blood bot now he heirs a sound  
It seem'd a heighe and bloustring wind did ryse  
And looking wheir the vessell to haue found  
He saw a piller raiued v<sup>p</sup> whoes end  
Reatch'd frome the ground almost vnto the pend.

Then

OF PENARDO and LAISSA;

23.

Then did he heare a murmur and a noyes  
A duilfull murning and a wofull sound  
So from a hollow pitt resounds a voyce  
Of one that lyes tormented vnder ground  
Or lyk the ghostlie and the dreidfull dine  
That roaring bulis mak hollow Caues within.

24.

The piller seem'd to be of marble stone  
In forme of ane *Pyrameid* as it stood  
Within the which the virgine was alone  
Tormented still within the boyling blood  
*Penardo* knew but help of humane hand  
That it was fraimd his furie to with stand.

35.

But neirer to the piller when he drew  
Sum goldin letterd lyns he might espy  
Whoes meining was as efter doeth ensue  
*Be not so bold this aduenture to try*  
*Least Faits who made the most admeird of all*  
*Should mak the most in famous for thy fall*

36.

But cairles who had thus menac'd him so  
Which serud but to affray a fanting haire  
Now round about the piller does he go  
While as he finds sum other lyns insert  
Whereby he knew the former saing'd deny all  
Was but to stay him from a farther tryall.

*That*

## THE HISTORIE

27

**W**hat ere thou be that proues to end the paines  
Of this tormented Mayde that heire remains  
And wold vndoe the great and woundrous frame  
Which Marsays arte has buildit for the same  
The tapre from the birning Altar take  
And drinke it in the fearfull thundring lake  
But first from birning lust search some releiff.  
For These two Princes wrapt in all mischeiff,

28.

Not half so fast the Tyger swift furth goes  
Throgh desert waves for to redeme her brood  
As does the Pience when the e glad n-wes he knoes  
Vnto the altar when the tapre stoode  
He hopes yet doubt sum ill might him be fall  
To marr his hope, hap, will, desyre, and all.

29.

Cassandras armour was not now for noght  
Els of that dame inamour'd had he beine  
For the effect of this enchantment wrought  
On curie one before that had her seine  
And being once entangled by her loue  
Te tortche they could not steir, nor touch, nor moue

30.

Yea surelie if his armours vertue strong  
Had not resisted the enchantments force  
Within the caue he should haue stayd so long  
While he had diet for loue without remorse  
Her beautie was of force, strength, pow'ie, to moue  
Yea massacre a world of Haits with loue.

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

31.

But he who in his armour does retaine  
The rare and precious stone of chastitie  
(Whose vertue is the owner to restrain  
From loue, or lust, or *Venus* fantasie)  
Could not be mou'd, to love, so none but he  
Could end the fair *Laisas* miserie.

32.

And entring now within the brazen portch  
The which he thinks to be the only way  
Eune with the light of this his lyde torch  
He saw some lynes ingraph'd (which made him stay)  
Vpon the brazen gate he did behold  
Indeated all with curious warks of gold.

*If ought thou lese that thou has bravelye win  
Thou desirest sh ill repent thy coming in.*

33.

Now he began to gaize vpon the ground  
And calling presentlie vnto his mynd  
The deing Knight whom he before had found  
Within the Caue and of his counfall kynd  
He knew it was the taper to defend  
Or els her sorow should with death haue end,

34.

And by this tyme within a goodlie Hall  
He entred was when vewing weel this sight,  
The rare proportion was maiesticall,  
To euerie airt their was a galant light,  
And glaid their of ioy cheir his countenance  
So *Pæbus* flour spred's when her lord does glance.

Long

But

## THE HISTORIE

35.

Long stayd he nought when looking heir and their  
One his left hand a doore he might espy  
Within the which he saw a gall'ry fair  
Wher pleasur did invite a gaizing ey  
While through this pleasant gall'ry he was walking  
He thought he hard sum people sottlie talking.

36.

Whoes murmuring sound had drawne him now in  
Of a fair chamber that was richelie hung (sight  
Wher sporting at their dallying delight  
Wer Knights and Ladyes lying all along  
Vpon the pauement wrought of cristall rock  
Whose glances bright the Prince his sight did chock.

37.

But his delight did him thair after lied  
Vnto ane other chamber much more fair  
For their the cristall pauement all was spred  
With crimsone veluet costlie ritche, and rair,  
And in the mids a piller stoode vpright  
Of gold that shynd, flam'd, glac'd, with sparkling light

38.

Adioynd vnto the piller rose a throne  
Of beattin gold whoes lustre cleir vnstaind  
The beautifullest Queene did sit theirone  
That cristall heaune or solid earthe containd  
And round about her stoode a comlie traine (flaine,  
Of kings, queins, lords, knight, dames that loue had  
Their

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

39

Their was the *Queene of Carthage*, *Dido* faire  
Who for *Aeneas* loue had lost her breath,  
And for *Antonius* loue with *Vipers* their  
Sad *Cleopatra* Sting'd her self to deathe,  
Their *Ariadne* that her self had slaine  
For proud vnthankfull *Theseus* disdain.

40.

Whoes lyfe decre'd to *Minotaurus* raige  
She fled and from the *Labyrinth* he him gaind  
Their was *Media* by whoes counsaill saige  
*Iason* the goldin glorious fleice obtaind  
Their *Phyllis* who did many passionnes proue  
Chuseing sad death for sweet *Demophoons* loue.

41.

Their *Julia* the wyfe of great *Pompey*  
Who died becaus she feird her husbands death  
Their *Porcia* for *Brutus* loue did stay,  
Who with hote burning coalls had choakd her braith  
Their *Pisca* with her louer loud to be  
Who threw them selfs both heidlongs in the Sea.

42.

Their might *Pandorus* loueing dame be seine  
That chus'd for to be buried quick in graue  
Rather then be the *Perseus* monarchs *Queene*  
Becaus he did her louers lyfe bereaue  
The *Greciane* dame faire *Camma* their did moue  
Who slew her self and him that slew her loue.

These

## THE HISTORIE

43.

These weemen with their louers did inioy  
A pleasant lyfe about this princelie Queene  
And men that did for loue them selfs destroy  
*Menon* that hang'd him self might their by seie  
For to the proud *Assyriane* King alone  
His best beloud *Semiramis* head gone

44.

And their *Tiberius Gracchus* did remaine  
That fund two Serpents in his chamber floore  
And knowing if the semell first wer slaine  
His lyfe should longer not his wyfes indure  
The Male he slew so weell he ioude his wyfe  
And made his deathe the ransone of her lyfe

45.

And *Marcus Lepidus* did their abyde  
That slew him self eune for his loues disdainē  
And *Plautus Numidius* by his tyde  
That for his deir loues death him self had slainē  
Their old *Sylvanus* that him self had hangd  
Becauss proud *Nero* wold his loue haue wrang'd.

46.

Their *Pollio* graue and sad, a *Germane* borne  
A famous Knight though *Fortune* wrought his fall  
This was the Knight that in the *Cave* before  
Had told the Prince what their should him befall  
There many more that died without remorse  
For *Lissaes* loue by the enchauntments force,

AN

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

47.

All these and many thousand their remaines  
Who to that court doe momentarily resort  
The winged boy delights in all their pains  
And of their greatest grief he makes a sport  
But lo that glorious Queene beed all their ioyes  
Their loue their fanſie and their amorous toyes.

48.

For to inthrall the hart that Queene weell knew  
The ſoueraigne Maiſtres of that art ſhe was  
Her wantonne ſhyning looks and heaunehe hew  
With ſweitt alluements ſecretlie wold paſſe  
For ſtill the glanceing of her wantone ey  
Wold mak her trayne, ſad, ioyfull, liue, or dy.

49.

Her wantonne eyes bewrayd her inward mynd  
Her countenance deſaid her harts deſyre  
To burning luſt ſhe ſeem'd to be inclinde  
Conſumeing ſtill with neuer quenſhing fyre  
Diſſembling all with ſuch a craftie mynd  
That anie ſaue *Adonis* wold by kynd.

50.

Her modeſt bluſh wold diuers tymes bewray  
That which (it ſeem'd) ſhe ſham'd for to vnfold  
With amouſ queint her wanton eye wold play  
And from her hart in ſport their meſſage told  
Her lowing looks or cheerfull ſmyls doth moue  
To laugh to weepe, to ſmyll, to ſighe furth loue.

Amongſ

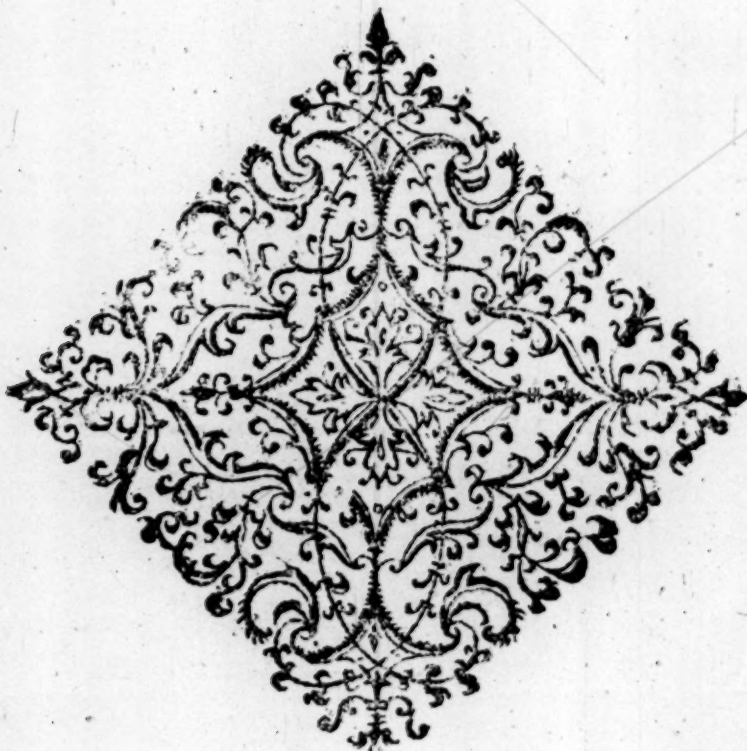
## THE HISTORIE

51.

Amonge the rest *Penardo* might espy  
*Phelarnon* braue and *Tropolance* the bold  
Whom by their wofull looks he did discry  
To be eune far agains their will with hold  
*Phelarnons* breist bewrayit his ceasles pain  
Whcirin a bloodie dagger did remain.

52.

And *Tropolance* his wofull hart was rent  
With bloodie sword, tormented still he goes  
Yea these two princes onlie did lament  
While as the rest did seeme for to reioes  
But now sad shaddowes of the dankish night  
Begane to dryue away the cheir full light;





## Caput. XII.

### Argument.

**P**Enardo's tempted oft and yit  
The tapre he obtains  
He chaseth burning lust to hell  
And ends the Princes pains  
He quensheth in the fearfull Lake  
The Tapers light anone  
He finds sum tombs and sies sum lyn's  
Which wer ingraph'd theirowe.

I.

**W**Hen hells great Grandame ganher self to ryse  
For anger breathing furth dark clouds of smook  
And chaist heaun's cheirfull lamp down through  
Then of his wyde impyre possiession took (the skyes  
Penardo hard a fearfull thundring sound  
Lyk Neptune raiging gainst a stormie wind.

2.

And lo a fearfull wind did now aryse  
With dreidfull thunder, lightning flamms of fyre,  
Ane earth-quak and a trembling in the skyes  
That seem'd to shak the world's sure fixt empyre  
From of his centre & his stedfast statione  
And with proud raige to raise his sure fundatione.

K

Wheir

## THE HISTORIE

3.

Wheir with of all this tryne incontinent  
He, seis not one in twinkling of ane ey  
But of their feet he might decerne the, prent  
In the riche cloth that on the ground did ly  
Wheir at *Penatulo* much a mazed floode  
But nothing danted was his courage good

4.

And looking round about whill thus he stard  
Ane other dure he saw wheir on he red  
*Tak what there finds within for the prepairede*  
Thus in the braue *Thessaliene* was led  
By courage and a fearce vndanted mynd  
Not feiring hell it self thairin to fynd.

5.

The royaltie of this fair rounne was uche  
As seem'd the lyk on earth could not be found  
The value of the hangings was so much  
That from the syling to the paved ground  
Did reache all richlie wrought with pearle & gold  
*Whick Hercules* great battels did vntold,

6.

Ther had he slaine the Gyaunt all alone  
Who sumtyme rewl'd fair *Europs* fairest yle,  
Of whom it got the name of *Albeon*  
And ther was seu'ne mouth'd *Hydra* feirce e're whyle  
Whom he by his al-conquering' force had slaine  
His shafts there, in the monstre did remaine.

Their

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

7.

Their in the *Nameane* forrest he hade slaine  
The *Lycies* scarce' the monstre of the Sea  
He flew' and fair *Exione* did obtaine  
There the *Theffalian Centaurs* vanquish he  
Theire *Cerberus* he bend and *Captiue* led  
And *Proserpine* frome *Pluto's* thraldome freed.

8.

Theire did he kill *Ankreon* fierce and bold  
And *Nessus* there, and *Gereon* proud of *Spaine*  
And frome *Hesperides* renoun'd of old  
Wheer did the goldin fleiced flocks remaine  
He thence frome *Atlas* daughters did disscuer  
And bonde *Philotas* as a slaue for euer.

9.

Their his ruelf works bred terrour to the eye  
And trembling fear vnto the boldest haire  
There hade he throwne him headlong in the Sea  
Who brought to him the strainge Emppylon'd shirt  
There he in paine raige sorow, did lament  
Tearing the venome that this flesh did rent.

10.

And in the mids a pillar stooode vpright  
Wheiron a rich and glorious armour lay  
Their hung a sheild ingrapht whoes glancing light  
The armes of *Theffaly* did furth display  
A boue the which a candle-stick of gold  
Did hung which seem'd but one small lamp to hold.

Kij

In

## THE HISTORIE

### II.

In this fair chamber stood a glorious bed  
Of beaten gold Whose fyrie sparkling flies  
Frome pretious stones & diamonds which spread  
Their pearling beames that dim'd the Prince his eyes  
The tapers light that in his hand he bore  
Gave place to this more shyning cleir & pure.

### 12.

Four mabre pillers did a table bear  
Of yellow glancing *Topas* synlie drest  
And oft ansparant cristall stood a chear  
As if it wold inuite the Prince to rest  
Who wearied with his toylsum trauell past  
This profer'd rest accepted at the last.

### 13.

And gaizing still vpon this glorious work  
The table suddenlie wes ouer spread  
By whome he knew not bot he might remark  
With fructefull *Ceres* danteis it wes clade  
Their *Bacchus* plentie flowe'd till yis braue Prince  
Was weill suffer'd then all remoued thence.

### 14.

And all this tyme the taper did abyde  
Into his hand where one he does deuys  
How he might fauelie lay the same asyde  
And rest In the fair bed till *Tytan* ryse  
When presentlie did in the table stand  
Ane candle-stick presented to his hand

Whiche

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

15.

Which as ze hard did our the amour hing  
Wheirof when he the warkmanship espy'd  
He did perceauce ingrauen about the ring  
Sum lyn's in azure blew thame selfs bewray'd  
Whiche if obey it it ends the ceasles stryfe  
Of *Lissa's* paine and with her paine her lyfe.

16.

*O* f me thou only mak a choise  
Till thou with sleip thy self repose  
I am devysd thy light to hold  
Then but suspitione be thou bold.

17.

This youth had goth no sleip tuo dayes ago  
Wheir for to rest a great desyre he fand  
Bot woundred who so weel his mynd did kno  
Assaying if his light therein wold stand  
A suddane fear assaild his hawtie hairt  
He trembled, and he quack'd in euerie part.

18.

And, as a merchant in a darksum night  
Does trauell in a forrest all alone  
Wheir he before has seyn a fearfull sight  
Of robbing Theeves and murtherers, anone  
Does feare and faint, and tremble yea and quak's  
So he In cury ioynt, and sinew shak's.

King

And

## THE HISTORIE

19.

And wondred what this accident should mean  
When presentlie their come vnto his thought  
The deing Knight he in the cause had seene  
Who told him all his trauell was for nought  
If once the tortche wer tint or gone, or lost  
Lost wer her lyfe, lost all his paine and cost.

20.

Then Night begane to hyde her loathed heid  
Rendring her place unto her so so fair  
Whose messenger was cled in crimsons reid  
Hurling his fyrie beams throw glomie aer  
Melting the clouds in liquid drops that fall  
Moystninge the thirstie pearched earth with all,

21.

The royall Knight right ioyfull of the day  
That he might bring to end his tedious task  
When to the pillar whair the armour lay  
Whene *Titan* did his slaying face vnmask  
He saw a goldin image which did hold  
A table of black *Iaspal* writ in gold.

22.

And towards him the table poynting was  
The which How soone his arme did rais aloft  
The image let it with his hand furth pas  
Vewing the courious workmanship so oft  
The lyn's he red which shaddowith all deceit  
Mischeif, dath, discord, furie, wraith, debait.

*Vulcane*

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

**U**ncanethis fair and goodly armour wrought  
Whiche Venus to her Sonne Aeneas brought  
Whoes vertue frome all tempting tounge defend  
And Hope and courage to the hart it send  
With vigorous strength it does the bodie seid  
And vanquisheth the Enemy with dreid  
Who wears the same shall victor still remaine  
And still his hearts desyre he shall obtaine  
Inchantment strong or ony secreit traine  
Of subtil Foes shall alwayes proue in vaine  
No humane strength can this enchantment end  
Except the Trojanes armour him defend,

23.

Sure quod the Princee this is a rair devyce  
That no deceit nor dainger can assaill  
True valour could be compted for a vyce  
If this wer true the coward should prevaill  
Then falsset crueltie and all deceit  
Should truth, woorth, valour, vertue, all abate

24.

Falsset should banishe purest truth to hell  
And wicked wrong all right should ouerthraw  
Folie should wisdom leid as slaue to Sell  
And manly mynds of hazards stand in aw  
Of humane kynd then to preuent the fall  
This euill of euills I'le cut in peices smal.

K iij

He

## THE HISTORYE

25.

He cutt's the armour which als soft as brasſe  
 He finds and knew it was bot to entrap  
 Him in a snair (bot Fates ordaind his glaſſe  
 To line his howes of lyfe in *Fortuns* lape)  
 For lo ſuche deu'liſh ſtrength the armes retaind  
 As in the ſhirt of *Hercules* remaind.

26.

And ſure too great miſcheif ſhould haue betyde  
 If one him ſelf this armour he receau'd  
 For firſt the tap'e he muſt lay a ſyde  
 Wheir with *Laiſa's* lyfe had bene bereau'd  
 And alſo him with furie, raige, and wraith  
 Paine, ſorrow, care, and grief had brought to death.

27.

But *Fortune* ſmyld her looks wer gracious  
 And ſuffred not froſt, ſtorme, haill, cold or raine  
 A floure ſo young, ſo fair, ſo praiſous  
 With death, decay, or dolour, too be flaine  
 But ridd of this he ſearching fand anone  
 Ane irone doore with this inſcriptione.

That dreidfull *Dragone* heir within does ly  
 That foſters ſtill the fyre of *Lechery*  
 Wherein tuo *Princes* ar tormented ſtill  
 And can not be remou'd frome thence, vntill  
 A *Knight* ſhall come whoes chaſterie is ſuche  
 And whoes good *Fortune* fauours him ſo muche.

As

OF PEN ARDO and LAISSA,

**A**S can not be by aine meins entys'd  
 To fall into the snairs for him deuys'd  
 He first must lay his sword & sheild a syde  
 Then vnto him the doore shall oppin wyde  
 Syne proue by strength the weapens for to win  
 That does the Princes wounds remane within  
 Wheirwith he must ow'r cum the dragon fearce  
 Then shall the torments of the Princes cease.

28.

This deuclish dragone was ane feind of Hell  
 Bred first in floods of fyre ie *Phlegitone*  
 In whom the fyre of birning lust did dwell  
 Which shew broght furth from darkeſt *Acheron*  
 And being bred of ſuch infernall broode  
 She leui'd on fyre, in darknes was her foode,

29.

This luſtfull fyre throgh all the world ſhe ſend  
 Wheirwith ſhe had infect the greateſt pairt  
 Who lyk vnto their mother does intend  
 In darknes for to quenſh their burning ſmairt  
 There, help they find, but no releif at all  
 Till for their mother they haue ſearchd' in hell,

30.

Whom *Mansay* by his airt had brought from thence  
 Vnto this place theſe Princes to torment  
 Whoſe luſtfull fyre had bred their owne offence  
 And firſt vnto their ruine gaue conſent  
 But loath he was hes ſword to lay a pairt  
 Which brought his foes to woe, to death, and ſmairt.

Yt

## THE HISTORIE

31.

Yit seing no releefe he layes a syde  
His sword and sheild and fearles forward goes  
When presentlie the doore brust oppine wyde  
And their (a fearfull sight) vnto him shooes  
A burning caue that throws ow't flammes of fyre  
Which from a dragones mouth did still retyre

32.

Eune as the deidfull *Salamander* liues  
Amid the fyre while one the fyre she feids  
The fyre her braine her lyfe her essence geues  
But fyre she dies in fyre she leues and breids  
Eune so this feind in smook and flammes so bright  
Did burn and shyn and glance, and spauke light.

33.

In throgh these flammes he saw these Princes lay'd  
On burning beds of steill lyk furies fel  
Wheir hell thay curst and heaune they did obbraid  
With many fearfull cry and wofull yell  
To sie such galant Princes so tormented  
With tears into his eyes he thus lamented,

34.

*Ah harmles Soules so pynd curs'd be the tyme  
That Mantayes crewell arte deny'd such pains  
His punishment is more then is your cryme  
Ah how iustlie heir he yow detains  
Your harme done to your self your cryme your owne  
To him no spight nor malice had yow showne.*

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

35.

*Ah cursed by that Zoroastes old  
That first devysd deip incantatioune  
Of magick arte, whose spells oft being told  
Brings vp that foule infernall natione  
The man whoes witt does search furth such ane enist  
Is foe to man and freind vnto ye Deuill.*

36.

*Al mightie Ioue that does permit such wrongs  
And does behold thy creaturs thus pynd  
Revenge vnto thy glorious self belongs  
Mercie thou grantes to a repenting mynd  
Ah for thy gleries saik in mercie grant  
Thaw by my hand this feind infernall dant.*

37.

*Nether could fear of terrour yeilding fyre  
Nor world deuoiring monstre him effray  
Nor daunt his dauntles hairt that does aspyre  
Throw daunger for to gaine great glories pray  
This sayd, he swiftly to the monstre hyed  
Fear terrour dreid and daunger he defyed.*

38.

*The monstre now with flamming tounge drew neir  
With deathe, or lustfull heat him to inflamme  
But these her flammis did not on him appeir  
Nor could he be molested be the same  
She seith that her hoate consumeing fyre  
Could not inflamme his spotles chaist desyre.*

Straight

## THE HISTORIE

39.

Straight did caste furth a dark black foggie smooke  
Which with the flamme made this a second hell  
Fixt on the Prince her burning eyes did look  
Clipping her yrone wings and dreidfull taill  
Infixt in this taill wer stings anew  
The Prince the Knight the Champione to persue.

40.

These stings if thay be fix'd the fleshe within  
Does it infect with filthie lustfull fyre  
Of venamous and poysonable sine  
And appetites inquenshable desyre  
Working throw all the vains, till boyling heat  
Makes them the heaune yea God him self forgette.

41.

Into her tounge ar also stings infixt  
Whoe poyson breideth sensuall delight  
Which with a gluttonus desyre is mixt  
Wallowing in pleasure, plungd in eternall night  
Of all forgetfullnes and idle slouth  
And sklaue th man to pleas his daintie mouth.

42.

For drounkinnes and gluttonie alone  
Drawes efter them a thousand filthie sines  
Greif, anger, loue, extremitie, anone  
And birning lust th ough all the bodie rine  
That memorie, and vnderstanding quyt  
Extinguist ar with lecherie delyt.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

43.

It makes a dulnes ow'r the mynd to creip  
A monst' e makes the bodie fatt with rest  
And reassone thus it laileth sound a sleep  
Thus man does differ nothing from a beast  
These bates in the begining sweetlie moue  
But in the end a Cocatrice thay proue.

44.

This monstre these her stinges infecting heat  
In mortall mynds, infixeth but releif  
And howked once allurde with poyson'd baite  
She drawes them heidlong vnto all mischeif  
At last to deathe and hels eternall paine  
From which all hope of blis'd releiffs in vane.

45.

None of these stings could in the Prince haue place  
With them she him slayls but all in vane  
Wheir fore she fearcelie fordwart flies apace  
Ayming with tearing pawes him to haue slaine  
And being now heigh rais'd aboue the ground  
She beats him with her mightie force aound.

46.

And ayming for to crush him vnto death  
In her sharpe pawes she takis him gredilie  
But he (who was not wholie void of breath)  
Her by the gorger gripeth speedilie  
And had th'enchanted rapre beine a syde  
She new'r had gone from thence in hell t'abyde.

Yet

# THE HISTORIE

47.

But yet altho he had no hand but one  
Her greiflie gorge so stronglie did he grip  
That she was forc'd to ryis and with a grone  
Her hold about his bodie to let slip  
She roar'd she yeld she brayt she billow't Jowd  
So does the lyons, bulls, boars, coursers prowde.

48.

This monsters mouthe lyk to a golfe appeirs  
And ther she thinks him quick for to entomb  
A filthie smook she throwes before his eyes  
Which forc'd him breathles for to leaue that rounge  
And farther throw the flamms to seek for breath  
She roaring still, still gaip'd still threatned death.

49.

So *Neptune* in a raiging storme doeth rore  
When *Aeolus* his bloystring face ou'r blowes  
His rolling billowes fearchie beatts the shore  
Gaipping his hollow greedie gulfs he shoves  
Wher in threts to swallow or to wrak  
The Plowars of his yrie awfull back.

50.

Before she could *Penardo* ouer reatche  
He came vnto the steillie burning bed  
And from *Phelarnons* breist wher was the breatche  
The daggere pull's when with a weappine cled  
The monstre seem'd more heaueie sadd and low  
Her force, moir feble, wearie, fante, and slow.

Thus

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

51.

Thus thinks he of this fight to make an end  
And with the dagger to bereave her life  
Who with her oppine jaws does her defend  
And therein catch the dagger which with strife  
From him she reft and brak in peeces small  
And thus to him no weappine left at all.

52.

Betwixt him and the sword her self she set  
Which *Tropolance* his bloodie breist containd  
While as such fyre and sulphur<sup>all</sup> with she let  
That all the hous into a fyre remaind  
So she a birning *Salamander* seem'd  
But nothing of his fyre the Prince esteem'd.

53.

And yet this kynd of fight was verie strange  
That *Hercules* the lyk did neuer vew  
When a the Gyant *Cacus* (in reuenge  
Of *Italties* enormities) he flew  
Nor when the *Minyan* force before him falls  
Raising their mightie seige from *Theban* walls.

54.

Nor when he flew the dragone scarce in fight  
Yea none of his tuell labours might be match  
To this for that he vsd his strength and might  
And with his weapins did advantage watch  
Two hands he had, *Penardo* had but one  
He weapins als our *Champion* had none.

But

## THE HISTORIE

55.

But now the braue *Thessaliene* nought amaizd  
Maks him as he the dragone wold assaill  
Who with her wings about the ground was rais'd  
And to the feght him fearfullie did appaill  
With opned mouth she pread on him to flye  
Who lightlie leaps a syde and lets her bye.

56.

Then pulls he out the bloodie weapine streght  
From out the deidlie wound and therewithall  
Him self addresseth bravelie for the feght  
Bott loe he sees the dreidfull dragone fall,  
With roaring low'd the earth she rudelie tear  
Dounc tumbling into hell with greifullie fear.

57.

A mightie wind made this fair building quaike  
So that the greater part thereof down fell  
The ear he began to rive and with a shake  
The edifice sank downwards vnto hell.  
When lo he was vpon a pleasant plaine  
Wher of that building did no marck remaine.

58

At last he spies a fearfull laik in sight  
Which restles rowleth lyk a raiging Sea  
Whoes billowes baits their bounding banks with might  
That crubs them from destroying libertie  
And whoes huge waues with restles noyes did swel  
Though *Aeolus* nere breath'd thieron at all,  
Wherby

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

59.

Wherby he knew it was the verie same  
Where he to qven she the tapre should returne  
Which being done the strong enchanted flamme  
Made all the laik with fear and dreid to burne  
At last it raise and lyke a thunder-bolt  
With fearfull noyes it pearc'd the azure volve.

60.

When as lyk christal all the streame grew cleir  
The which before a pitche colour hyd's  
No waue no surge no billow did appeir  
Bot softlie on the goldin channell flyds  
The syluer streame with sweettest murmuring sound's  
Which wind's, rocks, caues, woods, montanes back re-  
dounds.

61.

He wounder't much at all these strainge euents  
Amaiz'd he stode and gaiz'd vpon the grounde  
When as thrie pleasant tomb's to him present's  
Them self's, wherein he looks what might be founde  
The tombs of mabre richelye wrought with gold  
Wher on these lynes ingraph'd he did behold.

*f* Laughfull loued and yet  
Vnlaughfull was my loue  
I'm punisht justlie for my faul's  
And yet I faultles prone  
I die becaus my crime  
Deseruet to well to die.

*And*

## THE HISTORIE

And yet no aile nor cryme at all  
Committed was by me  
First did I slay my foe  
And then my foe slew me  
And deid, my Syre I brought to wrack,  
Such was my destinie  
The Palace where I dwelt  
Was fairest of remoune  
By seftie thousand pillers borne  
All which my death threw downe  
But none can change decrue  
Of Fates nor NON RAPHEL  
If anie for my name enquire  
The former lyne doeth tell,

62.

This matchles Championne was therat amaze'd  
The meining dark he skairfull could descrye  
But that he knew this trophie now was rais'd  
And that Phelarnon their intomb'd did lye  
For NON RAPHEL he knew his name to be  
And on the second tounge these ly'ns did lie.

Ale to my crewell death  
Ambitione furth did call  
In my reuenge my natione wrought  
A stranger nationns fall  
And with their fall their owne  
Perpetuall infamie

THE

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

Thus am I ground of all mischief  
Ordaind by destinie  
Ah curs'd vnhappie loue  
Loue was the caus of all  
In spoiling of my Riuals lyfe  
I spoild myne owne and all  
Then who so ere shall looke  
On Tropolance his name  
Remember loue to be the cause  
Of ruine, death, and shame.

63.

Penardo was right sorowfull to see  
Such galant Princes so bereft of lyfe  
For that he thought that he had made them free  
But at what tyme he took the fatall knyfe  
From each of them out of his bloodie breist  
Then death from the enchantment them releas

64.

Yet more desyre had he the third to see  
Ane trembling feir through all his bodie goes  
For that he feard *Laisa* dead to be  
And then his longsum trauell should he lose  
But now in *Theriss* azure palace fair  
With her to dally *Phobus* does repair.

L. ij

Then

# THE HISTORIE

65.

Then lowring sad cum furthe the cheirles night  
Over earth to spred her sable canoby  
Whill as the staitlie birring lamps wer light  
Shynning in *Ioues* he ghie palace presentlie  
Twixt fear and hope doune by the Prince vnsein  
Vpoune the grasse, soft, fresli, wet, casie, grein.

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## Caput. XIII.

### Argument.

**U**poune the sleiping Tounge the Prince  
His trauels sein ingraph  
He seis *Lais* at heir ye sword  
He from the rock out rest  
Aspreit or feind of Hell he meitts  
Vpoune *Danubius* fair  
That in the shap of Mayd him leids  
To paine, wol greif, and cair.

I.

**N**O sonner goldin *Phebus* guilds the skyes (as  
And shoots furth fyrie beam's throw emptie  
Wheas the Prince vp f. O the grasse does ryse  
And in his hart a thou and thought's repair  
His courage fled he doubts, he fairs, he  
Floods from his eyes send stream's of sylver tears, fears,  
Kv d

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

2.

Kynd was his haire tho not resolu'd to loue  
Cairfull his mynd her lyfe for to preserue  
Constant in kyndnes did he alw yes proue  
Courtes and cairfull Ladies fan to serue  
His haire a th-one for beauties excellence  
If aith withheld not Natures influence,

3.

At last to the desyred tounge he came  
Which seem'd not to be wrought with humane hands  
So rich to rair so wonderfull the same  
Which on four syluer shynning Pillers stands  
Of beaten gold to pure fair, cleir, and bright  
Whose shynning seem'd to skorne fair *Phebus* light.

4.

And round about him self e might behold  
His traecull's throw the birning caue, it shew  
No painting colours beautified the gold  
But *Emeralds*, *Pearls*, *Rubies*, *Saphirs* blew  
Which lyuette shooes each puttrat & each pairt  
So comelic nature helped courious airt.

5.

Their was the puttrat of the Sulphure flamme  
In birning Charbunkles and manye a ostone  
Whose glancing light agais the dune furthe cam  
Lyk sparklyng fyre that flam'd that brant that thone  
I her where the Gy. n' feld him to the ground  
And caried him through all the caue a sound,

Lij

## THE HISTORIE

6.

A crimstone blush a pource dy our spred  
His louely face and made him hing his eyes  
Shame, raige, reuenge, wraith, furie, anger bred  
He loths him self he freats he froun's, he fry's  
He thinks these purtrats in despight wer shorne  
To show him self vnto him self in skorne.

7.

But looking farther of he did espy  
There wheir The Gyaunt threwe him to the ground  
And how he roie agane with maieftie  
Giuing at once his foe his fatall wound.  
Each purtrat their to pleas his eye contends  
And seem'd for former faults to mak amends

8.

There all the rest of this his longsum wark  
Wer synly graph'd in pretious stones and go'd  
The which frome point to point he did remark  
And their his woundrous valour might behold  
Box lynes effrayed his haire, his eyes, his ears  
He seirs to reid yet reids and reids with tear's.

*All is in vaine all labour is for nought  
Frome Manlayes charmeing spells can non defend  
In vaine her lyfe in vaine, eleif thou sought  
In ending of her pain her lyfe did end  
Thow casd her pain and crewell death did send  
This is the fruct of all thy travels past  
Thow wrought her death her death to the shall send.  
Greif,*

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

Greif, sorow, cair wo shame, disgrace at last  
Set is thy Sune with clouds of shame or'e cast  
Spent is thy lamp of glorie praise & fame  
Thy honor fades dishonor buddeth fast  
And blossoms beirs of wo, disgrace, and shame  
Thy glories done praise dead & fame outworre  
Go then of heaune, of earth, of hell, the shorne

9.

Tune as when fearfull dreams in slumbring sleip  
Wold mack a man to shout, to cal, to cry  
Whil fear and horroure ou'r his senses creip  
Yet speichles, sightles, mightles does he ly  
So now it seem'd the Prince was in a traunce  
And greatlie troubled in his countenance,

10.

Thus drunk with sadnes and deuoyde of ioy  
Amaizd he stooode bereft of speich and sence  
Dounwarde he casts his looks with sad anoy  
Greif sorow cair wold lyfe haue chaiced thence  
Of did he wishe the solid earthe to ryue  
And hyd his shame, by swallowing him alyue.

11.

But waiking from this dreaming sleip at last  
His lostie witts agane together flies  
When as his roaling eyes by chaunce he cast  
Aboue the tounge the which he oppin seis  
As seaman in a raiging storme of wind  
At glaid the land and wished sho. e to find,

Liiiij

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## THE HISTORIE

12.

So glaid he was hoping to find reliefe  
That sorow's past might haue a happie end  
Wherefore to eas his cair, his paine, his greif,  
A loſt vnto the toubm his looks he ſend  
Where hope with dreid, & dreid with hope made weir  
He feird in ioy, & ioyde in mids of feir

13.

For their *Laiſſa* fair he might behold  
Nay not *Laiſſa* bot *Penardo* rather  
For eu'ne the ſharpeſt eye could not vnfold  
The meineſt mark of difference twixt ether  
And thus not glade whill her he oft in ſight's  
But eu'ne him ſelf to ſie him ſelf delight's

14.

Aſ that fond boy that gaizd into the wel  
Wherein he ſies the ſhaddow of his face  
And being dep inamoured of him ſell  
Oft looks and oft the image wold embrace  
So in her face as in a glaſ or well  
He lou'd the only image of him ſell

15.

She ſat vpon a beſh of glanceing g'old  
And lein'd her louelic face vpon her hand  
Bright look'd her eyes where love & fancie rold  
But lo no ſpunk of aer nor breath he ſand  
Yet was her colour lyuelic fair and cleir  
A ſylver tinctour in her cheeks appeir.

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

16.

He cald her oft and nam'd her by her name  
First lost, then lowd, then whispred in her care  
But yet no show of heiring made the Dame  
Nor anie signe of lyfe could once appeer  
When fore sad sorow she tried all his ioy  
And horried paine his pleasour did destroy.

17.

And can this be (quod he) and art thou dead?  
And has the worlde her cheifest glorie lost  
Could not my pains thy dearest lyfe remead  
Oh no, no pains, of noight but shame I bost  
O shame, O fame, shame brings eternall foyle  
Shame shall my fame disgrace, my glorie spoyle.

18.

Oh could my lyfe, thy lyfe (deir lyfe) redceme  
Soone should it by discharged from this breist  
Or wold the heauns so much my soule esteeme  
That heir it might dislodge and their might rest  
Or that but sinne my luck les lyfe might smairt  
I to thy ghost wold sacrafize my hairt.

19.

Oh but the faits denyes I sould haue pairt  
Of thy sweir ioyes, and heauns denyes my blis  
That their fearce wraith may mak me more to smairt  
For this my fault, my iniurie, my mis  
Curs'd by the sperritt that me deceaued twyce  
With visions dreams, temptatioune, fantasies,

Curs'd

## THE HISTORIE

20.

Curs'd be the tyme I put this armour on  
Curs'd be the tounge that me their to inty'd  
Curs'd be the hands that fram'd the same alone  
Curs'd be the witt that armour first deuys'd  
Curs'd be the spreits the feinds the furies fell  
That built this house of shame, of death, of hell.

21.

And with the word his birning eyes did roll  
And shoot furth fearfull flammes & sparkling fyre  
Dispight raige furie madnes did controle  
Witt, reason, shamefast modesties desyre  
Wyldhe he lookd, he staid, he gaizd about  
Raige had his witt, and reason quyt put out.

22.

Then of his helme and armour did he teir  
Which in his furious raige he threw away  
Quod he I am not woothe airm's to beir  
If this be all my conquest all my prey  
Of simple mayds the blameles lyfe to rack  
Heaune, earth yea hell it self, abhors the fact

23

Let brightest heaunes a sable hew vnfold  
Let grasse and hearbes be withert wher I goe  
Let Sunne and Moone in duskie clouds be rold  
Loathing to shyne shameing my faults to shoe  
Which sould be wrapt in black eternall night  
In hell in paine in horreur and despight.

Thw

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

24.

Thus from the tounbe he goes furth throw the plaine  
And wanders far and wondrous at him sell  
He seeks the flaming rok but all in vaine  
It had led him first vnto that feild of hell  
Then to gett out but none saue *Mansay* knew  
That fearfull caue, and his infernall crew.

25.

This valley's walkd about by *Natures* airt  
With mightie craiges, steip rocks, and montanes hig  
Except the caue their is no entring pairt  
Which by that flaming fyre defendit bee  
Their set by *Mansayes* art but now the Prence  
The craigs, rocks, montans, climbs, & flieth thence,

26.

While this braue youth torments his mightie mynd  
With wo, dispair, care, sorrow, greif, and paine  
A marble rock his roling eyes out synd  
Where in he lies a glaunceing sword remaine  
The sword half in the rock, a sheild besyde  
And vnderneath sum verses he espyd.

27.

But in his furie he disdaind to reid  
Which efter was the caus of all his greif  
For from these verses did his health proceid  
His hope, his hape, his joy, and his releif  
Yet from the rock the sword & sheild he tak  
The which, he cutts, he beats, he bowes, he breaks.

This

## THE HISTORIE

28.

This was his sword and sheild which he did leaue  
Behind when *Lechers* birning foite he wane  
No weapins now he cairs, nor none did craue  
He goe: he knowes not why, nor wheir, nor when  
Nor stands, nor sits, nor reits in any place  
Till *Phæbus* tuye had sunck, tuye showne his face,

29.

Atlast he comes vnto that rolling floode  
Heght *Danubie* whoes tumbling billowes roir  
His murmring streams in heaps yik montanes shood  
To shoulder from his place the craggie shoir  
Discharging Surges throw the clifed rocks  
With thundring noyes the fearfull crage he Shoke,

30.

Eune as that mightie yron ingyne strong  
His bellie being fild with sulphure broune  
Casts furth a flammng smooke cloud along  
With fyrie balls that towns and towrs throw doune  
And fillsthe aer with noyes of roaring thunder  
The heauns with lightning & the earth with wounder

31.

Eune so this mightie flood with hiddous swye  
Of surges great beats doune his brokin shoirs  
And ow't the ferill land does swiftilie flie  
His sounding streams throw humid aer that roirs  
Heir stayd the Prince and heir heis forc'd to stand  
Till he eipyes vpon the syluer strand,

A little

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

32.

A litle baarge that fleitted nigh the p'ace  
The which a Damofell a lone did gayde  
Bright was her colour louene was her face  
But sorowfull her countenance he spyde  
Leauing her barck she quikly to him drew  
And fighing sayd thole lynes which doeth Inſcwo

33.

Ah vofull miſer wretched cre'ture I  
Wo, Paine, and death, greif, ſorow, cair, I find  
Long haue I gone long ſought ſum Knight to try  
Yet were the neerer to my ſourneyes end  
Ah my poore Lady dies for paine & greif  
Ow'rcum but caus and vanquiſht but releſſe

34.

Altho the Prence was full of woe and cair  
Yet for to heir of Ladies one throw  
Did his old paine the ſorow he got airt  
Renue augment Inceſs, and caus ouerflow  
So doe grein wounds their b'idding ſtenſht & gone  
The mynd once vexd, againe they ryue anone,

35.

And thus he ſaid fair Lady if you pleaſe  
The caus of this your greif I pray you ſhow  
To greif (in troubled mynd) it is ane caſe  
The ſame t'vnfold or partners for to know  
Wrongs blaizd abroad will ſeldom ſkaipe reproofe  
On gaine ſum hope ſum confort ſum releſſe.

Fair

# THE HISTORIE

36.

Fair sir (quod she) my wrong, my hope, is done  
Wrong past releif and hope is turnd dispair  
And thogh of ayde my comfort al is gone  
Yet ile vnfold a verie world of cair  
Tears stop'd her braith, such cunning could she frame  
Now reid, now pale, her coloure, went, and came.

37.

Thus silent did the Lady stay a while  
And sigh'd and grond at last from craftie mynd  
She breath'd a sougged lye a craftie guyle  
A fals deceit sprung of malicious kynd  
Yet could she weell dissemble her fayned feirs  
With bashfull blushe, with grones, with sighes, & tears

38.

And thus begane, In *Transalpine* fair  
Their regn'd a Prince that bold *Euphrastes* heght  
Who went with *Darians* to that luckles warre  
Of *Greece* their slaine by proud *Thessalsane* might  
He left no *Heyre* his sceptour for to hald  
But his fair wyfe the fair *Phileas* cald

39.

So young, so wyse, so vertuous, and so fair  
All Regionns fild wer with her glorious fame  
So excellent in all perfectiones rare  
That Monarches, Kings and Prences, swed the dame  
And wow'd, her, sought her, loud her, yet still fynd  
That none could proue or moue, or match her mynd.

At

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

40.

At last fame singes her beautie sounds her worthe!  
In th' ears of *Antiochs* braue Prince anone  
The round, the sad and solide globe sought furthe  
Apollo shynd not on a brauer one  
His might, his strength, his woorth, his val'rous deids  
*Alcmenas* feare vnconquered Sone exceids.

41.

Fame kendled so this Prince with hote desyre;  
Which to *Phylenas* loue did him prouock  
That nather could he ceas, nor quenshe the fyre  
Which death ordaind both loue and lyfe to chock  
But to our court he come ane errant Knight  
And saw her fair, and seing loud the fight.

42.

He serud her long and by his valour wrought  
Deids of great wounder, woorthe eternall fame  
And for his due rewarde of her he sought  
Her loue, her fauour, maryage was his ayme  
She no les brunt with loues consumeing fyre  
Yields to his sute consents to his desyre.

43.

At last that day, cursd day wnhappie yeir  
When loues vnsein delight and beauties treasure  
The fortres which all wemen holds most deir  
She should haue randred he receaud with pleasure  
Eune that same day with strength, with might, & stryfe  
She is carred thence and he bereft of lyfe.

By

## THE HISTORYE

44

By two strong gyants mightie feare and bold  
Which *Maro* feare and *Bramarano* heght  
That does ow'r Creitt their crewell scepter hold  
Which they haue won by murther, bloode, and feght  
Her beautie fame vnto their ears hade soundit  
When by proud *Bramarano*s hart was woundit,

45.

This *Bramarano* sone to *Maro* is  
Who hearing of *Philenas* wedding day  
Come with his Syre and festie Knight of his  
While she (poore soule) was but ane easie prey  
For all the court in pompe in ioy in stat  
Had nether sword shield armis nor feard deceat,

46.

Thrie scoir and more into this woefull broyle  
Wer slaine and then the Prince of Antioch fell  
Whoes onlie valour long with stude this spoyle  
Scune armed Knights he slew vnarm'd him self  
On *Bramarano*s sword at last he smaited  
O crewell death, o Tyrant crewell haited.

47.

This woefull murther wrought, they thence remoue  
*Philana* fair, with trauell paine and toyle  
Nor could her car, her greif, her sorow, moue  
Their harts to pitie, nor their hands from spoyle  
But *Bramarano* would haue rapt the prey  
Which eye should not behold, nor tongue bewray.

And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

48.

And yet withe tear's with murninge, and complain  
His haire by Nature furious, scarce, and cruel  
She mou'd on this conditione to relent  
Tho loue still brunt, and lust still fond the fewell  
Where nought but beautie breideth loues desyre  
Lust feeds the flamme, and booldith stil the tyre.

49.

He was content if in tuo months she could  
Find out a knight to vanquish him in fight  
Vnto her formar libertie she should  
Be set and he should quyt discharge his right  
Prouyding if no Knight with stoode his stryfe  
She should remaine his Concubine or wyfe

50.

And now tuo tym has swartishe *Cynthia* shynd  
Tuyce showin her spherick face with borrowed light  
And tuyce agane to horned shape declynd  
Since I frome fair *Phisena* took my flight  
To find sum Knight, sum Champione, or sum Lord  
That wold to hit, his happie ayde afford,

51.

Yet haue I fund not one that had regaird  
To honor glorie fame or dignitie  
Altho she geues her self for their rewaird  
Who conquere shall so scarce ane Enemie  
And now no more but full tuo weiks remains  
Of the appointed tyme which he ordains.

M

Thus

## THE HISTORYE

52.

Thus haue yow hard the somme and heill effect  
Of all my toyle, my trauell, and my paine  
Sure then quod he it seem's that yow neglect  
To find a Knight or els no Knights remaine  
Bot if the heau'ns so pleas or it be long  
I shall abaitt his pryde, reuenge her wrong.

53.

Thanks sir quod she, your great good will I fie  
But lo yow laick both armour sword and sheild  
I was but knighted now of lait quod he  
And swoor to wear none till I wan't in feild  
Why then quod she if our reuenge ensue  
The heau'n's has smild and I haue done my due,

54.

The Prince and she both enters in the barge  
But heau'n's preterue him from that decull she traine  
Which falslie is deuys'd for him at lairge  
To worke his shame, his fall, his death, his paine  
Who ou'r that great *Danubius* is gone  
A compancid with fals deceit alone.





## Caput. XIIII.

Argument,

**T**he Prince is by this feind furthled  
Vnto Philena's bour  
He slayes the Gyant seine by fair  
Philena from her tour  
Her raige to loue does turne but leuz  
Disdaint turns mettr despight  
She seeks his death he's by an  
Angell warnd & flies by night.

1.

**H**Appie ar they that can eschew deceit  
Whoes baits ar beautie glorie flattrie gain  
That vertue pulls frome honors hie estait  
Alluring them by what they wold obtaine  
Thus hope of vertue glorie praise & fame  
Leads them to death destructione foyle & shame.

2.

So does the craftie Crocadeill entyse  
(Beneth the fertile banks of flowing Nile)  
The trauellers with murnefull plains and cryes  
As if it wer sum wofull wight that feill  
The pains of death but when they come to sic  
With terroure feir and death tormented be.

Mij

Suche

## THE HISTORIE

3.

Suche kynd compassion with *Penardo* wrought  
He goes bot knowes not to his death deuy's'd  
So was decreid and so *Philena* fought  
So with this false deceit she him entys'd  
Fortatling Fame had maid it knowne to all  
That Prince *Euphrastes* did before him fall.

4.

Whai fore long tyme she morn'd she sigh't she plaind  
At last she send (when for reuenge she cries)  
For *Arebo* a visarde (who sustain'd  
And brought her vp in youthe) with him t'aduyse  
Whoes airt his wit his will to ill entys'de  
Ay ill he wrought ill vsde and ill deuy'sde.

5.

He told her that the Prince *Penardo* was  
So braue a knight whom heaune so muche did fauour  
All slights all straits all daunger could he pas  
Except he chane'd but sword or armis to wauer  
In chantment strong his vertue still commands  
If mou'd to wraith whole armeis he withitands.

6.

Whoes might be then had brought to end (he said)  
The fairest rarest wonderfulest warke  
That ere be force of magick airt was maid  
Yet he the wished end shall not remark  
For that shall be vnsein vnfun'd vknowne  
Till tyme place fates and fortune leaue to frowne.

Wher

OF PENAKDO and LASSA.

7.

Wher for now fits the season for reuenge  
Now fits the tyme to croune thy iust desyre  
Now trauels he throw desert montanes strainge  
From whence my arte shall mak him heir reier  
For *Bramarano* send whoes strength all knowes  
To the that Gyaunt great affectione shewes.

8.

Feild him with shewes and shaddowes of delight  
Whoes valour strength and might so weell is knowen  
If not by him not by the world that Knight  
May be orecum or vanquish or o're throwen  
Yea if he had his armour sword or sheild  
He nor all *Europe* could not win the feild.

9.

Thus did the wiked wisard her entyse  
To act this fals deceat and crewell flight  
Which was perform'd eune as he did denyse  
And *Bramarano* brought was to the fight  
Whoes furie strength and might so knowne by fame  
That all those kingdomes trembled at his name.

10.

Thus *Arebo* and wicked feind hade sent  
(In shape of Mayde) with whom o're that fair stream  
Of *Danubie*, the Prince *Penardo* went  
Not doubting ill deceat disg'raec nor shame  
But in her louelic looks deceat did loure  
So Serpents lurck amidst the fairest floure.

Mij

When

# THE HISTORIE

II.

When ouer *Danubius* the Prince was gone  
With this foule feind this ladie and this guyde  
Such will hast, zeal, and such desyre alone  
He had that fast he on his iourney hy'd  
Ah happie Prince had it bene know'ne to the.  
Who train'd the, brought the bure the compaine.

12.

In fals report no credit nor no hope  
They wold haue had nor haue beleed deceat  
But mightie *Ioue* who gaue thy rains the skoipe  
His Angell send for to preferue thy stait  
Els furies feinds ghostes Spreits & fairies all  
Had brought shame death & euerlasting fall.

13.

Guydit by hell altho preferud by heaun's  
At last *Phileas* palace he espyde  
Vpon a rock heighe built wer castells seauas  
Below a murmuring riuer softlie glyd  
Ore whiche the rock with rugged arms furth lay  
Threatning his fall her speedie course to slay.

14.

Thrie quarters of this rock the riuer folds  
And in her asure armes it rude ye tak  
A nouie plaine thrusts in betuine which holds  
The streame vnmet whoes roaring billowes braks  
With surges great vpon the landie shoare  
Yet to the rock the plaine a passage boire.

The

# OF PENARDO and LAISSA

15.

The rugged craiges and clifts that seem'd thus brok  
Was cled with tries with hearb's with flours with graffe  
Which garland wayes bedect'd the mightie rok  
*Pyns Cedars Oaks Palms Eshes Firs Embrase* (sheds  
The streame below wheire, Caues, walks, groaues, and  
Erects to *Venus* chambers galries beds.

16.

The Prince with great delight walkd throw the same  
At last his ey sight lady sayes Sir Knight  
On top of yonder rok abyds my dame  
From whence you must releas her by youre might  
The gyant by the way will you assail  
No longer must I stay for fear farweall.

17.

And with the word she glyd's throw shaiples aer  
He gaz'd about to sie wher she was gone  
But nought he seis yet nothing could he fear  
But for ward still he goes and goes alone  
By *Arebo* at last the Prince was knowen  
And to *Pholena* from heighe turrets showne.

18.

Then from her springs of tears bright flames furth shyn'd  
Wher rage reuenge mischeif wraith anger bud  
With sorow care, woe, greif and saidnes pyn'd  
Wyldlie she gaz'd with rolling eyes as wode  
Now *Bramaran* with tears and grones she mou'd  
She sigh'd she murn'd she plain'd she pray'd she prou'd

M iij

She

## THE HISTORIE

19.

She mou'd him prou'd him wisht him tak reuenge  
Of that fearee crewel proud disdainfull Knight  
Which if he did she promiseit to exchange  
Her self for guerdone of his strenth & might  
Her croune her wealth her kingdome al efford  
All should be his & he should be her Lord.

20.

As he who gaizeth one the Sune is seine  
To haue a weake a dimm and daizied sight  
So blindit was the gyants hungrie cyne  
Who all this tyme fed on her beautie bright  
Feir not Madame (quod he) be heaune I sweie  
His bodie frome his cursed head to tear.

21.

His looks from loue now chang'd to wraith & ire  
Soone was he arm'd and soone to battel dight  
Doun from the rok he goes with great desyre  
To fecht to vanquish and to slay the Knight  
So does a falcone soaring in the skye  
Haist doun when as his prey he does espy.

22.

By this the Prince was come the rock hard by  
Winds birds and streams thrie pairs sang in his care  
When he that mightie g'yant did espy  
Lyk Typhon that appeald the gods to weare  
Nor had the Prince sword sheild nor armour strong  
But choos'd a club the sturdie Oaks among.

Which

● F P E N A R D O and L A I S S A

23.

Wheirwith he march'd against his mightie foe  
Whoes throat send furth a hoarse confused sound  
So buls and lyons roir to fecht that goe  
Ah Gods quod he this simple man confound  
Who naiked bear but armour sword or sheild  
Dars fecht or look or meit me in the feild.

24.

Ceas quod the Prince thy threats and babling tounge  
Use now thy sword thy hand thy strength thy might  
So pleas the heauns ile mak the know er long  
T'about thy pryde God has ordain'd a Knight  
Then do thy worst or best or what thou may  
Heauns be my hope my strength & thy decay.

25.

No longer could feirce *Bramarano* stay  
Foame from his mouth fyre sparkled from his eyes  
Thy spytfull cursed head (quod he) ile lay  
In fair *Philenas* lape for thy defyes  
This sayd together flew the champions bold  
Their battell strainge rare woundrous to behold.

26.

*Penardo* was of bodie great and strong  
Quick nimble actiue reddie sharpe and light  
The gyant lyk a tou<sup>r</sup> as great as long  
It seem'd if he but fell vpon the Knight  
That he woid crush his bones to peeces small  
So Serpents fecht with *Elephants* more tal,

*Penardo*

## THE HISTORIE

27

*Penardo* eye his hand his fute goes right  
He nimble shuns the gyants mightie blocs  
The Gyants spends his force in vaine, to light  
And reddie was the Prince who alwayes goes  
Trauerſing heir and their and oft at neid  
Stricks wards retereis turns And aſſails with ſpeid

28,

Thus long in equall ballance ſtoode the feild  
But ſarr vnequall in their armes they fall  
The Gyant arm'd with maſs arm's ſword and ſheild  
*Penardo* hade no armes ſword, ſheild at all  
While thus they ſtryue to win ſtout hardy bold  
*Philena* from her tour did them behold,

29,

Long gaizd ſhe thus and long ſhe lookt thairone  
At laſt ſhe ſaid vnto the wiſard old  
Sure wer thy words and ſure yone Knight alone  
If arm'd gainſt mightie armes might be bold  
It fears me now and ſure I dreid his ſtrengthe  
Shall vnreucng'd my vengeance work at lengthe,

30,

This ſayde the dame for that ſhe felt her hairs  
From raige reuenge and vengeance to Relent  
Raige myld became and vengeance did conuert  
To pitie, then did crueltie repent  
Of ill the ſourſe dryd vp the ſpring did ceaſe  
What diſcord iſt that loue can not apaife,

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

31.

But *Arebo* (who had her words mistane)  
Sayd: Noe Madame I fear our hope shall chainge  
If he yone weapine from the Gyant gaine  
In vaine our toyle in vaine our wish'd reuenge  
Wherefore me thinks it best thus to preuent  
Thy Gyants death his lyfe your discontent.

32.

In matcheles *Macedone* their regnes a Queene  
To *Geraldinus* sole and onely Heyre  
At whoes sad birth the *Destanies* wer seine  
T'ordaine her fate strange wondrousfull and rair  
*Clorbo* ordaind of all the earth alone  
She should be fair and equall ynto none,

33.

Nixt *Lachesis* ordaind and did protest  
She should be loud of all that vew'd her face  
And *Atrepe* made her spotles pure and chaste  
Tho loud of all she nere should loue embrace  
O beautie rair O chastitie, O loue  
O woundre vertues thrie, thrie vyces proue,

34.

For still her beautie praise augments her pryde  
The loue of all her heighe disdaind still feids  
Pryd and disdaind the ornaments does hyde  
That from her spotles chastitie proceids  
Nor meik nor myld nor humble is her mynde  
Non she regards non can her fauour fynde,

Thus

## THE HISTORIE

35.

Thus manie thousands loues and dies for loue  
And thousands loues and liues a deing lyfe  
And thousands mo (that dar not fortune proue)  
Sum kills them self sum kild by Riuals stryfe  
Loue breids confusioun warre blood discord death  
Al loues few liues and none withstands her wraith.

36.

She conquers all and yet her gaine is losse  
When she has vanquisht all she wins but shame  
There she ore cum's these breids her greatest croce  
This crewell Queene *Olindo* heght to name  
Whom by my arte ile mak this Knight to sic,  
Her shall he loue and louing her shall die.

37.

But fair *Philenas* ferce reuenge or now  
Was overcome with pitie myldnes loue  
Sighes grones and tears wer all that she could dow  
True signes wherby we true repentance proue  
At last she sayd shall he depart ah no  
Ile haue his cursed haint before he goe.

38.

For if stout *Bramarou* he chance to kill  
Eune heir will I inuit him for to rest  
Then fits the tyme then must I work my will  
Then to my wishe shall my reuenge be best  
Loath wold I be that any should bereaue  
The lyfe I should I wold and I must haue,

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

39.

This spak the Dame all that her heirs still weining  
That she decreit by death to work his smart  
But subtile wemens words hes double meaning  
Each blow that he receaues lights on her hair  
Oft lookd she doune oft victorie she prayd him  
And with her looks her hair flies furthe to ayd him.

40.

And all this tyme still equall stood the fight  
The gyants bloes could neuer do him harme  
He was so agill nimble quick and light  
At last he lighted on the Gyants ayme  
Wher his left shoulder band it to his back  
Which with his club lyke *Hercules* he brack.

41.

Wheir at proud *Bramarano* raiging more  
Curd all the Gods and curd heighe he auns about  
In vaine his blowes in vaine his masse he boir  
In vaine his force his strength his might to proue  
Wheirfore in raige his masse away he slong  
And drawes a curtlay keine sharpe heauie long.

42.

Wheir with he fearfull did assaile the Prence  
Vniring force strength furie raige and wraith  
Now gainst his thundring blowes was no defence  
He geues not Prince *Penardo* leaue to braith  
For now his club was no defence at al  
The Gyant cuts the same in peices smal

Nere

## THE HISTORIE

43.

Nere was the Prince in daunger vntill now  
Now lytle could his lightnes him defend  
He geues him wound on wound and blow on blow  
Wheirfrom the blood in purple streams descend  
So does a fontane made with arte and cunning  
His streams in sundre oppin paites furth running

44.

Greates shouts and clamours from the castell came  
Wheirwith that wicked crew expresse their ioye  
But cheiflie *Arebo* who sayde Madame  
Our skill our wit our flight no more employ  
Ours is the day the feight the victorie  
His be the fall the wrak the in famie.

45.

Ah quod the Queene it much torments my mynd  
That *Bramarano* liues if he should die  
My loue my self my mariage I alsyng'd  
To him and deathe (ye know) it wer to me  
Him for to wed which he wil haue perforce  
Ah deir reuenge ah lait too lait remorse,

46.

Ah heauns I wishe yone crewel Knight alyue  
Till my reuenge my self should vndertake  
If he the Gyaunt of his lyfe depriue  
Eune him my thrall and bund slaue wold I mak  
No more for greif and sorow could she say  
Her tears her sighes her grones the rest bewray.

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

47.

But she disguysd her loue with shoves of hate  
Altho for loue she tremble pant and quaike  
These words againe did to her self repeat  
Eune him my thrall and bond slaue wold I make  
But o sweet loue should be his prisone good  
My airms should be his bands my lips his foode.

48.

And thus did she this doubtfull feght attend  
With torment fear care sorow greif and paine  
For eue drop of blood the Prince did spend  
Her haitt a sighe her eyes a teare furth straine  
Still when the Gyant stricks she starts she cryes  
The wounds impressioun in her bosome lyes.

49.

Amazement greif and sorow mixt with dout  
Her change of hewes her thoughts confusioun shoves  
Cold was her blood within but hote without  
Trew witnes that her haitt her torment knowes  
Now reid now paile now pale now reid agane  
Her loue bred fear fear greif & greif bred paine.

50.

Hard was the flait wheirin *Penardo* stood  
His club now gone long deip and wyde each wound  
From whence flow'd riuers of his purple blood  
Which dyed in sanguine all the floure ground  
With weknes now he wearies and he fainte  
His agill leaps and nimble quicknes wants.

Of

## THE HISTORYE

51.

Oft fought he with the gyant for to close  
A' tho his wounds his strength & lyfe did waiste  
But all in vaine his trauell did he loose  
Such was the gyants wraith his raige his haist  
That him now heir now their now out now in  
He forced about the field for to rine.

52.

At last he stumbled on the yrone masse  
Whereof as then great neid great help he fand  
That he it got the Prince right ioyfull was  
Now strength renew'd into his strengthles hand  
Reuenge bred ire wraith furie raige and might  
Wherewith againe he did renew the fight.

53.

Fierlie he faught but feble was his strengthe  
His might his sight his cunnige all was gone  
And onlie wrath manteind the feght at lengthe  
The gyaunt breathles brusd with blowes alone  
At last each one so neir to vther drew  
That breist to breist and airme to airme they threw.

54.

Blood moud the Prence a dreid reuenge to tak  
Shame moud the werie Gyaunt vnto wraith  
Shame gainst reuenge reuenge gainst shame does wrake  
Their ire their will their veangeaunce vnto deathe  
Thryce stroaue the gyaunt in his armes to fold  
The Prince, but his left airme refusd his hold.

Which

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

55.

Which great eduantage did the Prince espy  
And in his armes the gyant stronglie greips  
Whill both their feble forces thus they try  
Sad night with sable wings their deids eclips  
Whill as her daughter darknes their resorts  
To guyde the gyaunts soule to *Plures* port's.

56.

Thryce gir't the Prince the Gyant in his armes  
And thryce againe he's forc'd to let him go  
With deip and deidlie wounds the gyant harm's  
The back the leggs the theighs of his strong foe  
By on vnarm'd so ouercum to be  
He loath'd he scorn'd and he disdain'd to die

57.

Thus strugling long at last to ground they pas  
Of fallis the Gyants helme the Prince up flies  
And quicklie with that mightie irone masse  
Beats furth his brains & with his brains his eyes  
Thus bold disdainfull fearec prow'd full of wraith  
He yeelds his soule to hell his lyfe to death.

58.

The Prince gaue *Ioue* his prase his thanks his right  
But yet this bluddie conquest hade so muche  
Febled his strenght his ualour & his might  
Tyrd wer his trembling legges his waiknes suche  
He falls at last no differ could ye kno  
Betwixt the victor and his vanquish't foe.

N

The

# THE HISTORIE

59.

The Queene *Philena* fair (who all this while  
Hade weel remark'd the valour of the Prince)  
Cheird vp her wofull looks and with a smile  
She haisted doune to bring *Pénardo* thence  
Whom when she saw ly pale cold bloodles dead  
She grou'nd she sigh'd she sank doune at his head,

60.

This sight amaz'd her seruants much but more  
It troubled *Arebo* the trueth to fynde  
At last his science airt and magik loir  
Reueild to him the secreit of her mynd  
Wherefore with cair greif sorow wo & wounder  
He fear's least deathe part lyfe & loue assunder.

61.

Althoe eun'e to the deathe he haits the Prince,  
Yet for *Philenas* cause for him did cair  
And foflie caus'd them bo: he be caried thence  
Vp to the rock and lay'd in chambers fair  
Where soone he brought by skill arte craft ingyne  
His lyfe his senses and releif from pyn.

62.

When lyfe o're death hade got the uictorie  
And fere *Philena* hade reuiud againe  
Loue stroae with shame and shame with in famie  
And in famie reuiu'd what loue had flaine  
But shame reuenge hait in famie and all  
At last by lout was foght foyld bund in thral.

Wherefore

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

63.

Wherefore these words she sadlie did rehearse  
O lawles Love imperious proud and cre well  
Vniust vnteamd vnconquerd strong & fierce  
O thou of goode and bad effects the fewall  
Thou moues mischeif shame dath warr woe despiht  
And freindschip true true ioy & true delight.

64.

And thus thou art! More wold ye dame haue sayde  
But Arebo she seis who did remoue  
The Ladies all when she on bed was layde  
His cure his spells and mightie charm'e to proue  
She that her self bewray'd might now behold  
Discoured al, reueild all al she told.

65.

So does a traitistie Traitor to a King  
Who with his fellowes has conspyrd his death  
But fearing once discouerie of the thing  
Repentance faynes in looks in words in breath  
Discouering all their curs'd, malicious treason  
And still him self condemn's him self with reason.

66.

When Arebo had harde the taill she told  
Still interrup't with grones with sighes with tear's  
His haire inclynd to crueltie he wold  
And could haue bene content to stope his eares  
But that the loue he bore vnto the Dame  
Stop'd vp his wraith and quenst'd his furies flamme.  
Nij                      Wherefore

# THE HISTORIE

67.

Wherefor this much he promiseit her at lenthe  
That he so weell his phislik wold apply  
Hi healt he his vigour beaultie blood & strenth  
Should to his senewes vaine & arteins flie  
Which in few dayes he hade performed so  
The Prince began to ryse to walk to goe.

68.

Whom to *Philena* eue ie day repairs  
Her cheifest pleasure was, to dres each wound  
Her snow whyte hand she daintelie repairs  
To dight to dry to dres to rype the ground  
Loue smyld to sie his nourish thus allurde  
O happie man so drest so heald so cuerde

69.

And whill she tuich'd his soft & snow white kin  
Which heir and their was staine with purple blood  
Tears frome her eyes lyk liquid pearle down rinne  
And on his kin oft trembled rold & stood  
To plead for their fair dame & seem'd to moue  
His hait to yeeld to pitie or to loue.

70.

Some tyme she ey'd his fair and louelye face  
His goldin locks his quick sweet smyling eyes  
His weell proportion'd limms & eurye place  
She still remarks still feids on what she seis  
She looks she vewes admir's & still she gaizerb,  
And frome each part a wound her loue incresem

Wesell

OF PENAKDO and LASSA?

71.

Weell might the Prince behold her passions strong  
Yet seemd he nought to know or not allow  
Least by denyall he should do her wrong  
Whoes marriall mynd to loue could neuer bow  
Yet courteslie her profer'd pains with stands  
Which for vnkyndnes she tak's at his hand's

72.

Oft by her looks yet would she mak him know  
The passionne that torments her inwart mynd  
Oft by her prettie speeches would she show  
She caird not muche altho he wold be kynd  
And often be similituds would proue  
How farr her Sex exceedeth his in loue.

73.

But nether speeche similituds nor looks  
Could mak him quick or capable at all  
He could not see those baits, allurements hook's  
Or seing would not see nor heare their call  
Stil *Mars* his Sogeour he him self had sworne  
For *Cupid* he was nather bred nor borne.

74.

Yet fair *Philena* could not leaue to loue  
With new conceats new toyes & questions new  
Which in ane vthers persone she wold proue  
By parables his fantasie to subdue  
But seing nother this nor that could moue him  
With sighes and tear's she told him she did loue him.  
Nij Wheir at

# THE HISTORIE

75.

Whereat he stood long silent and amazed  
At last resolud to tak it but in skorne  
He sayd Madame i'me glade yow so ar pleas'd  
To tak your pastyme of a wretche for lorne  
Whoe birth whoes merit and whoes poore estate  
Your basest hand mayde wold not chuse for mate.

76.

By this his simple answer weel she knew  
He knew her loue her passion and her mynde  
Whereat she sham'd & chang'd to vermeil hew  
Sham brought in wraith, wraith sweir he was vnkyn'd  
Wraith brings in haite in haite away she flong  
And whill she flies disdain chac'd loue along.

77.

*Penarbo* left in chamber now alone  
Repents him of his answer rashlie sayde  
Ah now *Phileas* had yow knowne his mone  
And seie the grones, the sighes, ye tears he shade  
Once more thy cruell mynd had now re'ented  
And thy mischicif new bred had new repented.

78.

But heau'n's deny'd his pace and her content  
So prone and bent her mynd was to mischeefe  
Who now with *Arebo* has geuen consent  
To end his dayes and with his dayes her greefe  
In throw a priuie polterne they should creep  
And in his bed should murder him a sleep.

When

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

79.

When bright *Apollo* sank down vnder ground  
And *Night* look'd vp with manie thousand eyes;  
*Penardo* in his bed was sleeping sound  
Ane Angell bright discend from heaune he fies  
Who sayd vp vp heighe *Ioue* commands ye flie  
Flie then in haist for if yow stay thowle die.

80.

Then he awaks and leaps vnto the flure  
His birning eyes rold staired & gaizd about  
At first he could not think him self secure  
To go from thence or stay such was his dout  
Not that he feard whole armies their to fynd  
But cald *Philenas* restless fute to mynd

81.

Whill dimme weak hale and feble *Cynthia* shyne  
Her borrowed light she lends to arme ye Prince  
With armour bright riche costlie rair and fyne  
And with a sword & sheild for his defence  
Which fair *Philena* gaue him long ago  
And with them would haue geu'ne her self also.

82.

Be chance then to ye dure he did repair  
Which to receaue the murtherers oppin stooode  
And doune a black deip dark and hollow stair  
Which seem'd to lead to hell and *Leches* floode  
At last benethe the rock wheir waters glyde  
Furthe their he come doune be the Riuer's syde,

N iiii

And

# THE HISTORIE

83.

And thus along the river syde he goes (knowne  
Throw rockes craigs tries woods groues and paths va-  
In silence of the night whill *Cynthia* shes  
Her pale weak pure cleir syluer Beam's futh throwne  
Throw glomic aer tuixt clouds youth *Zephyre* brings  
Vpone his soaring swift & loftic wings.

## Caput. XV.

### Argument.

*The Murderers mis their fals intent  
Alone Penardo flies  
He on the banks of Theissa fair  
The Heyre of Hung'ry seis  
By Argalantes rest away  
He kills him brings her thence  
Hefoys Lord Doreo in her sight  
Shes's amrous of the Prince.*

**G**reat harme ensue by ouer great desyre  
O vaine desyre ridiculous and ill  
That birnes the mynd & setts tbe haire on fyre  
From the proceids wode furious fraintik uil  
A groundles deip of ill if ill abuse  
Diuerse inconstant infinit confusde

Vnatural

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

2.

Vnnaturall desyres heighe heauens offend  
And appetits immoderat and vaine  
As birning lust but limits bounde or end  
A sink of sin a gulfe a sea a maine  
Which drawes the soule from heaunlie contemplatione  
And beastlie bruttshie maks her operatione,

3.

Yea who soere or what soere they be  
Suffring them selfs with lust for to be led  
They ar no more them selfs, no more ar frie  
Nor from no trauell paine and labor freed,  
For their desyre a thousand wayes they vse  
Nor for it thousand torments will refuse,

4.

Their bodie not refusing thousand pains  
So they obtain their pleasure their desyre  
Into their mynd a thousand heils remains  
In quenshing (thought vnquenshable) their fyre  
And their desyre their fyre incressing still  
Turns furie seiks for death if want of will.

5.

Suche furie in *Phileas* fals abyds  
Who birnes in fyre of sensuall delight  
Wanting her will and her desyre prouyds  
In furie for to murder this her Knight  
Not loue of him but lust in her remaind  
And therefore crewell death becaus restrained,

F

## THE HISTORIE

6.

For presentlie no sooner was he gone  
When sextein Knights arry'd in armour cled  
And throw that secret passage goes anone  
With cleir sharpe swords about the Prince his bed  
The which if mightie *Ioue* had not forsein  
Their had he died their had he murdre'd beine.

7.

But he whom heaun's preferud for better hape  
Did restles on his longsum iourney wend  
Till *Tytan* thryce in *Tbetis* watie lap  
Had dy'd and thryce his spherick course did end  
When he vpon the banks of *Teissa* fair  
Lay doune and ends his wearie iorney their.

8.

This *Teissa* is a fair and pleasant floode  
Which *Hungaries* east bordour-rins a longe  
Neir to that montanes seuine heighe hoarie rude  
Which *Transylvania* fortifie right strong  
Heir rests the Prince all night & feids his mynd  
With conquest praille and glorie brought from *Iada*

9.

And wheir he lay the riuer from a rock  
Pour'd doune his pure cleir syluer streams in stoir  
Which on the peble channell softlie brok  
Throw hollow concaues of the crooked shoir  
Whoes ghostlie roars maks all the craigs toing  
Whill tries birds winds with sweet reports does sing.  
Whoe,

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

10.

Whoes confort rare of musick sweet and fyne  
Sought him a sleip till bright *Aurora* ryse  
Whoes mantle bright reid whyt & cleir did shyne  
And alter turne and change in azure skyes  
A suddan sound (into his ears that rings  
Awaks the Prince with shouts and murmerings.

11.

He starts a loft and looking round about  
He sees ten Knights come fro a forrest wyde  
Who Captiue led scaune Ladyes in a rout  
Whom with away in greatest hast thay ryde  
He drawes his sword and with his shield he goes  
To wine that prey be valour death and bloes.

12.

One of the ten their passage to mak frie  
Cums farr before and caught his mightie launce  
The which he shuns with hand with fute with eye  
And quicklie did his murdering blade aduance  
Which in the Knights haire bloode he sheathd perforce  
Then took his launce and quicklie man'd his horse.

13.

By this the Ladies and the Knights drew neir  
And swor their fellow should not die for nough  
One moir they send the passage for to cleir  
Whose king for reuenge a vengeance bought  
The Prince eune with his fellowes lance a pairt  
Pearst throw his breist his bodie and his haire,

The

## THE HISTORY

14.

The rest with raige with furie and despight  
The Ladeis daintie hands and feitt had bund  
And taine them fro their horse for feir of flight  
And left them sadlie weeping on the ground  
And in their furie mad for their reuenge  
All with the Prence began a battell strainge.

15.

The Prence who saw the ladies weep and murne  
His ire and wraith was chang'd to pitie myld  
But pitie vnreuegd to raige did turne  
Thus like a lyone angrie scarce and wyld  
His flaming sword he tof'd till they all shoke  
Yet fainting striks and tremble whil they stroke.

16.

The Prince rush throw them with his brand heigh borne  
Death by his tyde at each bloe one to catche  
As lythe curts doune the graine the grasse the corne  
So cut befor him fall they eurye wratche (paine  
Eache bloe a wound catch wound brought death with  
Him self vntiutch'd vnhar'm'd unhurt remaine.

17.

Eune as a montane craige or mightie rock  
Whom raiging seas or blustering winds assaile  
Gainst seas winds stormes & lightning thunder broke  
Still vnremou'd abyds and neuer fail  
So sted fastlye the Prince with stooode their strengthe  
And hurt feld slew or chac'd them all at lengthe.

Not

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

18.

Not one now left his furie to withstand  
His bloodie brand he dights and sheaths it then  
The ladies he would louse bound fute and hand  
Tormented sore with sorow greif and payne  
And she that Mistres seemd of al to be  
Her lows'd the Prence from bands & set her free.

19.

Mistres she was indeid of all the rest  
For comelines for beautie and for grace  
For verteous mynd unstaind pure cleine and chaste  
Meik modest myld and sprung of princelie race  
The feild of loue did modest vertue plow  
And rypt the fructe unpuld as yet that grow.

20.

Her modest blushe her Sane shayne beauties ray  
Her fyrie sparkling light cleir bright and shynning  
Their goldin beams springs furt h in wantone playe  
Streams on the Prence his face whoes eyes refynning  
Hade recolle' & her spredding beams in one  
And throwes them back and burns her haire anone

21.

So bright *Apollo* spreds his beam's o're al  
And sweetlie warms and comforts curye floure  
But in a litle birning glas recal  
His rayes he shows his might his strength his powre  
For that to which before he comfort brought  
He birnes he skortches and consumes to nought.

The

## THE HISTORYE

22.

The Prince admeird the beautie of her face  
She stoode she staid she woundert & she gaiz'd  
Still from his eyes come lightninge furthe a pace  
Which brint her haire dilmayd and much amaiz'd  
For loue of eurye glance and eurye looke  
New weapins forg'd when with her haire he strooke.

23.

Thus flood the dame now pale now reid now wane  
Which weell bewrayde the pafsiones of her haire  
Till floods of tears from her fair eyes doune ranne  
Sighes from her swelling breist vnolds her smaire  
Then loue for mend's did change to cristall ball's  
The syluer globes which from her eyes doune fall's.

24.

And then he throwes at Prince *Penardos* eyes  
Theirwith to hit to wound, or worke his smaire  
But all to weak his chyldishe airme he seis  
To harme the man that hade a *Mars* his haire  
Wherefore he sweir in furie raige and ire  
To set eyes haire and all into a fyre.

25.

An arrow from his quauer furth he drew  
The which by chance did bear a leaddin head  
When of he nothing in his furie knew  
Till in the Princes haire he fixt the lead  
Then *Cupid* blusht & sighd and grond full sore  
Who neuer knew that he was blind before.

An

OF PENARDO and LAISSA;

26,

Ane vther shaft with goldin head he takes  
Wheirwith he wold vndo his wo k ere long  
But all in vaine his trauell now he maks  
For that the vthers poy sone was too strong  
Yet mollesied the force and did him moue  
To pitie her becaus he could not loue;

27

Then weiping throw the aer young *Cupid* flies  
To show vnto his mother his mischance  
The dame who now hade cleird hir wattriceyes  
With modest blushe and smy'ing countenance  
Gauethanks vnto the Prence for his releefe  
When lo appeird more harme & more milchcefe.

28,

For that a mightie Gyant they espyde  
Come from the woode vpon a Cameall strong  
At whoes hudge fearfull sight the ladies cry'd  
O now begins our hell our death ow'r wrong  
But she that was vnbound with smyling cheir  
Sayde thus vnto them all, leaue of your fear;

29,

In this most braue and gallant Knight remains  
Our hope, our confort, Our releefe, our strengthe  
Such vertue grace and valour he retains  
That he must be our tour and sheild at lengthe  
Loue bred her courage that the taill had tolde  
What one so fear'd but loue can mak them bolde.

Such

## THE HISTORIE

30.

Such was her loue altho her loue was new  
Then leaue her secound self she rather die  
The Prince that saw the Gyant neuer drew  
Sayd thus to her fair lady now I lie  
I may not stay the rest for to vnbind  
Wherefore that waik to yow must be assingde.

31.

Go then quod she heauns the preserue from ill  
So smali a work as this may I performe  
He hors'd and took a mightie launce him till  
Then reddie he abyds the furious storme  
The Gyant neir now dead seiscurye Knight  
And cryd ah Gods do I behold this sight,

32.

Trembling with wraith with anger raige and yre  
He gnash'd his teith and shook his head a round  
Out from his eyes flew flamms of sparkling fyre  
And from his throat a hoarce confuted sound  
His braith within his throat his speeches toir  
So bulls and lyones billow feight and roir.

33.

Thus in his madnes furie wraith and haist  
He coucht his mast-lyke launce & furth did runne  
The Prince that hade before his launce in raist  
Lyk haist lyk wil hade lyk desyre to win  
And thus lyke *Pegasus* grosse earth they spair  
And flies lyke thunderbolts throw boxin aer,

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

34.

The Gyaunt brak his launce first on the prince  
Him self not steirt nor hurt nor mou'd at all  
But gainst the Prince his armes wer no defence  
Split was his haire he doune to ground did fall  
With such a noyes & such a thundring sound  
As maks a mightie tour that falls to ground.

35.

Be this the Ladyes of their bonds weresied  
And saw this bloodie monsters fatall end  
Terrour of him and horror of the dead  
Made them to shrink and fearfull looks futh send  
They stood amaizd dismay'd affraid they fainted  
Their timorous haires in their weak bosoms panted.

36.

When to the Dam's the Prince receired back  
Those Ladyes all fall's doune vpon their kneis  
First *Ioue* then him they thank for this kynd act  
With tears lyke pearle that streams from their fair eyes  
They myldlie him be seeche request and pray  
Of pitie mercie grace that he wold stay.

37.

As he hade freed them from that Tyrann strong  
To be their gairde their gyde & their defence  
Against al hazard death mischefe and wrong  
Till they wer saif at home & far from thence  
He lighted doune nor stray'd till they had doone  
But sweetlie mecklie myldlie answer'd soone.

O

First

# THE HISTORIE

38.

First by the hand he raisd them from the ground  
And then he sayde fair Ladyes leaue to mourne  
A gyde a guairde a seruant haue ye found  
Till yow vnto your homes may saif returne  
They thank him praise him ioyes in suche a guyde  
Then tak their horse furthe on their way they ryde

39.

And whill they traueled throw the forrest wyld  
The Prince inquir'd how this mischance befell  
When one of them bothe courtes graue & myld  
With smyl'ing countenance began to tell  
Fair sire (quod she) first kno then what we be  
Whom your great might & valour has made free

40.

This Lady pointing to the Dame whom he  
First low'd from bands (but ty'd in bands of loue)  
*Uindina* heght sole *Heyre* of hungarie  
Her Parents ioy delight and pleasure proue  
And thus your force th'*Vngarian* hope defend  
On her we wait we serue and we attend.

41.

Into this wood oft tym's she muche delights  
To chace the loftie harte and simple hynde  
On her awaits Lords Princes Erl's and Knights  
That loud her prais'd her serud her to her mynd  
Amongst the rest that with the Princes came  
Prince *Dorio* was a Prince of noble fame.

Beuixt

OF PENARDO and LASSA.

42.

Betwixt two famous floods he holds the lands  
*Dravus* the one *Savas* the other heght  
 And *Belgrad* that on fair *Danubius* stand's  
 That mightie toun belongs to him of right  
 This galant Prince shoud wed *Vodina* fair  
 And regne with her as sole & only heyre.

43.

This mightie Gyant whom yow haplie slew  
 The mightie *Argolantes* heght to name  
 Ore *Mista* he regn'd which they may rew  
 He when he hard of fair *Vodinas* fame  
 Send to the King & prouddie him command's  
 To geue his only daughter in his hands,

44.

Whom after he had seene perhaps he wold  
 In mariage tak to be his laughfull wyfe  
 The King disdained his pryde & sute so bold.  
 And him refus'd the which began this stryfe  
 The Gyant swor in pyd disdain & skorne  
 Her wold he haue altho the King had sworne.

45.

Thus with ten Knights he in this kingdome came  
 And skornd with mo this kingdome to subdue  
 Who thought him self sufficient for the same  
 Such was his hope his pryde his valour trew  
 And knowing by his spyalls eury day  
 Of this our pastyme hunting sport and play.

O ij

On

## THE HISTORIE

46.

On vs he come before we was awar  
When heat within our tents made vs reteir  
Our Knights still wandred throw the forrest farr  
Sum heir sum their to bring vs in the Deir  
Except sum on the Princes that attend's  
Whom in short space he brought vnto their ends.

47.

Then vs poore soules he took vnto his pray  
We that could mak no more defence but murn'd  
Vs with his Knights before he send away  
Whil with our Knights he faught that had return'd  
But much it feirs me al our Knights ar slaine  
Heaun's grant that sweet Prince *Dorio* yet remaine.

48.

And this is al fair Syre that I can shoe  
Which but your ayde had beene more tragicall  
And if so pleas yow would the Princes kno  
To whome her thanks should randred be for all  
Since to your aid your valour strength and might  
Our lyfes our selfs and al belongs of right.

49.

Long mus'd the Prince and answer long delay'de  
For oath he was his name should their be known'e  
At last their Princes fair *Vodna* say'de  
Whom al this tyme sadd silence had or'e blowne  
On her new loue her fanfies new she fed  
New thoughts new toyes deuyses new that bred,

If

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

50.

If I presume or should this much be hold  
With Maydens modestie for to dispence  
Eu'ne to your courtasie of whome I hold  
My lyfe I wil bequeath my roode offence  
Whoes woundrous woorth stil *Midas* lyk is such  
Pure gold to mak of drosse if yow bot touch.

51.

Then this my fault this boldnes then forbeir  
Tho for not els yet since I am a Mayde  
For thy blis'd name blis'd natione to enquire  
And that thryce happie soyle wheir yow west bred  
Resolue me this which to thy woorth addis more  
More to my bands more to thy fame thy glaire.

52.

Not so Madame quod he theirs not in me  
That merits from your lips to haue a sound  
Much les a praise yet if their onie be  
Yow ar the source the roote the spring the ground  
From whence that vertue spring bud bear or grow  
Such force haue words if from your lips they flow.

53.

As for my name my natione soyle or bloode  
In *Thesalye* neir *Tempe's* flowing fontanes  
Vpone the banks of fair *Peneas* floode  
Their was I borne betuixt to famous montanes  
That *Ossa* and *Olympus* heght and so  
From then *Pelympus* I, no more, I kne

Ouy

Tho

## THE HISTORIE

63.

Thus whill he spak attentiu was the Mayde  
To his sweet braith and his sweet voices sound  
That peirsd her breast her hai t and all affray'de  
Eache word a dairt eache dairt a crewell wound  
Eache wound by force a deidlie poystone framme  
A seiknes a diseas a quen'shles flame.

55.

And whill she thus to him heir speak delights  
Amid the bushes thik they heir a noyce  
Of horses trampling and of armed Knights  
Whil trembling fear bereft the Ladyes ioyes  
But lo the Prince his sword and sheild prouyds  
And suddanelic wher was, the sound he ryds.

56.

Wher as he seis thrie Knights in armour bright  
And in his wraith inquiryes what they wold haue  
From the those ladyes layd the formeit knight  
First sayd the Prince you their goodwill must craue  
Yes Yes sayd he but for thy fault thy wrong,  
Death thou deserues death you shali haue or long.

57.

Who death so frilie geues & no thing wins  
Perhaps mey serue him self before another  
For charite ay at it self begins  
This said the Prence no answer made the other  
But eache began to thunder on the bloes  
Valour alyk lyk strength lyk courage shoes.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

58.

Yet that which harm'd the Prince *Pinardo* most  
The vther tuo did also him assaill  
But he whoes neuer-deing yalour lost  
No tyme, his deidlie blowes began to daill  
Downe to the breist the one he cleift in tuo  
And heidles left the vther at a bloe,

59.

His first *Apaiiler* feirslie forward ryde  
Tuo mightie bloes he gaue him for his due  
One cleift his sheild the vther pears'd his syde  
And at the thrid his sword in peeces flew  
Whome at on bloe the Prince hade brought to death  
But saw him with out a sword and calm'd his wraith.

60.

But hee that wants a sword did nimblie prease  
To greip the Prince and bring him from his horse  
Which he refuses not bot with a treace  
Him in his mightie armes he strains by force  
He beirs him to *Vodina* him presented  
Who all this tyme the battel soir lamented.

61.

Yet knew she not those other Knights at all  
Loue hade her eyes so fix't vpon the Prince  
The other Dams fled fear'd & fanting fall  
But loue stout hardy bold was her defence  
And when the Prince presents to her the Knight  
Ah stay quod she thy hand wraith ire and might.

O iiiij

Ho

# THE HISTORIE

62.

He is my freind and come to find me out  
And to releue me from the Gyants thrall  
Prince *Doreo* he heght strong hardie stout  
Then my offence my wronge my fault & all  
Quod he deserueth death ah haist I blame  
Haist cause of murning death repentance shame.

63.

Prince *Doreo* stil amaizd dum sensles stooode  
Loue and regaird stroaue with disgrace wraith shame  
Wraith bad reuenge reuenge the others bloode  
Shame bad reuenge disgrace, loue sayd the same  
Dismay'd, amaiz'd, he staid & gaiz'd about  
At last *Vodina* thus recald him out.

64.

Amaizment *Dorio* leane and leane to dreame  
Thank now this Knight whoes valour courage strenthe  
Preferu'd my lyfe my honor and my fame  
The Gyaunt and his knights chastiz'd at length  
Whome to disgrace to death to shame he send  
Thus he began what non but he could end.

65.

Loue jealousie disdain hade kenedled fyre  
Of wraith to heir his Mistres praise his foe  
Yet cunninglie he smuddert in his ire  
Till tyme place fate and fortune fauor sho  
Then quicklie turning to the victor Knight  
Thus sayde he fyre I shame not by thy might.

To

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

66.

To peere cum, since fates hes the ordaind  
Most happie and most fortunat of all  
Nather do I accout my valour staind  
Since *Fortune* the her Champione does call  
Thryce happie thou and famous thryce for why  
Thow art *Vednas* freend hir Scruid I.

67.

Be these his laittest words the Prince weell knew  
Loue was the only passione of his mynd  
Wheirat within him self he smyld yit shew  
Great courtesie for these his prayses kynd  
Nor did he loue nor feard he Riuals spoyle  
Such proud ambitione in his breist did boyle.

68.

Then fordward on their way they still proceed  
Till they orerack the Ladyes that wer fled  
Whom heir and their in bushes hid for dreid  
They find half dead with fear and terror led  
Yet all with fair *Vodina* ford wart pas  
To *Buda* wheir the King her father was,

69.

At last *Apollo* in the west discendit  
And chang'd heauns goldin smyls to azure hew  
When as their iorney with his course was endit  
*Budas* heighe tours they look they sic they vew  
Whoes glistring splendor fyrie lightnings throwes  
Throughe glomic heauns so shynning *Cynthia* shoes;  
Thus

# THE HISTORIE

70.

Thus neir to fair *Danubius* they drew  
 Meane while swift fame had tydings borne of all  
 How that strainge Knight scarce *Argalantes* slew  
 And sau'd *Vodinus* shame disgrace and fall  
 Then from his kingly throne her father raise  
 And come to geue him honor thanks and praise.

71.

They pass that famous flood whos syluer streame  
 Disioyns tuo cities staitlie riche and fair  
*Buda* the one *Pesth* is the others name  
 That on his banks heaune-threatening tops vprair  
 Lift vp from earth as if in skyes they stode  
 To vew their glancing beauties in the flood e.]

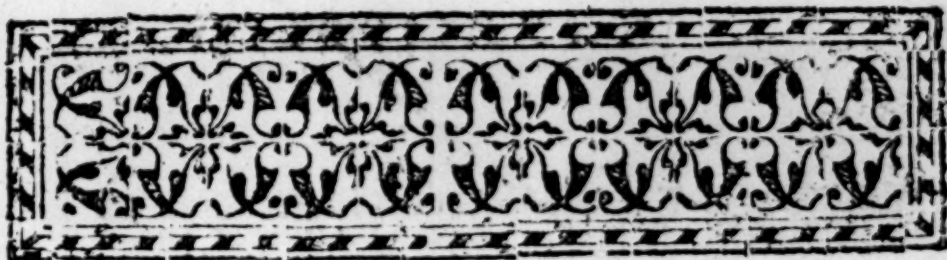
72.

Arry'd wheir as the King did them abyde  
*Vodina* kneild before her royall Syre  
 And told him that braue Knight kneild by her syde  
 That sau'd her lyif his honour croune empyre  
 Them list'd vp betuixt his armes the Roy  
 Both them he kist and both embracd for ioy.

73.

H'is led betuixt *Vodina* and the King  
 Vnto their court proud staitlie riche and fair  
 Still praises new, new thanks new honors bring  
 Due for his woorth and happie fortunes rair  
 And eurye day wer new triumphs deuysd  
 That him to pleasur ioy delight entysd.

Caput



## Caput. XVI.

### Argument,

**V**odina shooes her loue but He  
Fayning base birth refusde  
She kills her self and Doria him  
As Murderer accusde  
From prisone long hes brought at last  
To burne, But heauns Reuenger  
A stranger sends that him redeems  
And he Redcems the Stranger.

I.

**W**Hill Prince Penardo heir vnknowne abyds  
Vnder the title of Pelympus still  
Inconstant fortune all her fauor hyds  
And turns her smylls to frouns her good to ill  
O wordlie pomp: O glorie vane: O fame  
A waisting lampe A shaddow and A dreame,

2.

Long stayt he heir lou'd prais't admeird of all  
Of Dorio disdain'd invy'd and feard  
But poore Vodinas feidle was made thrall  
By Tyane loue loue sow'd loue reapt loue ear'd  
All place to her was loathsum day and night  
Except the braue Lolympus wer in sight,

And

## THE HISTORIE

3.

And whil she wakes his sight her loue augment  
But oft in sleip sad visions frights her mynd  
In sleep he sad and frowning him presents  
Vnthankfull coy disdainfull proud vnkynd  
And death in thousand formes he shoves in hate  
The presage true of her ensueing fate.

4.

When she awaks she calls him too vnkynd  
Tears drioue her eyes, and sighes o'reflowe her haire  
Yet oft she wisht that he had knowne her mynd,  
Loue bids her use some meins loue to impart:  
But shame forbids her modesty to pas  
TuiX Loue and shame a crewell warre their was,

5.

Shame sayes a simple Virgine and a Mayde  
Should chaste'ise loue and modestlye desire  
And of audacious words should be asfrayde  
From loue propon'd should shune & thence retyre  
For Mayds that heir & forts that partly lowd  
Mak both the louer & the foe grow prow'd.

6.

Much more if thou propone will he disdain  
Thy wanton formes and thy immodest loue  
The glorious name of Virgins shall thou stain  
And Maydin hoode a heauie load shall prone  
Loue by refusall lues but profert dyes  
A woman conqueres loue when loue she flies

But

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

7.

But Loue beguyl'd bothe Modestie and shame  
And thus he sayd, *A woman thou must be*  
*O see thou not what stains a womans Name*  
*No thing so much as Haite and Cruelty*  
*Nature hath fram'd a womans haire to yeeld*  
*And Courtesie and loue to win the feeld,*

8.

Sure he wold speek if he wer once assurde  
Of such a Princes fauor as thine owne  
His birthe too base thy matche to haue procurde  
Or els long since his fansie hade yow knowne  
Tho base of birthe he beirs a Monarchs mynd  
Then do but speek or look and He'll be kynd.

9.

What if some new occasiōe call him hence?  
Then shall some other Princes win his haire  
May thou not once with modestie dispence  
Befor thy loue and lyfe be death should smaire  
If health loue ease & pleasur stayeth still  
Vpon a word they'r fools that wants their will,

10.

What also if thy father the constrain  
Prince Doreo to wed against thy will  
For with a nother doth thy Haire remane  
Altho before thou gaue consent theirtill  
Pelympus o Pelympus onlie He  
The sight of Doreo mer but death to ye,

Haire

## THE HISTORIE

11.

Haist then to tell Pelympus that thow loues  
Els he goes hence and Doreo shall the wed  
But o what if the Knight disdainfull proues  
O he wil not disdaine a Princes bed  
Altho thy beautie could not moue his mynd  
Yet will the crowne of Hungare mak him kynd.

12.

Thus on new Hope begyld with loue she fed  
Resolueing once for to vsfold her mynd  
Thus argued she thus thought she in her bed  
Whill Cynthia pale wan and dimlie shynd  
At last heauns gett aboue the easterne streams  
Oppins and day shoots furth his syluer beams.

13.

With heauns bright syluer hew the Dame op rose  
When Phæbus beams did guild heaune earth and sea  
She in a gardine did her self repose  
Alone saue loue that boire her companie  
She thence her dames and Ladies all hade sent  
Till on loues altar she pour'd furth her plaint.

14.

Then to ane quyet arbor she reteird  
Wher long she murn'd she sighd she plain'd she prayde  
She honord loue, loue prais'd and loue admeird,  
For wher abyds true loue but in a mayde:  
Of she complaind that loue hade done her wrong  
At last she took her Lute and thus she song.

The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

15.

The senses smaik benowd with Winters cold  
With storme with frost with haill with snow with raine  
If her for pitie one inbrest should hold  
Till cherisht lyfe with heat returze againe  
Then strength and lyfe and Nature makes her bold  
To reauē the lyfe that did her lyfe obtaine  
Of loue this is the true similitude  
O loue the partrat of ingratitude.

16.

When thou was dead in winters of disdain  
And perisht quyt in dark obliuions flood  
I cherisht the with trauell cair and paine  
And thy sad death my fyrie smylls with stooode  
But when my breist by heat did lyfe obtaine  
Thou stinged my haire and made my bosome bleid  
Ah loue how can a simple mayde offend  
That this her loue should bring her lyfe to end.

17.

Loue brings dispaire dispaire brings death & hell  
Some say that musick oft proud loue withstooode  
But o how can thy haire in pleasure seall  
When a s thy verie soule is dround in blood  
Tet pray perhaps thy pray'r mey loue compell  
But medit at ioue is of pray're the foode  
And crewell loue by meditation liues  
Then enry thing Pelympus deir reuiues

18.

Thus whill she playes thus whill she sweetly sings  
Throw emptie aer the Queir of burds dounc flye  
And spred a round their soft and daintye wings  
To shrow'd her whill she strains her nots on lye  
And when they heir her voyce her sound her noyes  
Lyk hands they clap their wings in signe of ioyes.  
When

## THE HISTORIE

19

When she had doone about her heire and their  
Some saye her song and strain her tender throts  
Some laurell leaues and myrtles sweet prepair  
In their sharpe beiks and then with merrie notes  
Vpon her head they lett the leaues down fall  
And seem to crown the *Virgine* their with all.

20.

Others wold sitt and from their throats forth send  
A wofull fund that seemd to moue the skyes  
To pitie her sad death and wofull end  
Whil as the birds would straine such doolfull cryes  
As who would say ah loue ah beautie murne  
For her whoes death your day to night does turne.

21.

But all this tyme she mus'd vpon her loue  
Her loue her ioy her pleasure her delight  
*Pelympus* braue whoes deids did matchles proue  
Non liue'd lyke him in valour strength and might  
Who walkt abroad that day to tak the air  
Whill fate heaune chace & fortune brought him thair

22.

She seis him come throw bushes leaues and wands  
Then lyk a mabre image vp she stooode  
The Lute falls doune betuixt her snow white hands  
And her fair eyes pow'r furth a syluer floode  
Lyk deaw on roses whyt and reid that falls  
Or syluer globs or pearle or cristall balis.

To

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

23.

To wake her frome this dumpe he taks her hand  
And whill he touch'd she trembled quakd & shook  
Now reid for shame then pale for fear she fand  
How her fant hart his wounted rourne forsooke  
And vpwart fled frome paine w<sup>o</sup> greif despight  
True signes of suddane loue or sad afright.

24.

At last the Prince her silence thus remoues  
Some saye that musick does the mynd delight  
But lo Madame in yow the contrare proues  
Quod she in hell death horror and despight  
Who liues melodious sounds at harmefull still  
And still augments but ne're remeids their ill.

25.

To the perhaps my words may seame vn faitt  
For bashful Mayd's or simple Virgins pure  
And not agreeing with my heighe estair  
To sue for grace whene I should leiuē secure  
But o quod she if I indecent proue  
Not I but shameles tyrancizing loue.

26.

The ravening wolf, the simple lamb did catche,  
Whom on he thought to fill, to feid, to prey,  
When lo the princelie lyone did him wakche,  
First him he slew, then brought the lamb away,  
Tho once from death he did the lamb releefe,  
Afar more crewel death he did it geue,

P

This

## THE HISTORIE

27.

This wolf was *Argalantes*, I the lambe,  
And thow the princelie lyone made me fre  
When lo thyne eyes more crewell bands' did framme  
And band and chain'd and link't my hairt to the,  
Ah deir *Pelympus*, deir, too deir, it feares me,  
Loue shame, fear, hait, in thousand peices tears me,

28.

Thow stole my hairt out throw my besome poure,  
But, o, sweet stelh, swit theef, I pardone the,  
Myne eyes thow took and did their ayde procure  
And thus I heip't to steill my self to the  
Deip sobz and tears, heir stayd hir wofull spechie  
And with dumbe signes his pitie did beseeche,

29.

But all this tyme the Prince look't doune to ground  
Rueth, reason, pitie, wo, amazement bred  
Yet in his besome loue no place hade founde  
But myldest phie hade so far him led,  
That hardlie he from yeilding was refraind  
Yet thus he answers, and from loue restrained,

30.

Madame (quod he) your luckles loue I rew  
And would it mend if with my life it stood  
Too base my birthe fair Princes is for yow  
My woorth too small to equalize your blood  
I will not hait and yet I most not loue  
Mars doth my hert from *Cupid* far remoue.

Then

# OF PENARDO and LAISSA

31.

Then dryue those fonde affections frome your mynd  
 Let your wyse hait calme loue & leue secure  
 Loue is, a, monster, furius fere and blynd  
 And I'm an errant Knight base woorthles poore  
 Ple seru yow still if yow but loue forbeir  
 In ioy in greif in confort hope in feir.

32.

Forbeir quod she and must I then forbeir?  
 O? mad misluck O? loue O? chance O Fate!  
 O, loue, O, torment great? O, greif? o fear!  
 O? plague of plagues! O, desperat deceat!  
 O sting, O deadlie Poyson of the hait  
 O hell of mightie mynds o death O smair?

33.

Forbeir to loue O, word of sad disgrace  
 The task begun by loue must loue not end?  
 Natur had fram'd the fair and sweet alace  
 But the a crewell Tygers mynd did send  
 O crewell nature man, O man to crewell  
 To soule a blot to staine so fair a Jewell,

34.

And loue forbeir alace that word forteir  
 O sad deerie O sentence of my death  
 O torment of my soule, from verteus spheir  
 Could suche disdane and loathsum hait tak breth  
 Thou lones to liue in scorn of loue and me  
 I liue to loue, and looth'd, for loue must die.

P ij

And

## THE HISTORIE

35.

And now alace the houre approched nye  
When her sweet lyfe that sweet sweet hold must leaue  
She drawes a knyfe which hange low be her thie  
And tuix her breist's a flood-gat v<sup>p</sup> she reauē  
Where pitie loue and beaune long with stooode  
The fatall knyfe the lyfe the vitall bloode.

36.

From him she turn'd her face & did this fact  
Then turns and say's without, a shrink or paine  
*Receauē this solemne sacrafize I make*  
*Vpon the altare of thy heighe disdainē*  
*Deir sweet receauē my haire my lyfe my louē*  
*My Virgine soule, Fairweell I must remoue,*

37.

And now the starre light of her eyes grew dimme  
Her fair sweet face vpon her shoulder fell  
In her pail looks sad pitie lookt on him  
Her trembling kneis grew weak & down she fell  
Lyik ane fair floure pure beautifull and young  
By frost new flaine youth had but newly sprung

38.

Eune as discoloured opell's change and turne  
The whyte now wan now pale heir reid their blew  
Her louelye whyte grew pale and seem'd to murne  
The reid in spot's did change to azure hew  
The Sune grew dimme and smylling heau'ns did lout  
The cloud's did murne & floods of tears down powre,  
The

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

39.

The Prince that saw both lyfe and soule was gone  
His mightie mynd began for to relent  
His syght his speeche his sense him left a none  
Woe sorow cair greif sadnes discontent  
His lyfe and breath clos'd in his haire withall  
Pale cold and dead he on her breist did fall.

40.

Thow lyes *Penardo* dead vpoune the ground  
Whom myghtie armies could not ouerthrow  
Nor losse of blood nor many greuous wound  
Could mak the shrink or flie or yeeld or bow  
Altho she dyed for loue and for thy haire  
Yet should thow not be blam'd bot crewell fate.

41.

But *Fortune* wold extinguish & put out  
His shynning lampe of conquest prais and fame  
For *Doreo* that long hade fought them out  
With ielousie and loue despight and shame  
Was thither led whene he this sight did vew  
Bothe ioy and greif dispair and haire ensue.

42.

Ioyfull he was to sie *Pelympus* dead  
But deadlie wofull for his mistres deir  
Tuix contrar passionnes finds he no remead  
At last reuenge on his dead corpes he sweir  
That wheir before he was renound & praisde  
His infamie to heaune should now be rais'd.

P. j

The

# THE HISTORIE

43.

The fatall knyfe which in her brest he spyed  
 He pulls away and putt's into the place  
 The Princes dagger, then alowd he cryede  
 Ah treassone treffon ah wo wo alace  
 Whoes deidfull noyes throw all the palace ring's  
 And thither Lords Knights Erles & Barones brings.

44.

When they had hard & seie this wofull sight  
 Their come the King the Quene the Ladyes all  
 Great was their cait their angwish their despight  
 They weep they murne they sigh they cry they cal  
 That roks wodes montanes sound furth sad dispair  
 Whoes Echoes fill the earthe and emptie aer.

45.

Yet some more ware and wyse perseuuit the Prince  
 Not dead but faine a sounc the whiche thy tell  
 In chains in cord's in gyues they brought him thence  
 Vnto a dungeone deep and dark lyk Hell  
 When he reveiud and fand him self in chains  
 He woundred muche at last he thus complains.

*Penardo his complaint,*

**W**hat? do I liue quod He  
 And heek and sie to breath?  
 Whoes dammed soule the heau'n's abhors  
 And skornes to geue me deasb  
 And of that guer done due  
 For sixe they me depryue

Till

## OF PENARDO and LASSA.

Till I should daylie leue and die  
 Ten thousand deaths a lyue  
 Come death teir furth my haire  
 My too too crewell haire  
 That of my loue more then deseru'd  
 Did skorne she should haue pair'd  
 But death sence thou art vsde  
 Poore virgins lyfes to tak  
 Thou pities so to ease my paine  
 Since hell abhors my fa't  
 Yow fearfull monstres all  
 Yow seends yow furies self  
 Yow Centaurs Harpy's Hydra's foull  
 Yow Gorgons grim of Hell  
 Come Plutos damned Ghosts  
 Come all since death delays  
 With legions of your greislie troups  
 I'le fight and end my dayes  
 But o yow fear to visu  
 worse then your selfs can be  
 Mo torments in my soule abyde  
 Then yow in Hell can see  
 Fa'ine would I stie my self  
 Becaus my self I fear  
 For still my self within my self  
 A thousand Hells doth beir  
 But where o where is she  
 Where is that Angell fair  
 With whom abod al grace al good  
 Al loue al beauty rair  
 Ah thryce unhappie Me  
 Ah my disdane had pow're  
 To reauethe Heaun's thair Darling deir

## THE HISTORYE

*And earthe her fairest flour  
 My haples flouth before  
 Bereft a Virgins breath  
 And now disdaine my mad disdaine  
 And other brought to death  
 Why staye I not alace  
 With fair Philena still  
 She would haue geuen me due rewarde  
 And had preueind this ill  
 O fantasyes! O dreams!  
 O foolish visions! O  
 Why gaue I credit vnto yow  
 That twyce hes wrought my woe?  
 But wofull monstre I  
 Of luckles loue alace  
 That still must leine in endles paine  
 Least death my sorowes chace.*

46.

*Thus in this agoneizing greif he lay  
 Long in this doungeone filthie deep and dark  
 Fast bound in chains nor saw he sight of day  
 And still bewaild his lyfe his chance his wrak  
 And this his murning wo greif sorow care  
 Turn'd vnto madnes oft and oft dispair.*

Bot

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

47.

But all this tyme great wo great paine great greife  
Prince *Doreo* took for his deir Ladies death  
And still his mynd was bent on heighe mischeefe  
He sought reuenge with furie raige and wraith  
For in his craft his malice his despight  
This vitious wrong he wrought that valiant Knight.

48.

Whill to this gardyne I did walk (he sayd)  
I harde a found a voyce a call a cry  
*Ah Heauns preferue me let me die a Mayde*  
Thither I ranne but when I come hard by  
The Murderer me saw and faind he fainted  
And fell as lyfe breath sense and soule he wanted.

49.

I litle caird his feir his fate his fall  
But to the Ladie ran whom soone I knew  
I cryd and in my wofull airmes withall  
I took her vp but gone was her fair hew  
I cald her once once lookt she in my face  
Once spak this word ah wofull word **A L A C E.**

50.

Into her fair and yuorie breift abaid  
The instrument of that fearce tyranes wraith  
I puld it furthe and their with all she said  
*Thow come to last for to prevent my death*  
Her hand I gotte fairweell she wold haue sayde  
Whereof but (*fair*) her laister breath furth-layde,

Thou

## THE HISTORIE

§1.

These speeches spak Prince *Doreo* and with all  
So wo begone and sorowfull he sem'd  
Oft stopd by sighes and oft would tears down fall  
That eury one him prais'd and much esteem'd  
And then the King in wraith reuenge and ire  
Commands *Pelympus* should be brint in fyre.

§2.

The night before this wofull Prince should dye  
For her he murnes on her he calls he cryes  
So does the lap-wing when some Sheiphird by  
Her brood bereaues all day all night she flies  
And weips and calls Yet sleips or night be past  
So weeps the Prince and so he sleeps at last.

§3.

And in his sleep the Angell did appeir  
That wairn'd him from *Philena* for to flie  
And lookt on him with feare and angrie cheir  
Saying *Penardo* O *Penardo* sic  
*Ioues* wraith prononced if thou not soone repene  
Thy wicked thoughts thy words and thy complaine.

§4.

Thow doest refuse his help his grace his ayde  
Thow still rebels gainst mightie *Ioues* decree  
Thy greif at Hells wyde mouth thy Soule has layde  
O wrarche O man from sinne refraine or die  
O sic behold thy plaints and *Ioues* heighe wraith  
Leids the to paine to hell to endles death,

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

55.

Thy visions come from heauns and not from hell  
Why temps thou then heighe heaune with plaints and  
He hes decreit what e're to the besell (tears)  
Do then what he ordains leaue greifs and fears  
Eune of thy good he maks thy self the meins  
But show his goodnes grace & loue preucins.

56.

*Yodinas* blood on her owne head shall fall  
A iust rewarid for her vniust desyre  
For her owne sinne and her fore fathers all  
That race in her must end their prowde empyre  
Nor in thy loue no intrest hade ye Dame  
Anc other of more woorth shall win the same

57.

Who shall preferue thy lyfe ere it be long  
Flee not heauns ioy heauns peace but heaune obey  
This sayd his face lyk lighteing beam's outflong  
That filld the house with gloriu's glistring ray  
Which doone the Angell thence him self convoyed  
And left him filld with comforts hops and ioyes.

58

Then ioyfull he awaks and watis the houre  
Of lyfe or death as mightie *Jane* thought meit  
No plaints but prayers did the Prince furthe powre  
Vpone the altar of repentance sweitt  
And still he sighd he murn'd he plaind he prayde  
To God for grace for help releefe and ayde.

Now

# THE HISTORIE

59

Now come the tyme wheirin this crewell King  
Would execute his vengeance on the Knight  
Furth to be brint with fyre they did him bring  
When lo a wearyour bold approcht their sight  
In airmour cled it seem'd dreid warre he brought  
He finds the King whom throw the thronge he sought

60.

And sayde Sir King perhaps my comeing may  
Dismay yow much yet i'le the trueth vnsfold  
And what my giltse conscience bids me say  
That none yow wrong as now it seems yow wold  
I beir the hand that wrought your Daughters face  
Yone Knight to saue her came, but came too late.

61.

Fearce Argalantes was my vncke deir  
Whoes blood for to reuenge, I thither came  
Long waited I into this forrest neir  
That joynes vnto your Park your Gardines fraime  
And disperat my wisht reuenge to work  
At last into this gardine did I lark,

62.

When bright Apollo gilded had the sky  
Vodina by misfortune come within  
The arbot wheir I secreitlie did ly  
And would haue fled agane but could not win  
I took her wold haue forced her gainst her will  
But she dynt whom I in raige did kill.

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

63.

Her laittest grones yone Knight whom kill you wold  
Hade harde and come to sie I fled betwene  
The Parks and Gardenes to the Forrest old  
The way I come vnhard vnmarkd vnseene  
Euer since within the Forrest did I stray  
Nor out from thence could euer find the waye.

64.

And still her gost vnto me does repair  
And still presents Hells torments to my mynd  
And still the greislie feinds throw trubled aer  
Sounds furthe the pains my wofull soule should fynd  
In thousand formes her murdered ghoste before me  
Appears ; & hell still gaipes for to deuore Me.

65.

This day agane she did her self present  
Commanding me to the the truet h to sho  
Ane other giltles lyfe for to prevent  
Els I tormented should in endles woe  
This is the caus that I my death desyr  
Then set him frie & leid me to the fyre.

66.

All that this warryour hard wer much amaizd  
And look't and mus'de & gaizd and silent stooode  
Thought pitie in the King was neuer rais'd  
Yet sham'd he was to wrongd a Knight so goode  
And cauld to lowse vnbind and set him frie  
And armour horse and all restoird to be.

How

## THE HISTORIE

67.

How soone his horse and armour he receau'd  
They charg'd him to depairt the court and flie  
But nobly for to dye was all he crau'd  
For to reuenge his wrong his infamie  
Yet knew not who with death his lyfe wold by  
But also sweir him to relecue or dy,

68.

Whom they had tyed with cords & with a chaine  
Had bound him to a staik his armour on  
So he de'vrt and so he did obtaine  
In armour thus to burne and burne a lone  
O kyndnes true that feare of death remoue  
O praise O vertue great o wondrous loue.

69.

To see that sight amaizd *Penardo* flood  
His breist begane to swell with raige wraith ire  
Rine drew from his eyes of tears a flood  
Wraith pitie helpt, pitie blew angers fyre  
And thus his wraith his pitie ire and wo  
Brought Suddane warre and suddane conquest lo,

70.

Heir loue heir proud ambitione man'd the feild  
And still contend's who most gouerns the mynde  
Loue caus'd the stranger to the fyre to yeeld  
Eune loue of Prince *Penardo* most vnkynd  
Who rewld by proud ambitione skorn'd to be  
Ore match'd in ought and cheiflie courtesye.

He

OF PENARDO and LAISSA

71.

He fights alone amongst a thousand foes  
And all of them defyes and onerthrew  
All whom he fand; to ground with mightie bloes  
And still his wraith still his reuenge renew  
Nor gaue them leaue to pray to pla ine to call  
Suche haist he made to kill to murder all,

72.

Some at his dreidfull angrie look aff ay'd  
Fled heir and their and some in heaps doune fell  
Those that withstoode flaine on the earth wer layde  
And those who leauing could not him repell  
With their dead bodies rais'd a wall a none  
And thus gainstode when other means wer gone,

73.

But he but ledder skalled or engyne  
Marchd prouddie o're those walls and fortres strong  
And wold display his sheild for ansigne syne  
And tosse his flaming sword his foes among  
Till he vnto that dreedfull fyre was come  
Some fear'd some fell all fled to giue him rourne,

74.

That amorous Knight that to the staik was tyed  
Beholding his strainge deads and wonders strainge  
Brek all his bands and through the fyre he hyed  
Whoes threatning sword did thrust for dreid reuenge  
Not that he cair'd his lyfe or feard ye fyre  
But for to ayde or dye was his desyre.

By

## THE HISTORIE

75.

Be this the King Prince *Doreo* had sent  
With him his garde for to chastize their pryde  
Him self retein'd that mischeef to preuent  
He feard some secreitt treasons their t'abyde  
This armed band and *Doreo* now assaild  
These warryours stout but nothing yet preuaild.

76.

More deadlie then more crewell grew the fray  
The Prince and his Companions bak to bak  
Such valoure shew such wounders wrought that day  
And with such courage did such hauok mak  
As *Egges Hawks* or rauening Wolves that rear  
The simple sheep or sillie fowles that fear.

77.

Those warryours tuo stout hardy fierce and bold  
Wold thus aswage their hunger quensh their thirst  
With bodies dead in gorie blood inold  
Great was the valour of the stranger first  
That sharpe reuenge and vengeance sharp ordaine  
Ilk blow a wound catch wound death vo and paine.

78.

Those Champions disceuered wer againe  
Each one with warrelyk troups besett a round  
And stroue to tak them both but all in vaine  
They beat them back and kill & fell to ground (enter  
Whose ayme straitht furthe to tak them first wold  
He seis cutt of & darrs no further venter.

*Ponardo*

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

81.

*Penardo* still those forces new assaile  
Whom he with strength and might still overthrew  
And lykwayes still the stranger Knight preuaile  
But *Doreo* the Prince his strength weel knew  
And therefore to the stranger Knight he halted  
On him both ire and honor to haue faisted,

82.

That galant stranger matchles for his woorth  
Met him amid the reid blood flowing plaine  
And raige bloode warre & murther breathed furthe  
Eatche other stronglie hits & hits agane  
At last the stranger's airme aloft he bore.  
And *Doreo's* heid he brak he clift he tore.

83.

Dreid horroure fear and terrour of the sight  
Made all to feir to tremble & to quak  
Conquest once smeld by that braue stranger Knight  
The Squadrones ranks & bands he roodly brak  
Wholl tropes to earth he brings he beats he beirs  
So winds brinks doun the corne & rypned eer's,

84.

As chyl dren mak in pastym sport and play  
Ane spail to waft to role to tosse to flie  
About their heid quick speedie nimble lay  
That of one thundring spail it seemeth thrie  
So seemd the straungers sword whoes deids thy thought  
Strainge wonderfull incredible wer wrought

Q

This

## THE HISTORY

85.

This ramping youne fought *Penardo* out  
And fand him in the mids of all his foes  
Whom strong & valiant hardie bold & stous  
The heaps of murthered bodies did inclose  
So irk't he was and wearie their with all  
Tho still he faught yet reddie ful to fal,

86.

Their *Deaths* sad court deaths palace their abode  
Their tropheis wer ere&d vnto his name  
Their lukewarme blood did smook and flow abroad  
The stranger stood amaizd to sic the same  
And softlie sayd O valours onlie steir  
Whence comes his wealth of conquest fame & gloir.

87.

Now *Phæbus* from his glorious carre doune lyes  
In *Neptuns* azure palace whill sad nyght  
Arose maskd vp and cled in dreidfull gyis  
With fearfull shad's of darknes and affright  
The worthie stranger to *Penardo* haisted  
And delt so many deaths till *Death* was waisted.

88.

But lo the tumulte munting in the are  
wold pers, ye clouds with plents and vofull sounds  
Men women bairnes with furie raige dispair  
Reuenge and vengeans call's till heaune resounds  
Now wes their daunger greater then before  
Thousands by heaps almost to earth them bere.

Yet

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

89.

Yet heaun's decried their savetic thus inreir  
Blak night o're all the earthe spred furth her vaine  
And suche a fearfull darknes did appeir  
It seem'd their was no darknes left in hell  
With hands they grap't they wander & they stray  
So does the blind alone that los't the way,

90.

And thus confus'd now heir now their they rine  
*Penardos* freind thus to him said but dreid  
Sheath now thy sword leaue heir thy sheild & win  
Out throw this lawles multitude with speid  
Kle gyde the to the Forrest heir but stay  
Why then I go quod he show yow the way

91.

Thus throw the throng vnscene vnmark't vnknowne  
They marche alone but feir but cair but dreid  
Nor was their feirles flight to anie shouen  
But saiffie to the Forrest come with speid  
Wheir in a groue hard by a fontane syde  
They rest whill light for saifer flight prouyde.

Qij





## Caput. XVII.

### Argument.

**T**He stranger Prince Penardo knows  
Of whom he does reioy's  
Who tellis him many woundrous thing's  
At last they heer a noyes  
The Queene of Macedon they sie  
Led by them as they thought  
Fals Archo beguyls the Prince  
Whome long the stranger sought,

I.

**W**Hen Budans could not thus attaine reuenge  
Of that disgrace & shame was to them wrought  
With noyes confus'd sad shou's and murmur strange  
The slaine & mured bodies home they brought  
And to this day Penardo's thought so wyld  
That with yat name they still yair weeping chyld,

2.

Whill they in wofull murning pas the night  
Penardo in the forrest did remaine  
With his true freind his vnaquainted Knight  
That for him tooke more then a freindlie paine  
No wounds they hade but wearyed whill they lay  
Hard by the sounding streame & longd for day,

The

OF PENARDO and LAISSA,

3.

The Prince sayd thus synce heaun's ar pleas'd with thise  
That I must liue who lookt for nought but death  
Most woorthie Knight think not I doe amise  
To kno of whoes braue mynd I hold my breath  
And vnto whome my indeuores and al  
My lyfe my thought my seruice should be thrall.

4.

Or if the heaun's hath sent yow to my aide  
Since none but heauns my innocence heth knowne  
*Vodinas* death was falslie on me layde  
Which *Ioue* this day has of his mercie showne  
Nor my request becaus too lair yow shune it  
Long since if tyme had seru'd wold I haue doone it.

5.

Then quod the other, Prince *Penardo* kno  
I am that mayde whome thou redeem'd from death  
From paine from hell from everlasting wo  
From *Mansays* mightie charms his craft his wraith  
Eu'ne I that same *Laisa* whome thou had fred  
First from the flamme last from the slepping bed.

6.

Her words at once bred wonder and delight  
Yet in his hairet ther could no credit fynde  
Till of she tooke her cask of sylver whyte  
Then bleiz'd her eyes her, looks lyik lightning shyn'd  
Her shining haire about her face doune flies (cies,  
Through which bright vale lyke starres appeare her

Q. iij

A.

# THE HISTORIE

7.

As when the Sunne throw yealow glasse doeth shyne  
On alabaſtre tounbs pure cleir and whyt  
With ſmall and prettie goldin ſtreams deuyne  
Seem's trembling on the ſtone to tak deſyre  
Of that whyt object deckt with criſtall rocks  
On her fair face ſo shynd her goldin lock's

8.

Altho the nyght was dark he might behold  
Her eyes lyk glanceing comets blaizing farre  
Or dyamonts in whyt enameld gold  
*Penardo* thow whoes hairt from dreidfull warre  
Could not be thrald to womanizing loue  
How thinks thow now this paſſion for to proue

9.

Wheiron now thinks thow wheiron does thow gaize  
The ſame is ſhe whoes louelic ſelf thow ſaw  
Within the ſleipping tounge and could not raiſe  
Nor from enchaunted ſleep her ſenſes draw  
Whoes bright *Idea* wanders throw thy mynd  
Yet can no reſting place for loue out fynde

10.

When thoughts aſſerde him ſhe the ſame muſt be  
On tymes he thanks the heaun's for her releef  
Has heaun'e fate fo tyme ſmyld agane quod he  
And ar thow now ſuffe'r'd with my miſcheefe  
Heighe *Ioue* his ſacred helpe & aide vp ſteirs  
When daunger moſt moſt harme moſt wrack appears.  
And

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

11.

And fair Madame quod he yours is my name  
My lyfe my seruice and my all is your's  
Your's be the praise the honor glorie fame  
Yours be my deads my acts my happie hours  
Your's is my lyfe by right me shall yow haue  
To be your knight your seruant and your slave.

12.

The varient stuff that alter change and turne  
Wrought of discoloured silk soft subtile cleir  
Heir like whyte their crimsons reid doeth burne  
Now mingle both and now doth red appeir  
So she that heirs him turn's and changes so  
Heir reid their whyt & then all reid doeth sho.

13.

Sweet wer the sounds that from his lips proceed  
Which pearst her tender breist & gentle hairt  
Whereon her old-bred loue & fanlie feid  
Renewes the flamme first in her mynd insert  
For first she fell in loue with him when as  
Enchanted sitting in the tounge she was.

14.

And euer since in loue hade she remaind  
Far hade she gone far sought to find him out  
Till prouidence of hyer pow'rs ordaind  
She should of his sad death remoue the doubt  
For *Cupid* of his deads a chaine did framme  
That captiue led this fair & amorous damme.

Q

True

# THE HISTORIE

15.

Thus whill she gaizd long on his countenance  
 A modest smyle for answer he receau'd  
 Oft wo'd her eyes steil furth a secret glance  
 If not for shame a kisse she would haue crau'd (ling  
 Eache part she vew'd she loud she prais'd with smyle  
 Suche craft can louers vse them selfs beguylling.

16.

From secret pleasures and from hid delight  
 From gaizing thus at length the Prince awaks her  
 To pas away the long and wearie night  
 With courtes speiche and prayers fair he maks her  
 To tell her lyfe her inuiry her wrong  
 Her fore past labours and her trauels iong.

17.

First then she rais'd her myld and modest eyes  
 And cleir'd her countenance with heaunely grace  
 A fyrie smyle sweet pleasant glade furthe flies  
 That chac'd the clouds of cair and greifs apace  
 While beaurie of her forehead made a throne  
 And sat their to be gaiz'd and woundred on.

18.

*My Lord quoth she to show my wofull lyfe  
 Would tedious proue and neuer haue an end  
 For heauens and fortune seime to be at strife  
 Which should against mee most theire forces bend  
 Yet shall you knoe the Muses crewell haired  
 What befell to me since you departed.*

189

## OF PENARDO and LAISSA

19.

My Parents freinds nor blood I do not kno  
Nor of what house or lync I am discendit  
Nor of my wofull birth I can not sho  
But skairsie well thrie lusters yit ar endit  
Since swaddled by the Heliconian fontane  
The Muses sand me on that pleasant montane.

20.

They brought me vp within that holy mont  
Taught me their holye reitts and sacred art  
One day (a wofull day) as I was wount  
When I hade chat d the Stage ye Hynd ye Harte  
In ther swit spring to bath I took delight  
Which was my ground of wo gress cair despight.

21.

The Muses for that caus I do not kno  
But that was all the fault they did pretend  
Lest me bereft me and decreid my wo  
And by their Pow're denyne did thither send  
Two Knights my loue to win to sue to pray  
And Riuals both each one did other stay.

22.

Then Mansay did his charmes and spirits send,  
Enchanting them and me as yow haue scene  
Which by your might and valour brought to end  
And yow to lett when as he saw no meine  
Me in the slepping tounge he did enchant  
That saw yow knew yow tho my speech did want.

When

## THE HISTORIE

23

When from the rock you took the sword and shield  
Then from my paine and prisone you redem'd me  
I cry'd I cald I fought you throu the field  
But Mansay that some better then esteem'd me  
Appeird to me and told me you ver gone  
Which made me weepe my cheekes and sigh and mone

24.

The Wizard then from murning me refrainde  
And told me you should saif retorne againe  
For you paine cair and sorow was ordaind  
Whair throw you must to glorie great attaine  
So heauens decreit and so you must obey  
Thus sayd & brow sh aples aer he went away.

25

His words renewd but somewhat easd my greif  
Still on I went ouer craigs & montanes hoar  
But hope but hap but help or but releif  
The wraith of heaune, ne're satisfiet the more  
And to augment my cair my wo my stryfe  
I liued this base this poore this seruile lyfe

26.

It was my channce when I had traueled long  
In forrests wyde some sheipherds for to find  
Whoes lyfe contents secure from fortunes wrong  
Would fite my cursd and hait full dayes to end  
Wheir long I serued in poore and mein degrie  
Refusde no paine whill paine refusde pot me

But

OF PENARD and LAISSAN

27.

But Fortunn still inuoying my estate  
And shorning this my blist the poore content  
Disdaining so I should escape her haist  
Not suffring death my shame wo greif preuent  
Not pittied she my wo my cair my greif  
But pittied I should thus eschew mischeif.

28.

One day as I my shaggie flock furt h dreane  
From sold to grone to medewe and to plain  
Evandone Prince of Ephyre did persaeue  
Within whoes land thoes shipherds all remain  
By chance from sport he com and me esteem'd.  
More beautifull then in effect I seem'd.

29.

And thit her oft in tymes he did resort  
To thrall me chaste desire vnto his will  
But I still cloyde with cairs and vod of sport  
Denyit his sute and preis'd to shune his ill  
But all in vaine my trauell was for nought  
Me gainst my will vnto his court he brought.

30

Ane youth he was vnmarried I confes  
And on my head wold set his diadem  
But I whoes haire ane other did posses  
This spak the dame vnwarre and bushd for shame  
And thus she turnd her speecche, from whom all loue  
My cair my greif my sorrow did remove.

When

## THE HISTORIE

31.

When he perceau'd my resolutione strong  
Vn moud nor voves, nor prayers could preuaill  
He needs would haue by force dispiht & wrong  
What he could not obtain by loue's assaill  
And long he mew'd me vp frome dayes sweet lyght  
In prisone dark in vyes eternall night.

32.

Nor could these wrongs his crueltie suffice  
Nor could he pitie pure vnhappie me  
But in the sight of all the Peoples eyes  
He would bereaue my spotles chastitie  
Nor could words prayers sighs or tears him moue  
To leaue so foull so vylde so filthie loue.

33.

His vitious mynd so odious had him made  
That all his Lords and people him detested  
Then would he haue me bound vpon a bed  
When on my knees this one thing I requested  
He would not suffer Rascalls bind or bow me  
But his owne hands yat honor wold allow me.

34.

Where to he yeelds and I resolute to die  
Then cald I thrice on sweet Penardos Name  
Thus twyce vnwarre her passion furth did flie  
Twyce she her loue bewrayd & twyce thought flame  
O loue true loue for specks she or be mute  
Her blushe looks smyle or word bewrayt her sute.

Yet

# OF PENARDO and LAISSA

35.

Yet loue to hyde that had so oft burst out  
 Her eyes twixt wraith and shame rold brint and shynd  
 At last this she excuse she casts about  
 Quod she Thynne ayde would their haue pleas'd my  
 I wish'd the when the Tyrane did aspyre (mynd)  
 To act his filthie foull and vyle desyre.

36.

His dagger then I quicklie puld a paire  
 And ere he could him self of me releef  
 I stobd his loue but with his loue his harte  
 Wheir with the people cry'd O sad mischeef  
 Some in a raige me furiousslie assayld  
 But with the greater part my part preuaild.

37.

And thus begane a fearce & crewell feght  
 On at her syde wer kild hurt brus'd or slaine  
 I pitied for my caus my deid my right  
 They murderd thus should masacred remane  
 Wheirfor with gentle speeche & pleasant words  
 I both appeas'd their wraith & sheath'd their swords.

38

When they bethought them on the Tyrans deids  
 His murders great when they to mynd did call  
 They prais'd heighe loue from whom ther help procede  
 To me they gaue yair kingdome crown and all  
 Which long for to ensoy I could not stay  
 Whom angrie fates and fortune call away.

I vowd

# THE HISTORYE

39.

I vowd yat rest my bodie should not find  
Till I my countrey freinds & parents kno  
A gouernour their lest I me behind  
Then forward on my iourney did I go  
Long traueld I and mony dangers pass  
Till in this forest I arryud at last.

40.

W heir whill I lay my weary lims to rest  
Benet h the vmbrege of a spredding Beeche  
A virgine Nymphish lyk attyrt and drest  
Presents to me this armour with this speeche  
Aryse Laissa now the tyme drawes neir  
Wherein thou must a knight no mayde appeir.

41.

Mansay the send this armour sword and shield  
And thair with bids the go to Buda straight  
W heirby thy Fortune Heauns shall to ye yeeld  
By cunning slight by force and dreidfull feght  
Thou must that Knight from fire from death detaine  
That the releend from fyre from bloode from paine.

42.

As for thy Parents this he letts ye kno  
Thou art sole Heyre vnto a mightie King  
Which tyme and fate and fortune shall ye sho  
And end to all thy greif cair sorow bring  
But kno thy hart's delight and greatest ioy  
Shall be the greatest caus of thy annoy.

This

OF PENARDO and LATISSA.

43.

This sayd the Nymphe throughe shaples aer does glyd  
I fond my self well arm'd on euery pairt  
And forduart fast my spedie steps I hy'd  
Me thought some fear assailt my pancing hairt  
Some fear of fortune ill mishap mischeef  
Whereat I tremblit shouk & quak for greif.

44.

Whill thus I go tuix dreid wo hope and fear  
I met By happie chance a Palmer old  
Who did the mater all to me dclair  
And how yow slew stout Argalantes bold  
And tho your name was chang'd yet weell I knew  
Your deads your valour shew me it was yow

45.

Then Argalantes Nephoy fain'd I me  
To mak you frie wou other mein I saw  
And to reuell to yow for yow I die  
Then knew I weell yow all the treuth wold shaw  
So should yow die I leine for to be sory  
That Earths object was faist & lost her glory.

46.

By this heau's light Earths confort Darknesse foe  
From our horisone Night did wairn to pas  
And lyke transparent cristall gane to sho  
The hemisphere or lyk bright azure glas  
Or lyk a demi-syluer-globe it lyes  
Vpon the earthe earthe seem's to beir the skye

## THE HISTORIE

47.

No sooner days faire coach man did appeir  
When as their talk was interrupt and stayit  
A noyes of horse and chariots they did heir  
And suddanly they roise as half affrayit  
Whil' as the sound drew neir they did espy  
Some threttie Knights that gallopt softlic by,

48.

And round about a coatche they seemd to ryde  
That four whyt fair and galant coursers drew  
In which a lady sat whos beauties pryde  
Seemd to contend with bright *Apelles* hew  
Yet throw her beautie lookt furthe proud disdaine  
That shew her mynd displeasure did containe,

49.

Her crimsons cheek leandon her snow whyte hand  
Her eyes Loues fyrie Comets seem'd With chylde  
With tears which woe and anger did command.  
And rained downe Tempest from her face so myld  
On her fair breist lyk diamants whos rainge  
Fyr't by hir eyis in thousand colours cheange.

50.

Or lyke the rory dew in May that lyes  
One snow white lilies and on purple roses  
So stands the Nectar drops stild from her eyes  
Vpone her rosie cheeks sweet beauties poses  
She breath'd sweet balme whos odore phisick proue  
To purge grosse sense & sharpe dull wits for loue.

OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

51.

And warone *Cupid* dailed in her lap  
Snatching the cristall balls still as they fall  
And at *Penardo* throwes him to intrap  
Too weell that craftie *Cupid* knew with all  
How to reuenge *Penardos* former wrong  
Whiche wofully he acted now ere long.

52.

O thou *Penardo* braue *Penardo* thou  
What doest thou think or when on dost you gaize  
Heir loue o're cum the, has one made the bow  
Whoes hand o're airmyes got the conquiring praise  
But O what haire so hard or strong to keepe  
But yeeld's to loue when beautie list to weepe.

53.

And whill he stood in this amaize he seis  
A simple Groom vpon a galant-horse  
Who cryes and sighes and weeps with watric eyes  
And followes still the traine with great remorse  
At him he wold enquire and run's a pace  
Who in few words thus answered him Alace.

54.

Sire Knight if ere true pitie pear's d your haire  
Or if the vow of knight hoo'de you obey  
Releeue my Dame and ease her wofull smaire  
By cruell tyranes rest and brought away  
Tak this my horse and stay my Ladyes flight  
Thycc happie I if this succed a right

R.

The

# THE HISTORYE

55.

The haples Prince no questione more wold craue  
But taks the horse and after them he ryd's  
The wicked Groomme that did him so deceaue  
Was not a Groomme but in that shape abyds  
Fals *Arebo* so full of all disceat  
That iought his deathe & fall of his estate

56.

For when the Prince eskeap't *Phileas* traine  
Wain'd be the Angell when he fled by night  
She wold haue muredred him for his disdain  
But finding he had sau'd him self by flight  
With *Arebo* consults for her reuenge  
Who had deuys'd this traine scarce crewell strange.

57.

This galant Lady whom the Prince had seyn  
Was faire *Olinda* whom the fates ordaind  
Faure crewell chaste & of all hearts the Queene  
Loue bow'd to her but she all loue disdaind  
Ore *Macedon* she regn'd whoes shaip by airt  
The wisard fram'd to worke *Penardos* smairt.

58.

*Laisa* oft requirde the Prince to stay  
Till she with him the quarrel had embrac'd,  
But he impatient of all delay  
Told herd he would returne agane in haist  
Yie loue made her vnfit to follow fast  
Till wandring faure she lost the way at last.

And



## To the Authour.

**N**ature and arte contending which should proue  
Most fauourd of the mules did ordaine  
Old *Orphæus* their Iudge who brought his loue  
From *Platoes* kingdome and from hellish payne  
But he excus'd him self his workes wer toine;  
And with, tymes rusly Canker cleane outuorne,

Yet Sayd that he would wish them to ane vther  
Whoes lynes could weall decyd their wrangling stryff  
And soe thy braue *Penardo* did discover  
Wheirby aste seem'd to be bereaft of lyff  
Whilft thou hir conquer our to thy greater grace  
Makst arte to nature euin in arte giue place.

Then since thou'rt arts Controler, natures Chyld,  
Stird vp by vertue to encreas thy fame  
Leaue not *Layssa* thus from loue exyld  
For saue thy self non dare attempt the same  
And as thou dost in vs sweet thoghts Inspyre  
Soc goe thou one and we shall still admyte.



## OF PENARDO and LAISSA.

59.

And wearied with her heauye armours weyght  
Dround in displeasure sorowes greifs and harmes  
She traueled till the dark and dreid full nyght  
In folds the worlde within her lazie airmes  
Then rest's she by a fonte, bevaills her state  
Her luck, her chance, her fortune, and her fate.

FINIS.

Heir ends the first book of the famous History  
of PENARDO and LAISSA.



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